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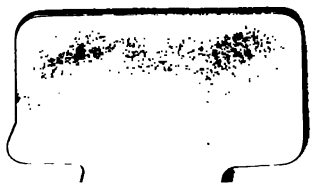
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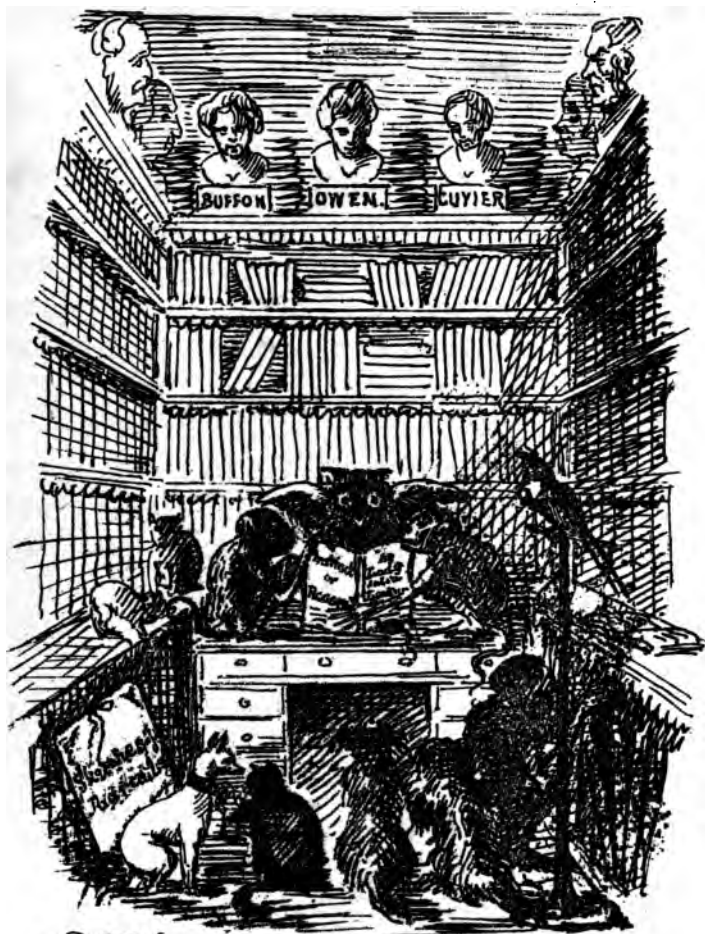


LADY JULIA LOCKWOOD



INSTINCT; OR REASON?

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What is thought of the Books by these to whom it relates

Frontispiece.

INSTINCT; OR REASON?

BEING

Tales and Anecdotes

OF

ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY;

*WRITTEN FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT OF
MY YOUNGEST GRANDSON,*

MARK NAPIER,

AND ALL OTHER GOOD LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY

THE LADY JULIA LOCKWOOD.

With Illustrations by G. H. H.

"The Lord is good to all: and His tender mercies are over all His works."
—PSALM cxlv. 9.

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PREFACE.



My dear Mark, I think I ought to say something to you in reference to the subject of this book. The stories which I have collected for your entertainment are true, and many of these have occurred to myself, or my friends and acquaintances, who have kindly contributed the facts, on hearing that I was compiling a book to publish for your perusal, and for other boys of your age.

You may wish to know what is instinct? It is, in general, rather implied and supposed, than distinctly laid down, that a being is acting instinctively, when impelled blindly towards some end which the agent does not aim at or perceive; and, on the other hand, that it is acting rationally when acting with a view to, and for the sake of, some end which it *does* perceive. But in the ordinary language, even of naturalists, and even when they are describing and recounting instances of instinct, and asserting, as many are accustomed to do, that brutes are actuated by instinct, and man by reason, we often meet with much that has the appearance, at

least, of being very inconsistent with such a view. Many things done by brutes would be, if done by man, regarded as resulting from the exercise of reason, being not only the same acts, but done, to all appearance, from the same motive as the rational acts of man. Docility is evidently characteristic of reason. To talk of an elephant, a horse, or a dog, doing by instinct such things as it has been *taught*, would be as absurd as to talk of a child's learning to read and write by instinct. But, moreover, brutes are, in many instances, capable of learning even what they have not been taught by man. They have been found alike to discover and apply the means of accomplishing a certain end, from having learned by experience that such and such means so applied would conduce to it. The higher animals, of course, show more of reason than the lower. There are many instances of its existence in domestic animals. The dog is regarded as the animal most completely man's companion ; and I will mention one, out of many instances, of the kind of reason to which I refer, as exhibited in that animal. A dog, being left on the bank of a river by his master, who had gone up the river in a boat, attempted to join him. He plunged into the water, but not making allowance for the strength of the stream, which carried him considerably below the boat, he could not beat up against it. He landed, and made allowance for the current of the river, by leaping in at a

place higher up. The combined action of the stream, and his swimming, carried him in an oblique direction, and he thus reached the boat. Having made the trial and failed, he apparently judged from the failure of the first attempt, that his course was to go up the stream, make allowances for its strength, and thus gain the boat.

Without entering into the inquiry, what is called reason, or is denominated instinct, I would only say that it is quite clear that if such acts were done by man, they would be regarded as an exercise of reason ; and I do not know why, when performed by brutes, as far as can be judged, by a similar mental process, they should not bear the same name.

BOYHOOD.

Fresh as an April morn—as prone to alloy
Laughter's gay sunshine with the gloom of tears,—
Voiced like a bird that in mid-heaven careers,
Pouring o'er earth high notes of love and joy,—
Rapid like it, and restless, graceful, coy,—
Embarrassed still by childhood's lingering fears,
Yet full of courage, proud of heart—the boy
Shrinks from the breath of shame, and, midst his peers,
Kindleth at voice of praise ! 'Tis come—the hour
Sacred to culture ; now unto his soul
Exultingly expanding, as a flower
Opening its petals, is a wise control
As pruning to the plant,—as genial shower
Instruction's voice instilling truth with power.

M. B.

Instinct ; or Reason ?



CHAPTER I.

“ DEAREST GRANDMAMMA,” said Mark to me one day, “ you promised to tell me a story about a nice little dog you knew of. What was his name, and what did he do ? ”

Gran. His name was Dott ; and when he grew very old, and could hardly move, he would sit at the bottom of the stairs whining to be carried up. One day the maid took him in her arms, and brought him to her mistress, who was very ill in bed. Dott looked in her face, whined, and then licked her hand ; and the maid carried him down to the garden, where the poor old dog scratched and scratched, till he scratched two holes close

together, like little graves, and laid down and died in one himself, leaving the other to be filled by his beloved mistress. Does not this show the wonderful instinct which a gracious God has implanted in the creature He intends to be the friend and protector of man ?

Mark. Yes, dear grandmamma ; and I wish I had such a nice dog, and I would be very gentle and kind to it, and feed it myself every day, and then it would learn to know me, and love me as Dott did his mistress. Can you tell me any more about dogs ?

Gran. Yes ! I knew another, named Turk, who, when his master died, went and lay upon his grave for three days and nights, without eating or drinking, and was at last found and brought home by a countryman.

Mark. What sort of a dog was he, grandmamma ?

Gran. A sort called a St. Bernard ; one of that species that go out in winter to look for people who are overtaken by snowstorms, and lost in the drifts ; these dogs have a basket fastened round their necks, containing bread and wine, so that the exhausted persons may be able to

refresh themselves, and gain a little warmth and strength before following the dog to the hospice.

Mark. I wish we had had such a dog at Thirlstane, and then that poor young man would not have died in the snow last October. After seeking for the sheep all day he sank down close to the door of his master.

Gran. It would, indeed, be a good present to make a farmer in Etterick, but those dogs are now very rare, and perhaps they would fight and be killed by the sheep-dogs of the country. No farmer's boy should go out without something to eat in his pocket; but, as our Saviour says, "A good shepherd will lay down his life for his sheep," and here is an instance of one following the example of the Great Shepherd of our souls, and, we may hope, that if he was as zealous in his heavenly Master's service as he was in his earthly master's, that he is now reaping the reward of his zeal; and if so, you need not mourn over the poor young man's fate, as he died doing his duty.

Mark. Indeed, grandmamma, I will always try

to be good, and kind, and obedient, and tell the truth, as I know you wish I should, so that if God calls me, I also may be found doing my duty, and be carried to heaven by the angels, as I remember poor Lazarus was, of whom Jesus Christ tells us. But, grandmamma, I should like to hear another pretty story about a dog.

Gran. I will try and think of one, and will tell it to you to-morrow, but now you must go and read, and prepare your lessons for your governess, else she will not allow you to come to me again, and I should be sorry to be the cause of your not knowing your lessons,—which little boys must not neglect for any amusements, not even talking with a grandmamma. To-morrow I will endeavour to think of some more anecdotes of dogs.

Mark. See my dog, grandmamma ; how he looks at my eye ;
While he lives none can hurt me, he'll pine when I die.
None can be more gentle, none can be more wild ;
He'll fight with a lion, or play with a child.

Gran. Very pretty ! but get along with you.

Mark. This is Saturday, and you must keep your word and tell me a good many stories, for

the sky is very black and there is no chance of the rain ceasing, so we shall have plenty of time for everything.

Gran. I will tell you one I have lately read ; it occurred to Cowper the poet, many of whose poems you have learned to repeat. One day he was walking along the banks of the Ouse, with his dog, a spaniel, and he observed some water-lilies in bloom. He was desirous of seizing one of the flowers ; and, by means of his walking-stick, made several attempts, but in vain, to draw one of them to his hand. Finding that all his efforts would be to no purpose, he left the flowers and went on. Having finished his ramble he returned homeward by the same place. The dog, without any instruction, plunged into the water, cropped the identical flower that Cowper had been so long in vain attempting to seize, brought it away in his mouth, and dropped it at his master's feet, upon which Cowper wrote the " Dog and the Water-Lily " (no fable), beginning

" The noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When, 'scaped from literary cares,
I wander'd on its side."

Mark. Finish it, grandmamma.

Gran. Listen, then, and I will tell it to you.

“ My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree,
(Two nymphs, adorn'd with every grace,
That spaniel found for me,)

Now wanton'd lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight,
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads,
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse display'd
His lilies newly blown ;
Their beauties I intent survey'd,
And one I wish'd my own.

With cane extended far, I sought
To steer it close to land ;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.

Beau mark'd my unsuccessful pains
With fix'd, consid'rate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and follow'd long
The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended I return'd,
Beau, trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discern'd,
And, plunging, left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropp'd,
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropp'd
The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the sight, the world, I cried,
Shall hear of this thy deed,
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed ;

But, chief, myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all."

CHAPTER II.

Gran. My dear Mark, if you have been a good boy, I am sure Miss K. will permit you to come and hear a curious story of a dog that belonged to my grandfather. Both he and my father were great lovers of dogs, and were great sportsmen, as most gentlemen were in former days. However, a French nobleman, a particular friend of my grandfather, invited them to pay him a visit at his château in Normandy; and accordingly, taking my father, then a young boy about your brother Willy's age, with him, they crossed the sea to Havre de Grace, only taking one man-servant with them. When they were quitting the ship, they perceived, to their great surprise, that their favourite Newfoundland dog had accompanied them. The dog had heard his master order

the gamekeeper to lock him up, and had hidden himself, and followed my father stealthily. My father, seeing him landed, begged he might be allowed to remain with them, and not be sent back to Wexford. The party travelled along on horseback, but, not knowing the road, became benighted; and the rain coming down with violence, they determined, as the night closed in, to stop at a village they were evidently approaching, as they saw one or two lights in the distance. The first house they came to was a little inn, isolated from all other buildings, and, though it looked mean and dirty, they resigned themselves to pass the night there, as the rain now fell in torrents, and at least they were sheltered from the storm, and hoped to get some supper. The dog, however, seemed dissatisfied, and would not enter the house, though my father coaxed him for a considerable time. On the contrary, the dog laid hold of his skirts and tried to drag him out of the house, but, of course, was unsuccessful, and at last followed his master into the inn ; but every time the servant-maid, or any one of the house brought anything into the room he growled, and looked

angry, but did not attempt to bite, and, as he was in general a good-tempered dog, his crossness attracted the notice of the travelling party, and caused them to look at the people of the house with more attention. These latter were anything but prepossessing in their appearance, and their countenances foreboded no good. They observed, also, that there was something wrong by the confused manner of the maid-servant, whose hands evidently trembled as she laid down the supper on the table. My father could scarcely prevail upon the dog to taste anything, for he kept uneasily watching the door, and every movement that the servant made. As soon as the very indifferent supper was over, the maid showed them all up to bed, the dog following, though with evident unwillingness, and still growling and sniffing about; and when upstairs, walking up and down the bedroom, where he could not be persuaded, by any means, to lie down. My grandfather and father shared the same room, and the man-servant was given a room close behind, near the stairs. There seemed something suspicious about the whole place, and

my grandfather looked at his pistols to see they were loaded and in good order, and then sent his servant to bed, telling him if he heard any noise to apprise them ; and if they heard anything, promising to call him. My father and grandfather got into bed, having first made up a resting-place, with a piece of carpet, for the dog, who, however, would not lie down. Being very tired, my grandfather and father soon fell asleep, leaving the dog still pacing the room. They had not been asleep one hour when they were awakened by the dog scratching violently against a closet door, gnashing his teeth, and growling furiously. My grandfather sprang up and desiring my father to lie still, seized his pistols, and tried to quiet the dog, but nothing he could say or do would appease the rage of the creature, who finding his paws unable to force a passage into the closet, put his teeth to a small aperture at the bottom, and attempted to gnaw away the door. At this moment their servant knocked violently at the door of the bedroom, begging to be admitted. " All seems quiet above and below," said he, " so what can make the dog so angry and

violent?" "I am resolved to know," said my grandfather, and with their united efforts they pushed open the closet door. The dog rushed into it, followed by my grandfather and his servant; the candle had been extinguished, but a hustling noise was heard at the further end of the closet. My grandfather fired his pistol at random, only by way of alarm: a piercing cry, ending by a groan, came from the dog, and my grandfather in an agony exclaimed, "I fear I have killed my poor dog!" Meanwhile the inn-keeper and people of the house came to the door, inquiring, in apparent consternation, what had alarmed the family. On my grandfather's return to the closet, he found the poor dog bleeding, and breathing hard as if from violent exercise; the dog turned back with his master, and seemed to point to something, which he took hold of with his teeth, and endeavoured to move, and which they now perceived to be a coarse sack. With the united efforts of the three, they pulled the sack forward; and untying it, what was their surprise and horror, to find it contained a man's body cut up into small pieces.



My Grandfather's adventure

page 12.

Mark. Oh, dear grandmamma ! What a dreadful story ! but do tell me what became of the inn-keeper and his servants.

Gran. They ran away, but information being instantly given, they were discovered, put into prison, and at their trial it was found that they had been guilty of many other robberies and shocking murders ; and but for my grandfather's faithful and sagacious dog, he and my father would also have fallen victims.

Mark. What became of the poor dog ? I hope he did not die.

Gran. Oh, no ! His wounded leg, for it proved only to be there that the shot had lodged, was most carefully tied up, and a cart hired to carry him on to the château where they were going to visit. My father's health requiring a mild climate, they proceeded to Italy, taking their much-loved dog, and there they employed one of the best artists to draw his portrait, determined that it should hang upon the walls of our old castle, between my father's and grandfather's likenesses, which were also taken in Italy. The dog died some years after in a good old age, and

a grave was dug in the shrubbery, and a pretty tomb erected over him with these lines :—

Epitaph.

Here lies a friend, to me a friend indeed,
Whose instinct stood me in my utmost need ;
Whose speechless eloquence, in that lone abode,
First waked my fears, and all my dangers shared,
Wisely dissuading from the rest I sought,
A rest that was with death and murder fraught :
My life he saved, but not unscathed went he.
My dog ! who would have giv'n his life for me,
Was sorely hurt, and by that master's hand,
For love of whom he braved that murd'rous band.
Since that dread night, full twice five years have sped,
And scatter'd snows upon that faithful head :
Beneath this marble now he sleeps in peace,
But with my life my love can only cease.

Gran. Now, dearest Markie, recollect that we cannot be too thankful to those who render us good services, be they high or low, rich or poor, man or brute.

CHAPTER III.

Mark. Now, grandmamma, will you not tell me a nice long story about another dog? your last story was very curious, and I quite long to hear a new one; though I should like it to be more happy—and less terrible.

Gran. Yes, darling! that was a dismal story; but to-day I will tell you some little stories Mrs. H. told me, which happened to her when she was with her father in Prince Edward's Island. She was then Miss Hensley, and she had a little Scotch terrier which she named Wahpiti, and her brother had a dog named Niger.

Mark. Grandmamma, what does Wahpiti mean? I never heard such a name for a dog.

Gran. Have you not, my love? but as you have been in America with your father and

mother, you may know that there are such things as Indian robbers, and one of those people had a famous horse he called Wahpiti : so Miss H. named her dog after it. Well, you must know, that this said Wahpiti lived in a beautiful country-house, which Captain H. built in Prince Edward's Island, but Niger lived in the town, and whenever Miss H. drove out in the sleigh, Wahpiti followed ; but, at one particular part of a favourite drive, a bad big dog used to run out, and attack poor little Wahpiti. One day they missed him at the usual time of their drive, and they set out without him ; but they had not got far before Wahpiti and Niger joined them, and on coming to the usual fatal spot, out came the big dog, and commenced attacking Wahpiti, but Niger directly flew at him and gave him a good thrashing, which had the effect of ever after stopping his attacks upon Wahpiti when they passed his dwelling.

Mark. Can you tell me any more stories about Wahpiti ?

Gran. Yes ! Mrs. H. told me a great many, if you like to hear them.

Mark. Oh, yes ! dear grandmamma, for this is

Saturday, and Miss K. always gives us a half-holiday, and Johnny is gone to take a drive with papa to see the fair, so I have plenty of time to listen if you are not tired.

Gran. Very well, I can go on a long time with pretty stories relating to Wahpiti. One evening he was lying on the hearth-rug, and Mrs. H. was surrounded by her daughters, when she remarked to-morrow was one of her sons' birthdays. Yes, said Miss H., and I think Wahpiti ought to go and fetch Niger to assist in keeping it. This she said jokingly, yet looking at the dog, who pricked up his ears, looked in her face, but did not move. Next day Miss H. went shopping, and when she came home, what was her surprise to find Niger and Wahpiti sitting down together in the courtyard, and when they saw her, running up, wagging their tails, and jumping on her, as much as to say, here we are as you wished, to keep the birthday.

Mark. Oh, tell me another story, I do like those clever dogs, and long to see such dear and sensible creatures.

Gran. Once Wahpiti helped to catch a thief,

who had come to rob Captain H.'s house. Young Mr. H. hearing a noise got up, and went to the kitchen without a light, and saw a man in the act of opening the window. He himself crouched down, having his gun in his hand, but was afraid Wahpiti would bark ; on the contrary, he crept softly round by the dresser, and just as the man put his leg in at the window, Wahpiti seized hold of it, and made the man shriek with pain and astonishment, wondering what could have happened to give him such a sudden and unlooked-for agony ; he was, of course, laid hold of by Mr. H. and taken to prison.

Mark. What else did Wahpiti do ? I like to know. Do tell me some more of the stories Mrs. H. told you, for are they not all true, quite true, and I like true stories that happened to your friend.

Gran. Yes, dear, she is my friend, and she is so kind and good, you may believe all she tells about her pets.

Mark. Had she more pets than Wahpiti and Niger ?

Gran. Oh, yes ! many ; but I will tell you a

very curious fact about Wahpiti. He was very fond of going to church, where he behaved very well, and was always very quiet; but still, they thought church was only a place for Christians, and not for dogs, and they shut him up on Saturday nights, so that he could not follow them: well, what do you think Wahpiti did? he would run away and hide himself every Saturday, and on Sunday morning he got to church before the family, ran into their seat, and lay quietly under it, till church was over, and then he would follow them home! So they found there was no use trying to tie him up any more.

Mark. In Scotland the shepherds' dogs go into church, and never bark; but if they were left outside they would make a noise, and disturb the prayers.

Gran. That is the only excuse for their being allowed in a church.

Mark. Grandmamma, you said Miss H. and her father had more pets; what were they?

Gran. They had a favourite cat, and when she had kittens, Wahpiti used to sit near the cupboard, where pussy was with her little ones, and

watch, and when puss went down to dinner, he would take a kitten in his mouth, and carry her to the hearth-rug, put her down between his two paws, and begin petting and licking it, and when the mother returned she never was angry, but looked on most complacently. There, Mark, that will, I hope, satisfy you for to-day.

Mark. Yes, grandmamma, for I should be very sorry if you fatigued yourself; you know I was told by mamma it was very wrong to be selfish, and it would be selfish if I made you talk till you were very tired.

Gran. That is being a truly good and considerate little boy, and to reward you, I will tell you some more of Miss H.'s anecdotes about animals to-morrow.

CHAPTER IV.

Mark. You promised me some more stories that Miss Hensley related to you ; what are they ?

Gran. Miss Hensley told me a curious story about a barrel of treacle of her father's, which stood in an outhouse. To their great surprise, when they went to look for some treacle, they found the barrel empty. It appeared that some rats made a hole near the bottom, and inserting their tails, they then sucked them till all the treacle was demolished and had disappeared.

Mark. Grandmamma, I never heard that rats would play such queer tricks.

Gran. Nor I either ; but, perhaps, the rats in Prince Edward's Island are more sensible than those of any other country.

Would you like to hear a story about a beau-

tiful roan horse, of Mr. Hamlyn's, of a very famous breed? He is very good-tempered, but very fidgety and impatient, pawing the ground, even in his stable, and never standing still for a moment, always moving one leg or the other, and going from one side of the stall to another, so that it was quite unsafe for any one to approach him except the old coachman, who one day went into the stable, and, to his horror and consternation, saw his little boy, a child of four years old, clasping the roan's legs, and patting and kissing them. The coachman had presence of mind to make no exclamation, but called to his child, and offered him a bit of sugar; so he let go, and came to his father uninjured, the horse never having stirred, and seeming almost afraid to move its head or breathe whilst the child had hold of his legs.

Mark. Now, grandmamma, I want another story about dogs.

Gran. Mr. Hamlyn told me that at his place at Paschoe, a great many of his sheep were killed at some distance off. On watching, they observed a little Scotch terrier go and fetch a

large dog, and stealing through several folds to a more distant one unobserved, pursued and killed a great many sheep before they were discovered and shot, which, I think, you will agree that they richly deserved. Only a fortnight ago the same sort of thing occurred to some farmers near Barcombe. They caught a little terrier and a large dog, both strangers, and they also hunted the sheep together and killed a great many. Do you remember my dog Mat, who, when I took him his dinner into the porch, always thanked me, after his own fashion, before he began to partake of the dinner I put down before him? A most dear friend of mine, Miss Blanche Lane, recounted to me once, that her brother-in-law, at Llanover, had a little dog called Pincher, who would never let him out of his sight, night or day; and when he was late for breakfast, the little dog would never touch anything till his master was ready to go down, and if his master went away for a day without taking him, he would not eat till he returned.

Mark. Is that all you can tell me to-day, grandmamma?

Gran. I have another I can tell you, but we must not exhaust our store all at once; that would be improvident and unwise. In one of the valleys or glens that intersect the Grampian Hills there lived a shepherd, whose occupation it was to make daily excursions to the different extremities of his pastures in succession; and to turn his flocks back home by the aid of his dog, if they had strayed too near a neighbour's boundaries. In one of these excursions the shepherd happened to carry his infant boy, about three years old, along with him, and after traversing the pastures for some time, with the child in his arms, the shepherd desired to ascend a summit at some distance, to obtain a more extensive view of his range, and put the child down on the grass with a strict injunction not to stir from the spot till he returned to him. Scarcely had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists, which frequently rise so rapidly amongst those mountains, and turn day into night. The poor shepherd, alarmed, instantly hastened back to find his child, but owing to the unusual darkness, and his own

trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent, and after fruitless research of many hours amongst the dangerous morasses and cataracts with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist, and, by the light of the moon, discovered he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was within a short distance of his own cottage. It being fruitless to renew the search that night, he entered his cottage, disconsolate, having lost both his child and his dog, his faithful companion for years : but upon asking his wife, he found the dog had been home and received his usual piece of cake, and had run off with it instantly. For several days the shepherd renewed the search for his child, and had returned each evening disappointed to his home, when his wife always declared to him the dog had been home and fetched his cake, going off instantly with it in his mouth. Being struck with this singular circumstance, the shepherd remained at home one day, and when the dog came home for his piece of cake, and was departing with it in

his mouth, the shepherd resolved to follow, which he did, and the dog, seeing his master follow him, slackened his pace, and led the way to a cataract, at some distance from the spot where the child had disappeared. The banks of the ravine, through which the cataract fell, almost joined at top, yawning over an abyss of immense depth. Down went the dog, without hesitation, and soon disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almost on a level with the bottom of the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed, but on entering the cave, what were his emotions, when he beheld his child eating with great satisfaction the cake which the dog had brought to him, whilst the faithful creature stood by watching his young charge with the utmost complacency. From the situation in which the infant was found, it was supposed that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then scrambled down till he reached the cave, which the fear of the torrent prevented him quitting; and that the dog had traced him by his scent to the spot, and afterwards prevented him from starving by bringing him his own daily allowance of cake. It

appeared he had never quitted the child day or night, except when necessary to fetch the food ; and when absent on this duty, he ran with his utmost speed, never stopping till he reached his young charge again in safety.

Mark. To hear you tell this story, grand-mamma, one would think you were telling me something that had occurred at Thirlstane, near the Black Spout, on Gamels Cleugh, near the old castle, where one of the Lord Napiers was poisoned by his stepmother. That was a dreadful story, but I hope it was not quite true ; for she must have been as wicked as King Richard the Third, who smothered the poor little princes in the Tower of London. I know all about that story, as Miss K. told me the whole history yesterday, and showed me a picture of the cruel soldiers burying the princes under the stairs.

Gran. It would not be so nice to have such an uncle as that, instead of dear Uncle Henry, who loves you so much and gives you pretty presents, and a silver watch that travelled in his pocket all the way through Egypt and the desert to Jerusalem, when he went to meet you,

and your papa, and mamma, and your three brothers.

Mark. True, grandmamma, and I will take great care of it, for it goes very well, and it is so constructed that no dust can get into it, and if, when I am a man, I go through the deserts and hot countries, it will be very useful to me. I should like to travel through the Valley of Sharon, where there were so many pretty flowers, perhaps the very species that our Saviour mentions in the Bible.

Gran. Well, Mark, who knows but we may all go again to Jerusalem together some day ? but if we should never go there again, I trust that we shall one day meet together in the heavenly Jerusalem. Now, dear, go and run about, for the rainy clouds have disappeared, the sun is shining brightly, the birds sing merrily, and nature smiles through tears.

CHAPTER V.

Gran. Come here, dearest Mark, I have found a very pretty story for you, of a poor Indian and his dog. It happened in the county of Ulster, in the neighbourhood of Pennsylvania, where there lived a man whose name was Lefevre; he was the grandson of a Frenchman who was obliged to fly his country at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This Mr. Lefevre possessed a plantation on the very verge of the valley towards the Blue Mountains, a place of refuge for wild deer. When you were in America with your papa and mamma, I daresay you heard of the Blue Mountains, and they probably resembled the Alleghany Mountains, where you passed one summer, when you used to carry stones in your little hands, as you said, to throw at the snakes you expected to

meet in your walks. But to continue my story : this Mr. Lefevre possessed a family of eleven children, and he was greatly alarmed one morning at missing the youngest, who was about four years of age—he had disappeared about ten o'clock. His distressed parents and family sought after him in the river and in the fields, but to no purpose. Terrified to an extreme degree, they entreated their neighbours to assist them in the search. They traversed the woods, and beat them over with the most scrupulous attention. Thousands of times they called him by name, and were only answered by the echoes of the wilds. They then assembled themselves at the foot of the mountains of Chatagniers, without being able to gain the least intelligence of the child. After reposing themselves for some minutes, they formed into different bands, and night coming on, the parents in despair refused to return home, for their fright was constantly increased by the knowledge they had of the mountain-cats, an animal so rapacious that the inhabitants cannot always defend themselves against their attack. Then they thought of the wolves, or some

other dreadful animal, devouring their darling child. "Derick, my poor little Derick ! where art thou ?" frequently exclaimed the mother, in the most heart-rending tones ; but all was of no avail. As soon as daylight appeared they renewed their search, but as unsuccessfully as on the preceding day. Fortunately an Indian, laden with furs, coming from an adjacent village, called at the house of Mr. Lefevre, intending to repose himself there, as he usually did on his travelling through that part of the country. He was very much surprised to find no one at home but one old negress, kept to the house by her infirmities. "Where is my brother ?" said the Indian. "Alas !" replied the negro woman, "he has lost his little Derick, and all the neighbourhood are employed in looking after him in the wood : " it was then three o'clock in the afternoon. "Sound the horn," said the Indian, "and try and call the master home—I will find his child." The horn was sounded ; and as soon as the father returned, the Indian asked him for the shoes and stockings that little Derick had last worn. He then ordered his dog, which he had

brought with him, to smell them—and then, taking the house for his centre, he described a circle of a quarter of a mile, ordering his dog to smell the earth wherever he led him. The circle was not completed when the sagacious animal began to bark. This sound brought some feeble ray of hope to the disconsolate parents. The dog followed the scent and barked again; the party pursued him with all their speed, but soon lost sight of him in the wood. Half an hour afterwards they heard him again, and soon saw him return. The countenance of the poor dog was visibly altered; an air of joy seemed to animate him, and his gestures seemed to indicate that his search had not been in vain. “I am sure he has found the child!” exclaimed the Indian. But whether dead or alive was at present a cruel uncertainty. The Indian then followed the dog, which led him to the foot of a large tree, where lay the child in an enfeebled state, nearly approaching to death. He took it tenderly in his arms, and hastily carried it to the disconsolate parents. The joy of the father and mother was so great that it was more than a quarter of an

hour before they could express their gratitude to the kind Indian, or the dear sagacious dog. When their thanks were fully expressed, they regaled the Indian and his dog with a plentiful meal before they again set forth on their journey.

Mark. That, grandmamma, is the prettiest story you have told to me ; and I know a great deal about those poor Indians. Their wives are called squaws ; and they work those pretty purses covered with beads, like that mamma gave you when we were in the United States, and Mr. S. said there was not so much difference between *U. S.* (us) and ourselves. And, grandmamma, do you remember the pretty cap that Johnny gave to Uncle Henry, shaped like a Scotch cap, but worked all over with beads of different colours by the squaws ? They are very clever at that kind of work ; and also with porcupine quills and the bark of trees, which they embroider so nicely.

Gran. You see what it is to be such a traveller, Mark ; you have been in every quarter of the globe except Africa ; and I think you might say Africa also, for Malta, they say, was once a

portion of Africa, and there you lived for a year with me before you could talk much; and your brother Willy was born there, at a place called "Sa Maison," looking upon the quarantine harbour. Malta, you know, is a very interesting place on many accounts; first, because St. Paul was wrecked there, and since that time there have been no venomous reptiles in the island; and the reason they allege is, because he shook the viper off his hand into the fire; and though it was poisonous it did him no harm; and that ever since no poisonous creature can live in the island. Then again, Malta is remarkable from the Knights of St. John, who took refuge there when expelled from Rhodes, and defended it so long against the Turks. It is a beautiful and healthy little island, and the best oranges in the world come from there, and all hothouse plants grow and thrive in the open ground without any protection. Squills, which are used for coughs, grow wild, and are gathered by the Maltese and sent to England, where there is a good market for them. A yellow cotton is also grown in Malta, and they make a very nice nankeen of it,

and very pretty blankets, with coloured borders ; and I only wonder more people do not buy them and bring them home. The Maltese also make beautiful mittens, and black and white lace. But I think you would now like to mount your pony, as the weather has become fine, and ride up the water, and see if your cousin has caught any trout in the Etterick.

Mark. Grandmamma, you forget Willy and Johnny are gone to the locks and taken the pony ; and I would rather hear another little story, if you can tell a short one, as then it will be tea-time, and after tea-time I am wanted to build card-houses for Basil, and you know I can build them up four, and sometimes five stories high.

Gran. That is very clever, but not so clever as the beaver ; but I have only time now to tell you one more short story. A small black terrier dog, Vic, and a cat were great friends. Vic was so gentle and kind that the cat never thought of her giving a bite or hurting her in any way. Once Vic had some puppies at the same time that the cat had a little family of kittens. The youngest girl, whom the cat and kittens belonged to, gave

one of the kittens to a friend of hers, who lived at a house not very far from where her home was. Vic thought that the tiny kitten was much too young to be sent away from its mother, so she went every day to nurse and feed it herself till she thought the little kitten was old enough to feed and take care of itself. The family Vic belonged to went to stay at a house three miles off, and left Vic and the servants behind. One day she heard them say that her young master, of whom she was very fond, was coming home from college that very day, so she jumped out of the window, and ran off to the other house as fast as she could go, and got there just in time to receive him as he arrived at the door. This clever little Vic often seemed to understand what she heard, and would wag her tail, and look up so quickly if it was anything about herself. While Vic was quite a small puppy, she came to live with her master's brother and sister, who were very little children, so they and Vic grew up together, and I really think if Vic could only have spoken, she would have said her lessons often much better than they said theirs, she was

such a clever little dog. When Vic had puppies she used to dig a deep hole with her paws in a bank, and then carry in some straw and make a nice comfortable bed quite at the end, and put all her little puppies there, and she never let them come out till they were able to walk, and take care of themselves, unless the children Vic lived with dug them out before, to see what they were like ; and which they sometimes did, but that was a very great pity, as it was much better to leave them in their earthy nest till they were advanced enough in growth and strength to come out by themselves. Little puppies and kittens are always nine days old before they can see at all, and that fact I have no doubt you are quite aware of, my dear Mark. Now I have one more story to tell you about this Vic, which, I am afraid, will not do her much credit. One of the puppies she had was naughty, and teased her very much, so she took it down close to some water, and began playing with it till she got it quite close to the edge of the bank, and then pushed it in, and walked quietly away to her home. I am very much afraid that Vic intended

to drown her poor little puppy, and, if so, it was very wrong and unnatural in her; but luckily a gentleman who was standing by a tree not far off saw her wicked act, and went and pulled the poor little puppy out of the water: though it might have deserved some punishment, Vic ought not to have wished to drown it—should she? I shall, therefore, say no more about this sad specimen of a vindictive mamma.

CHAPTER VI.

Gran. Now, dear Mark, perhaps you would like to have a little change of subject, and hear some stories of monkeys, which are such wonderful creatures, and, in many respects, so nearly resemble man. They might be supposed to be endowed with reason, from the sagacity with which they manage their own affairs. The wonderful arrangements these creatures make, when intent upon any of those mischievous tricks which appear to give them more pleasure than anything else they can do, are well authenticated, and frequently witnessed by officers who have been stationed at the Cape of Good Hope, as well as by British residents who have resided there, and been possessed of farms and vineyards. An engineer officer told me that when the large monkeys had laid their plans together for rob-

bing a vineyard, they collected in great numbers in the neighbourhood, and appeared to appoint a leader, or commander-in-chief of their expedition, who made all the necessary arrangements, and gave to each of his chosen friends their orders. They sent on their spies to see if there were any persons watching the delicious grapes they were coveting ; and if they were pretty sure of safety, they approached the place, carefully posting regular sentinels on every height to keep a lookout for danger, and give intimation of the approach of any one who might injure them. When this was done, and every precaution taken, the leader and the band of long-tailed brothers made a descent on the coveted grapes, eating as much of the fruit as they could, and then carrying off for the sentries, and for their little ones at home, as large a booty as circumstances permitted. Should it happen that any early traveller or owner of the land came near, by whichever way they approached, one watcher instantly gave the alarm, which quickly spread from outpost to outpost, and was communicated to the grand army, who fled to their forest homes, on the tops

of high trees, with as much speed as possible. Monkeys have wondrous powers of climbing, and also of hanging from the branches of trees by their long and supple tails, which give them, in fact, five legs, as they can support themselves by the tail, and use their fore and hind legs for other purposes. The forefeet nearly resemble the human hand, and they are as clever in using them as men are. One of the most singular instances of intelligence recorded of monkeys is the manner in which they have been observed to cross a stream. They go along the banks till they find two trees exactly opposite each other, one on either bank of the river. They then climb one of the highest and strongest branches, when the leader tells the nearest monkey to him to catch hold of his tail, and then, dropping himself off, hangs suspended by the tail. A third monkey now catches hold of the second monkey's tail, and so each monkey grasps the tail of his predecessor, and one by one they hang suspended from the tree till the legs of the first monkey touch the ground. They then put themselves in motion, swinging in larger and larger sections of a circle, till the fore-

most monkey succeeds in catching hold of a twig of the opposite tree. In a moment he is firmly seated on a strong branch, and pulling away, he drags the monkey after him to the branch, and then, liberated from his hold, jumps from branch to branch, and chatters to his brother apes as they hang from tree to tree, forming a catenarian curve which would excite the admiration of a Brunel or a Stephenson. The last monkey then lets go his hold of the first tree, and in a moment is oscillating fearfully across the stream, till at length the whole tribe find themselves safely landed on the opposite side. They appear to have a language of their own, and the chattering they keep up in their own colonies is very loud and continued. Indeed, the black people say monkeys *could* talk if they liked, but are afraid, if they did so, man would make them work for him. Some of the large species of monkeys are very fierce and dangerous, but the smaller ones are more gentle, though mischief is the great delight of all the race. They are great favourites with sailors, and if one is on board ship he is pretty sure of having many friends, even though



The first suspension bridge

his mischievous gambols annoy occasionally. A monkey kindly treated in a family can be made to do a great many little helps, such as rocking the baby's cradle, or even assisting the maid to hang out the clothes to dry on a washing-day—as they are immensely imitative. An Irish lady once told me that a large pet monkey they had at their place near Cork, who had seen the cook washing the potatoes and peeling them, and then putting them into the saucepan to boil, went to the kitchen one night, after all the servants had gone to bed, got out some potatoes, washed them, and prepared them, as he had seen his good friend the cook do ; he then got some sticks, stirred up the embers of the fire, put on the pan with the potatoes, and left them there to boil, making, however, a considerable amount of dirt in his cooking endeavours, and much delighted with his own performance, which was evident by the signs and grimaces, and chattering which he kept up incessantly ; but a part of his energy was of a less safe kind, for he drew out the large clothes-horse, in front of the fire, and pulled out all the articles he could find, hanging them up to dry,

as he had frequently seen done when the bed-linen was aired by the housemaid, and thus might have set the house on fire. There is a curious fact connected with monkeys at Gibraltar. At a certain season of the year great numbers of those creatures appear on the rocks, and as there are no colonies of them in Europe, and those particular ones abound in Africa, it is believed there must be subterranean passages under the Straits of Gibraltar known to the monkeys, and by which they pass across—it is always amongst the rocks they make their appearance. Some officers have had the boldness to be let down by ropes to a considerable depth, hoping to find out the existence of such a passage, but the authorities at Gibraltar forbid this rash attempt to be repeated, as it is attended with very considerable danger ; so that all which at present is known regarding those pilgrim monkeys is, that they come and disappear at stated periods, but no one positively can say where is their real home. The muscular strength of these creatures is very extraordinary, and the leaps they make from tree to tree, or rock to rock, enormous.

They have great powers of memory, and remember acts of kindness surprisingly, but their appreciation of any injury is equally strong, and their memory so retentive that they will revenge themselves on the unfortunate culprit long after he has forgotten the offence. I recollect hearing a lady tell me of a large pet monkey she had, who was the terror of all her acquaintances, and one lady so much disliked the creature that he was always banished from the room when she called. This lady frequently rode on horseback to see her friends, attended by her groom. On her visit one day, Jacko was, according to custom, ordered out of the way. It was a country place, with a long approach, and the entrance gate had stone pillars, but there was no lodge. On riding down to the gate, the monkey was observed sitting on one of the stone pillars ; the groom rode on to open the gate for the lady to pass out, and just as she did so, the monkey jumped down on the back of her horse, and put his fore-feet round the lady's waist, while the sudden accession of company frightened the horse,

who set off full gallop, to the dismay of the terrified lady, and the faster the horse went, the tighter the monkey held on; they never stopped till they reached the lady's house; when the poor lady was so ill in consequence of her alarm and very hard ride, that she fainted, and Jacko's fate was sealed; he could not be tolerated any longer, and he was sent off to sea in one of the many ships which touched at the neighbouring port. What became of him I know not, but when tricks and mischief such as this became his amusement, he was too dangerous to be petted any more. This happened to your great aunt Lady Carberry, of Castle Freke, near Launceston, in Ireland. Monkeys have great love for their young, and tend them and nurse them with the greatest care and tenderness, carrying them about in their arms or on their backs, and defending them with great courage if any danger threatens them. It is most difficult to say if these interesting creatures are endowed with instinct or reason, as the manner in which they conduct their affairs is so wonderfully systematic that

it is more like the reasoning powers given to man by a good and wise God than to the instinct He has implanted in the lower animals. How many lessons little children may learn from all God's creatures, if they will study them carefully ! and as we know from God's own Holy Word, that He cares for all He has created, and feeds the sparrows, and that all things depend on Him for life and breath, we should trust in Him entirely, and believe His promises, that as even the young ravens are His care, how much more are we whom He made in His own likeness, and who are to live for ever and ever. Let us all then, dear Mark, try to please God, by obeying Him, loving our kind parents, brothers, and friends, and never being unkind or cruel to any of the poor dumb animals, which were all made by God, and who all have nerves and feelings of pain as much as any of us can have. One of our poets has written what every little child should recollect, viz. :—

“The meanest insect feels a pang
As great as when a giant dies.”

If little boys would only remember this, there would not be any of those cruel sports which sometimes shock one, when we see poor insects tortured, and little birds deprived of their comfortable nests, which cost them so much labour to build, and their little ones taken from them, whom they feed so carefully, and when old enough teach so wonderfully to fly from the nest and take care of themselves. Sir Walter Scott, in one of his poems, pleads for those dumb creatures beautifully, thus—

“ The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wrong'd by cruelty or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head ;
Be warn'd at length and turn aside.”

Wild Huntsman.

Mark. Now, grandmamma, you have amused me with those monkey stories, and I should so like to have a pet monkey myself, as I think their tricks must be very droll ; but I should not like them to do mischief, and carry off my playthings and hide them, which I believe they sometimes do.

Gran. Yes, indeed they do. I have heard of one who watched some little girls playing

with their dolls, fancying themselves nurses taking care of the babies—washing and dressing them, and very carefully wrapping them up in their shawls, and then carrying them out for a walk. The monkey seizing his opportunity when the children had laid their inanimate babies down on the grass, and had gone off on some other sport, quickly descended from the branch of the tree on which he had been sitting watching them, and mischievously brooding over some mischief, and caught up a doll, and then carrying it with him, fled again to the tree, and ascended to the highest branch: he then untied the bonnet, cap, frock, and so on, throwing each article away as he stripped the poor thing, and laughing and screaming with savage joy as he saw the frantic gestures of the poor children below, well knowing he was safe and quite out of their reach for a long time to come, as, even if the poor little girls could have procured the help of a compassionate brother or cousin to climb the tree, the monkey is so rapid in his movements, and such a clever jumper from branch to

branch, he could easily escape with his prize, and utterly destroy it, as he did in this instance : therefore, Mark, I think monkeys are best kept in the Zoological Gardens, where they are generally fastened to a post by a long chain, having their house built on the top of it. In the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, however, the 'monkeys' house is all enclosed in wire grating, so they have a great deal of liberty, and you see them leaping about from pole to pole in the most surprising manner, and performing all sorts of odd tricks and grimaces. Their fondness for nuts is great, and the adroit manner in which they hold them and crack them is very amusing. They break a walnut quite scientifically, and with their sharp fingers and thumb pick out all the nice nut very carefully. Except in Europe, I believe, monkeys are to be found in all parts of the globe in a wild state. The great ourang-outang is a very gigantic creature, and very disgusting—while the small pocket-monkey is gentle and loving in its nature. The monkey lives in large communities, among great forest

trees, and subsists almost entirely on fruits and vegetables.

Mark. I wish you would go on for ever with these nice true stories, grandmamma, as I like to hear of those creatures who can almost think like men, and can do so many curious things. Have you any stories of parrots, or cockatoos, who can speak ? What fun it would be to get a nice young one, and teach him, myself, funny sentences or little songs : I should be so amused to become his school-master, and would try to teach him by being very kind to him, and would reward him if he learnt his lessons well, by giving him of all the nice cakes and sugar-plums I could get ; but I never would reward him when he chose to be obstinate, or would not do what he could to amuse my friends when they came to see me.

Gran. One of my kind friends, a clergyman, is going to tell you a curious story about a magpie, which I think will interest you very much, and I am sure that every well-authenticated fact you can learn of dumb animals must raise your mind to

meditate on the great God who so wonderfully made them, as well as ourselves, and who has given them instincts which so much approach to reason. I once knew a pretty canary who saved his mistress' life, and her house and valuable property from being destroyed by fire. This lady was a great invalid, and much confined to her bedroom. She had a pet canary, whose cage was hung there, and he used to cheer many of her lonely hours by the sweet music he made for her, by singing all day long. This lady suffered much by cold at night, and found even a fire in her room not sufficient to warm her ; therefore, instead of having a hot-water bottle placed in her bed, she was recommended to try a hot brick, which was always wrapped up in flannel. One night her maid had carelessly heated it almost red hot, and placed it in its wrapper in the bed, and left her mistress for the night, who quickly fell asleep. She was awoke by the canary (whose cage was often left open, he was so tame and accustomed to fly about where he liked in the rooms), which fluttered and screamed, and flew down on the bed flapping his wings over her.

When she was thoroughly awake she perceived the room was full of smoke, and that evidently something was on fire. She rung her bell loudly and awoke the servants, who, when they came, discovered the bed was burning, owing to the hot brick, which had consumed its covering and was smouldering, ready to burst into flames as soon as the clothes were turned down, and the air got to it. You may imagine the terror of the whole family when this terrible accident was revealed, and the gratitude of the lady to the watchful Providence of God, who by the means of her pretty favourite was preserved from so horrible a death as being burnt in her bed, if the smoke had not previously suffocated her. Thus you see, dear Mark, God can work by very humble instruments, and even a little bird, under His control, can be used for great purposes. Let this be an additional motive to us to be kind to the creatures God has given to man to take care of for Him, and by His command. Many birds can be taught to talk, and by the curious manner in which they apply their sentences, one could almost imagine they understood what they said. Starlings are

very fond of speaking, as are magpies, and many of the parrot tribe, especially the grey sort, which have greater facility of learning than their more gaudy green and red brethren. Some of them can hold even long conversations with those who have been their teachers, and I knew of one of this colour who saved the house from being robbed. It lived in the servants' apartments below stairs, and one evening a man entered, fully intent on carrying off all he could. He had been watching for some time, and finding the cook not in her kitchen, and none of the servants to be seen, he stealthily made his way in, and was busy packing up things which were lying about, when Polly screamed out, "What do you want here, sir?" which so terrified the thief that he dropped his bundle and rushed out of the house, while Polly laughed loudly at her own cleverness. A laughing parrot, and one who does it well, I have seen keep a whole party in convulsions of laughter, as it was impossible to resist the impulse of following his merry example.

I will now tell you of a very fine grey parrot which belonged to a Scotch lady of my acquaint-

ance, whose butler was very fond of animals, and particularly so of this bird. They used to hold long conversations together ; usually he began the morning by saying, " Good-morning, Polly, how do you do ? "—" Very well, I thank you, sir, how are you ? " " What will you have for breakfast, Polly ? "—" Porridge and milk." " And what will you have for dinner ? "—" Beef-steaks and porter." Her servants often tried to put those questions in different ways ; but they never got him to make a mistake between his breakfast and dinner ; his friend would then say to him, " And where are you going to travel to, Polly ? "—" I am going to Ireland." " What are you going to do there ? "—" Shoot Dan O'Connell—*pop !* "—imitating a gun going off. Another parrot, of the grey kind, was in the possession of a large family, the sons and daughters of which were all grown up. One day a large party of friends were paying a morning visit, when one of the sons, a lieutenant in the navy, who was somewhat of a dandy, happened to come in to see them, his ship being in harbour at the time. The parrot, when he saw him, screamed and fluttered, " Hip,

part of it is, how he could find his way back alone ; having travelled up inside the carriage, he could not, one would have imagined, have any landmarks to guide him in his long and weary pilgrimage—and it would be very difficult to say what sense guided him on the road—how he was fed, if he begged or stole his daily food, and what thoughts he meditated before he ran off from his kind master and mistress. A lady, in the same family of which the last anecdote occurred, had a most amusing spaniel named Beau ; his mistress was passionately fond of music, and played and sung a great deal, which taste, I suppose, was acquired by her faithful favourite, because he became not only an amateur, but actually also a musical performer himself ; I have often been present when the following amusing scenes occurred. When any strangers were present, and music was proposed, the moment Beau saw any one approach the piano, he jumped up, and was in the greatest excitement, and endeavoured by every means to be the first performer. If a lady sat down on the music-stool, he rushed about, pulled her dress violently, and did not scruple to



Rival performers

tear it if she persisted in keeping possession; the moment place was made for him, he jumped up on the music-stool, placed his forepaws on the bass notes, and ran up gradually to the treble, striking the notes, and with his head moving from side to side like some very conceited young ladies, he bawled out what he believed an accompaniment with his voice; he usually went up and down the keys thus twice, playing and singing; and when quite satisfied, left the field open for other amateurs, going off evidently much delighted with himself, and wagging his tail, as much as to say, "There, ladies, imitate *that* if you can!" He seldom could be induced to repeat his performance to the same audience, but was quite willing (having taken the lead) to give place to others; which trait in Beau's character might give instruction to nobler creatures, some of whom, I am sorry to say, are so much enraptured with their own performances that they seem to forget what is due to others, and keep possession of the piano, perhaps to the exclusion of much finer performers than themselves. Beau always sat under the instrument, and was in-

tensely delighted with music, unlike many of his species, to whom the sound of a bell or any musical instrument appears to strike painfully on their nerves, and make them howl piteously, a peculiarity in the natural history of the dog which I never heard satisfactorily accounted for. Beau was also a dog of courage and spirit, and, gentle though his behaviour was to his kind mistress, he was bold and daring in killing rats, and did not mind a bite, if he was seized by one of those infuriated creatures.

CHAPTER VII.

Gran. Come here, my Mark, and I will recount to you a singular and very amusing history of a magpie; but first, I must tell you that one of the greatest difficulties in the way of properly defining the boundary between instinct and reason is found in the practical jokes some creatures have played upon their lords: one would suppose that nothing short of thought and reason could be sufficient for knowing what would provoke or serve as retaliation; and if so, the tale of the magpie and the old washerwoman must give the bird a tolerably high intellectual position. Unfortunately for the more reasonable being of the two—if, indeed, she was so—the magpie and she had neighbouring establishments, and we may imagine that the former, with his abilities for picking and stealing, to say nothing of

his lungs, so behaved himself that no love was lost between the two. One day, however, matters came to a crisis. The magpie-hater had just carefully hung out the result of her day's hard work, and was solacing herself with that cheering cup her sisternity is so fond of. Presently her repose was broken by a most triumphant screaming. The wicked magpie had, from a safe position, watched his enemy hanging out upon the line her snowy work. With one eye at a time, in that peculiarly knowing way we all have noticed in the bird, had he scrutinised the proceedings, and by the time they were over, his mind—such as he had—was well made up. There was a muddy puddle in the yard; so down he flew, and therein paddled until he was well bemired. Then, beginning at one end of the line of clothes, he sidled along to the other, clapping his wings and screaming with malicious joy, of course leaving a muddy track behind him. One may imagine the fierce anger of the dame at this crowning act of mischief, and the vain threats she sent after the *rara avis*, who kept provokingly chattering at her from a safe distance, as if



"Oh! Dear 'that Bird!'"

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conscious of a triumph. The same bird once caused immense alarm by thieving a lighted end of candle and flying with it up to the roof. He there stuck it in the thatch, and commenced dancing around his dangerous plaything, flapping and screaming with delight. Fortunately, his game was put an end to in good time. Now, in this trick there may have been nothing more than a bare instinctive love of play ; but the first-mentioned seems to have in it observation, and—if the expression may be allowed—a thoughtful fitting of means to an end, not equal in character, but perhaps alike in principle, with that recorded of some elephant, who wishing to pick up something not within his reach, directed a stream of air against an opposite wall in such a line that after reflection it drove the object within grasp of his trunk. We certainly must not put upon one level the stately doings of an elephant and the petty mischief of a magpie ; but, in any creature, a power of acting consistently with novel circumstances does imply the existence of something more than instinct, as it used to be defined. Now, I will give you a short extract from Gold-

smith, who wrote a history of animated nature: "The magpie is the chief of its kind with us, and is too well known to need a description. Indeed, were its accomplishments equal to its beauty, few birds could be put in competition. Its black, its white, its green and purple, with the rich and gilded combination of the glosses on its tail, are as fine as any that adorn the most beautiful of the feathered tribe; but it has too many of the qualities of a beau, to depreciate these natural perfections; vain, restless, loud, and quarrelsome, it is an unwelcome intruder everywhere; and never misses an opportunity, when it finds one, of doing mischief." Now, if you have patience, I will tell you a story about some rats.

You have not yet, my dear Mark, seen the old cathedral town of Bangor. It is well worthy of a visit, if only for the sake of seeing the two wonders of engineering art that bridge the blue straits of Menai. From the town you may pleasantly post along a road of about fourteen miles in the direction of the mountains. The scenery varies and gains in picturesqueness, until at length the dark waters of a long and narrow

lake, with hills of increased loftiness, warn of an approach to the small village of Llanberis. Although in your few years of life, scenes on a larger scale have stirred your young sense of beauty, yet much pleasure is in store for the day of your visit to the beautiful region of Snowdonia. The village is a pleasant resting-place for tourists who wish to ascend Snowdon—the monarch mountain of the west; near it is a waterfall whose tumultuous stream is a striking object, and of course peculiarly so when in stormy weather a rainbow rests upon its snowy spray. Lord Byron's word-picture of the cataract at Velino is then remembered—

“ On the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn,
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love, watching madness with unalterable mien.”

The long, deep-coloured lake ends near the ruined tower of Dolbadaru; then there is the fine opening into Llanberis pass, with very soon

the pretty village and still prettier little church, which so unexpectedly welcomes the traveller as he wends his way along the far-famed mountain-road. You will say this is rather a long introduction to a story which you would rather hear than a prosy description of what you will perhaps one day see for yourself, or I would describe a striking sight once seen by me from Snowdon's top.

Mark. Now, dear grandmamma, you have so much interested me already, that I will gladly wait still longer for the tale ; and, you know, my visit to the place will be all the more delightful for remembering what you have told me of it,

Gran. Well, then, I will go on. On the right hand, as you face the entrance to the pass, is a road leading you by some low, white cottages to the ascent of Snowdon. The fir-trees cluster around, and the path winds prettily between rock and wood. View after view of beauty so beguiles the labour of ascent, that were the road much steeper than it is, you would gaily go along. By-and-by the great Black Rock, that stands like an abrupt, forbidding outpost of the Snowdon range, comes into view. At its foot is a copper-

poisoned lake, green and deadly. On the left you look somewhat down upon the bold swellings that line the pass, and then begin to feel greatly that peculiar pleasure which only mountain travellers know. Soon you come to the half-way spot for halting—like the “rest-and-be-thankful,” on one of Scotland’s hills, so beautifully spoken of by Wordsworth. After this point the ascent is steeper, and particularly so at the last part ; nature giving most difficulty to the traveller just before the attainment of his wishes. This surmounted, you gain the *summus mons*, and look around upon a scene which even reminiscences of Switzerland will not keep you from admiring. Mountain, wood, and lake are around in profusion, and it is hard to choose under what aspect you would prefer to see them—when sunlight and shade, mists and clouds, float about in beautiful minglings—or when the clear bright air leaves every outline sharp, every colour bright, and even green Erin,


“The first flower of the earth,
The first gem of the sea,”

seems to meet heaven in the distance. When I

stood upon this height, the former was, to some extent, my lot. After admiring the nearer parts, I was struck with what seemed to be a beautiful golden bar of cloud shining high up in the expanse of grey evening sky. I happened to look at this with a telescope, and, with much surprise, saw that the golden light was an illuminated portion of the distant sea. There it was, grey mist beneath and around so completely cutting it off from all else that its glistening waters seemed to be not of this world ; but rather as of heaven, even like that "sea of glass mingled with fire," spoken of by St. John in the vision at Patmos. Would you not have enjoyed it, dear ?

Mark. Yes ; much.

Gran. I know you would have done so, and am glad at helping to keep alive in a young mind a sense of the beautiful—such feelings for it as have their highest use when quickening a hope for that "better country, that is, a heavenly," wherein there shall be everything pleasant to the sight ; for beauty and holiness will meet together in "the Paradise of God." Now for the story.



The visitor at Llanberis often hears deep rolling sounds as of thunder-peals. These proceed from the slate quarries, in which the rock has frequently to be blasted. I remember, when walking near the ruined tower at the entrance of the defile, being much delighted with the solemn reverberations of these sounds. One peal followed another with dying cadence, as if mountain after mountain in the unseen range behind were giving forth its voice, until, with a deep-toned distant murmur, the echo died away, somewhat as when

“Jura answers through her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps that call to her aloud.”

For the purpose of boring oil is used, and kept within a chamber of the quarry. Some time ago it was found that jars left full at night were by the morning emptied of oil, and filled with stones. Suspicion being aroused that some “Taffy was a thief,” a superintendent kept watch. To his great surprise, he saw nearer “forty thieves” than one. A company of rats came to the jars, and the oil not being otherwise attainable, they dropped in pebbles so as to make the

dainty contents rise to the top. Thus no more suspicion fell upon the workmen; the rats were respected for their intelligence, and the oil saved for the future.

Mark. Grandmamma, that is like one of Æsop's fables which I learnt the other day; only the fable was about a fox, instead of rats.

Gran. Yes, dear; but it is not the less true, and so this little tale will afford you compensation for listening to a long preface. You will know what to expect from your grandmamma when she again has anything to say at all connected with pretty places and pleasant sights.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mark. O grandmamma, just look at the snow, it is so thick you cannot see an inch of ground, and it falls in thick flakes so fast we shall never be able to walk to the shop to-day, and we wanted so very much to buy some rigging for Johnny's ship, which he has now been waiting for so many days—is it not tiresome? Oh, dear, what shall we do! We counted upon going out this morning to get the little nails, and the paint, and so many things—is it not provoking? And only look how dirty and brown the poor sheep's coats look, and how black the fir-trees look; and the hills, which were so green yesterday, are so white and dazzling—I wish it would stop snowing that we might get out!

Gran. Dear Mark, instead of standing rubbing your forehead against the plate-glass window as if

you would rub a hole in it if you could, and punish it for the bad weather, and grumbling in such a discontented strain, it would be far better to take a book and read, or employ yourself in some manner which would make you forget the snow, and pass the time quickly and profitably. Is it right to murmur at what is the will of Him to send who is the Creator and Governor of the world? Snow keeps the ground warm, and prevents the frost killing the grass; and besides, it has properties which serve as a manure to the land, and farmers would be very sorry if there was no snow in winter, and God knows what is best to send to us, therefore it is very wrong and foolish for little boys to waste their precious time in grumbling about what there is no help for, and be assured that all things come in due season, and it is our duty to be thankful and not out of humour: that will do you no good, and only worries and vexes all who hear you.

Mark. I daresay it is all very true, what you say, grandmamma, but I did not mean to be naughty or troublesome; so if you will tell me a story I will sit by you quite still, and listen atten-

tively, and if you will give me a skein of wool I will wind it nicely, as I did for you the other day. May I look for it in mamma's French work-table, or is it in her Indian cabinet ?

Gran. It is in neither ; but you will find some skeins of white wool in that inlaid cabinet on the ground under Thompson's painting of Duddingston.

Mark. Now I have found the wool, I will sit on this pretty gold chair of Johnny's, which Mrs. Mark Napier worked, and gave him on his birthday ; that is, if you do not think I should spoil it, with its transparent cover on. Will Johnny take this chair to sea when he goes, and will he take his gun, and the sword papa gave to him ?

Gran. It will depend upon what sized ship he first sails in, as I believe the size of his sea-chest is regulated by that ; and besides, there are improvements made upon weapons daily, and he may only have room for the last inventions.

Mark. Now for your story, grandmamma, or we shall never have time to hear it all, and I do not like to stop in the middle of a story ; so come, do begin, please, as I am all attention.

Gran. Before I begin my story, however, I will repeat you some lines made by a relation of yours, which are very good, and well worth your remembering :—

“ Let us live, while we live—and so manage our day,
That we need not regret what we do or we say,
Bearing ever in mind that, whatever we do,
God’s precepts we strictly keep always in view.”

That I think you might commit to memory, and say it to yourself every morning, and if you act up to the sense, you will never be a bad boy or man. Act up to what your reason and the Bible teach you, and all will be well with your soul. God is a good paymaster ; give what we may to Him of faith, or work, or trust, or love, or zeal, He gives back again with large interest—good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over—ten, twenty, thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold, in whatever we need most from Him. And now I think I have tried your patience sufficiently, and I will tell you a story that has just come into my mind. Old Lady Stuart, Lord Stuart de Rothesay’s mother, once had her life saved by a beautiful little Blenheim,

a great favourite, which never left her day or night, except to take a run in the garden for exercise. One night Lady Stuart's maid had gone to bed, and all the household were fast asleep ; and the old lady was reading her Bible, which she never missed doing, before she went to rest. Being rather weak-sighted, Lady Stuart had approached the candles much closer than usual, and having a cap with a deep frill round it, the lace caught fire, but she was so intent upon what she was reading that she never perceived her cap was on fire, but the little dog saw it, and barked so loud and violently, which he was not in the habit of doing, that the maid awoke, and ran to her mistress' bedroom to see what was the matter ; and what was her surprise and horror to see Lady Stuart's head all in a blaze of fire, but which the maid was fortunately able to extinguish before it had injured her kind and aged mistress. You may suppose how grateful Lady Stuart was to God for saving her from so horrible a death, as, had the fire caught her hair, her head might have been so much hurt that she could never have recovered ; and if she loved her dear little

Blenheim before, you may be sure she loved it much more after rendering her such a signal service by its quickness and intelligence. It is the more singular, as this species of dog is not in general remarkable for its sagacity, but is most useful for hunting rabbits. I once had two Blenheims called Belle and Beau. Being very small, they got so far into rabbit-holes that they had to be dug out, and could not be used for sporting any more. And now, Mark, you may go and play with Basil ; and to-morrow I will find some more stories for your entertainment.

Mark. Do, dear grandmamma, for I like so very much to know all you can tell me about animals of any kind ; so good-bye—I see Basil, and will go and play at houses.

Mark. O grandmamma, it is raining hard, so can you tell me a story ; but I see you are writing—shall I come later ?

Gran. No, dear ! I have finished my letters, and was waiting for you to come, quite ready to begin, the more so as a friend has sent me several anecdotes on purpose that I might tell them to

you ; my having informed him of your taste, and being afraid that my own stock might fail with so great a demand upon it. Once upon a time, as they say, the artists at Rome used to dine together (and probably do still) at a trattoria called the "Lepre." Not but what, in spite of that name, the artists fancy they sometimes have cats served up for dinner, at least when hares are scarce, though the waiters allege that the artists, especially when fresh from England, often ask for *Cani* instead of *Carne* ; an accusation which is about as true as that in a confectioner's shop they would ask for a *Gatto* instead of a Gâteau! However, let that pass. Among the frequenters of the trattoria was a dog called "Beefsteak," so called, it was said, because an old gentleman, who went by the name of Father Gerard, used to give him occasionally a beefsteak for dinner. Beefsteak used to attend at the Lepre as the clock struck one, and would remain there till the last artist had arrived. Being a general favourite, Beefsteak never went without his dinner, after which he would take his siesta till about seven o'clock. No one ever knew what became of Beefsteak all this

time, for he did not like being disturbed. Meanwhile the artists, after smoking a cigar or two at the Caff  Greco, opposite to the Lepre, would retire to their homes. About seven o'clock Beefsteak made his appearance again in the Via Condotti, and watched patiently till he saw an artist—English of course, for he did not understand French or German—coming along, on which Beefsteak immediately put himself in the rear, to follow and see where his friend was going. Should he go in a wrong direction, or direct his steps one inch beyond the line usually inhabited by “forestieri Inglesi,” Beefsteak would turn round and look out for another friend. Thus it happened that, although the artists used to give parties at each other’s houses every evening, Beefsteak invariably found his way there without any one bringing him.

Mark. I do not like your Master Beefsteak very much, he seems to think of nothing but what he could get ; and was attached to nobody but himself. Can you not tell me a story of a good affectionate dog that thought only of his master ?

Gran. Well, he told me another story about an artist at Rome, who had a small terrier named Toby, which he took with him one day to Albano, fourteen miles distant : some time after, he went again to Albano, but not wishing to take his dog Toby with him, he desired the housekeeper to keep him locked up. Toby waited very patiently till past midnight, and then thought his master must be at some party. One, two, three o'clock struck, and Toby thought his master was keeping it up very late, but when daylight at length appeared, without any signs of his return, he at once considered that he must be at Albano, and then waited quietly for the housekeeper to make her appearance. On her opening the door, Toby slipped out, and only turned round to laugh at Dame Barbara, running off as hard as he could to Albano. The first thing that the artist saw, on entering the breakfast-room, was his dog Toby, panting and grinning at having overreached his beloved master, nor could that master scold him for showing so much love, and devotion, and intelligence ; so he helped him to a good breakfast, and they both started merrily to-

gether to Rome, the master never again attempting to leave his dog Toby locked up by the housekeeper.

Mark. Toby was a clever dog, and I think his master did quite right not to scold him, or leave him behind, as he showed such affection in running so great a distance in search of a master who could part with his company for so long.

Gran. But, dear Mark, Toby's master may have had some good reasons for leaving him behind, such as going to a friend's house where Toby was not welcome, or some other good reason which could not be explained to doggy, whose place it was to be obedient ; but as dogs have only instinct, they are less blamable for disobedience than human beings, who may be made to comprehend that obedience must be enforced, even when the reasons for it may not be explained. And now, dear, would you like to hear a story of a cat that lived at St. Bernard's ? for the monks are obliged to keep cats to kill the rats and mice, as well as keeping dogs to help them to find the people lost in the snow. This story happened at the Hospice upon the Grand St. Bernard, one of the

Alps, and which I myself have visited in my youth ; and a cold melancholy place it is, and the monks deserve some credit for living in a place so elevated ; it is the highest habitation they say in the world. But about the cat : I suppose, being in such cold regions, a warm dinner was of great consequence to keep her comfortable, and fit her for her work ; at least, so puss seemed to think, and this is the way she managed every day for a long time, before she was found out. The friar who had the charge of the refectory discovered that after he had filled all the plates, one was invariably emptied before the brothers had entered the room ; and thus it happened. Mrs. Puss had noticed that whenever any one came to the convent gate and rang the bell, the monk was obliged to leave the refectory to answer it, so she hit upon the expedient of ringing the bell herself, if no one else came, and whilst the friar was answering, she jumped upon the table and stole her dinner. And I knew of another cat that did something similar : finding the servant came when her mistress rung the bell ; she therefore imitated her by ringing when she was shut up in the

dining-room one day, and wanted to run out. My Mish used to show uncommon sagacity ; so much so that the servants really imagined she had almost supernatural understanding ; but she was a Persian cat, and they are more like dogs than cats in their habits, and attach themselves more to people than to houses, as is the usual propensity of our English breed of cats. Another curious story I can tell you is of a London-bred cat who had had all her kittens drowned. In her disconsolate walks, after her deplorable bereavement, she found a neighbouring cat, whose kitting had taken place about the same time as her own, but who had lost all her kittens except one. Filled with envy, she watched her chance, went into the kitchen of the strange house, and after a very desperate battle, at length succeeded in making off with the longed-for prize.

Mark. What a cruel, naughty pussy ! and how very unjust to take away, and by force, another's pet kitten ; I am sure I should not love such a cat, devoid of all principle.

Gran. You would, indeed, be most laudable,

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dear Mark, in expressing so much virtuous indignation, had the cat reason, instead of only possessing instinct. You must recollect the poor creature was but a cat; but as you seem shocked by the conduct of my cats, I will return to dogs, and tell you about our friend Mr. B.'s dog, which was a cross between a bloodhound and a St. Bernard. One day, having had more exercise than usual, and not so large a dinner, it seized upon a large piece of Chabeysegre cheese. Mr. B. was obliged to appear very angry, and to punish him, and for days the poor dog kept to its kennel; no enticement would induce Bell to leave his home; at length Sunday came round, and his master forgave him. The dog's joy knew no bounds at being forgiven. In the afternoon the family went to church, and Bell was left behind; but in the middle of the service, when Mr. B. had just got up into the pulpit, doggy was seen proceeding along the nave, and walking up the pulpit steps, and then sat himself down, listening as attentively as any one of the congregation to the beloved sounds

of his master's voice. This is another instance of the difficulty of keeping dogs away from church, if they can possibly manage to get in; and in a hot summer's day it is impossible to avoid the doors being kept open, therefore dogs will creep in after their masters, and without disturbing the congregation they cannot be driven out.

Mark. But, grandmamma, if dogs behave themselves well and quietly, can there be any harm in their going to church?

Gran. The great fear is their barking, or otherwise attracting that attention which should be devoted to the Church service. But I can tell you a story of a little dog named Crib, who lived at Llyshenydd, in Carmarthenshire, who used to set off for church every Sunday by himself, coil himself up in the pew during the service, and afterwards walk home by himself. He was so very punctual, that the servants always used to say, "It must be time to start for church, as Crib has just gone." Whether the clocks in the house were right or wrong, Crib, who I suppose went by the

church bells, was always right : a wonderful proof of imitation in a dog ; a rare fact, because, different from other animals, they can be taught tricks and other accomplishments by man, but never learn by *imitation*, as monkeys and parrots will do. Now, Mark, I think I have told you as many stories as you can recollect, therefore go along and play battledore and shuttlecock, and warm yourself before dinner is ready.

CHAPTER IX.

Gran. My dear Markie, it is raining so fast that I am sadly afraid you will not be able to go out this afternoon. I conclude, therefore, you have come to hear some more stories. I have remembered some very droll ones since I told you the last. One of them is about a wasp, and I think it will make you laugh ; but before I commence my story, pray tell me what lessons you have done with your governess this morning, and how far have you got in your English history ?

Mark. Oh, I have just got to where that wicked man Cromwell has King Charles's head cut off.

Gran. I thought so, Mark, so I will tell you a story (as it was told to me) about a wasp who had his head cut off ; and this

friend of mine, who was standing by at the time, says he saw it take up its head with its front legs and put it on again, just a little on one side, and then fly out of the window with it on.

Mark. Dear me, grandmamma, that is wonderful; what a clever wasp! How I wish that poor King Charles could have done as much. But what a pity the wasp did not put his head on again straight; how uncomfortable he must have felt with it all on one side. I suppose he could not see to do it properly. But did the wasp *really* put on its head again? do tell me.

Gran. No, my dear; you are not required to believe that, though some very wonderful things do occur in nature. Worms, when cut in two by a spade, will sometimes unite again; and some insects, when divided, will form separate insects; while the crab, and other shell-fish, on losing a leg, will throw out another leg. There is a fish called the proteus, in the Styrian Mountains, which, living in dark caverns, many hundred feet below the ground,

has no eyes, because it has no occasion for them; but it is considered by naturalists, that if this fish were bred in a more favourable spot, its eyes would be developed—at least, in the second or third generation. The hare, on the approach of winter, when the ground is covered with snow, changes its fur from blue to white, in order to be more secure from its pursuers. The chameleon, you have often read of its changing colour for a like motive; but certainly I never before heard of an animal's putting its head on again after it was cut off; but the gentleman was probably deceived by seeing the wasp fly away after it had lost its head, just as you may have seen some idle, wicked boys amusing themselves with chopping off flies' heads, in order to see the poor animals fly away with headless trunks; but you must know, Mark, that such prolongation of life is only momentary, and is, in fact, only the continued muscular action of the body, and similar to the last dying impulse with which men, when shot in the heart, spring up violently into the air.

Mark. Thank you, grandmamma, that is very

curious. Now will you tell me the other stories, please ?

Gran. Yes ! I will tell you next about a little monkey which belonged to an Italian boy that had a grinding organ, and when the boy played his organ the monkey used to dance. He came to our house one day, and we gave him some pence, which he took directly to his master ; and we thought him a very nice little monkey. Afterwards we heard that he jumped up in a little boy's face, and seizing hold of his nose, clung on it. The poor little boy was terribly hurt, and we no longer thought this monkey so charming.

Mark. The last time I was in London, grand-mamma, I saw a man with a very large cage on wheels, and inside this cage were two cats, three white mice, a canary-bird, a bullfinch, a little dog, and a splendid old owl, altogether. The man who had them told me they never hurt each other, and mamma said they were called " The happy family." Was not that nice ? Do you know how the man trains them to live all so peacefully in the same cage ?

Gran. It is supposed by gorging and opiates; but the man keeps his own secret; there are many instances, however, of animals that are not friendly by nature living happily together. A few years ago, in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, a little black terrier was brought up with some young lions, and, small as he was, he kept his large rough companions in great order. When their dinner was brought he helped himself first, and growled, and snarled most fiercely if they approached the food before he had satisfied his hunger. The lions seemed quite content to wait, and did not at all resent the arrogance of their little playfellow.

The other story I recollect was about a large black dog called Mungo, who lived near Maidstone, in Kent. He was so very clever that his master had only to put a penny into his mouth, and send him to buy a biscuit with it. If, however, the shopkeeper only offered him half a biscuit, Mungo would retain the penny, and walk away with an offended air. A similar story is told of a dog which was in the habit of going to a particular baker's to buy gingerbread-nuts, and the

dog frequently got halfpence given him by friends who heard of his intelligence, and desired to witness his performance. One day the baker cheated the dog by giving half the quantity. The dog growled, and went away, but never after did he frequent that shop, but removed his custom to a rival baker, on the opposite side of the street.

Mark. That served the baker right, grand-mamma. But you were telling me just now of monkeys ; had we not a monkey called Clury a long time ago ? Do you recollect anything about it ?

Gran. The monkey called Clury did not belong to any of you, but to some friends of mine. I remember it was a good deal teased by a parrot which lived in the same house with it. One day Clury seized the parrot, and having plucked out all its feathers, one by one, left it in so sad a plight that it soon after expired.

Mark. Oh, what a cruel, naughty little beast ! I must say I should have liked to whip this Mr. Clury !

Gran. He certainly was very mischievous, and

so inquisitive and meddlesome that he often got into trouble. A gentleman who was staying in the house was not in good health, and went upstairs to take some medicine which was rather nauseous. After he had it poured out into the glass somebody called him out of the room in a great hurry, and when he came back to take his physic, he found the glass quite empty, and Clury sitting licking his lips and making faces.

Mark. O grandmamma, I am afraid the gentleman was like me, and forgot to shut the door.

Grav. Well, Mark, that is a very bad habit, but on this occasion I believe the gentleman was not to blame, for the monkey climbed up the verandah, and made his way in at the window.

Mark. What became of Clury?

Grav. He was sent to the Zoological Gardens, as the family to whom he belonged were afraid he would suffer very much from the cold in the winter; for, although he always wore a little red coat, he often used to shiver, and they thought he would be much happier living with other monkeys. The room they lived in at the Zoological Gardens is always kept heated in



Monkey carousing.

winter. Two years after, when Blanche Lane, his former mistress, a very dear friend of mine, whom you have often heard me speak of, went to see him, he instantly recognised her, and at the word of command made his salaam, *à la Turque*, in the hopes of being rewarded with a fig as in former times. But the sun is coming out again now, dear Mark, and you might go and put on your cap and coat ready to start for a walk.

Mark. I think, if you would be so kind, there will be time enough for one more story.

Gran. Very well, one more; but that must be the last, and it shall be about a dog. A setter called Rory was so ill that he could hardly move head or tail. One Sunday, when everybody was gone to church except the cook, Rory was lying on a rug close to the kitchen fire. Presently the cook heard a loud knock at the kitchen door which led into the backyard, and, without thinking, she opened the door. A great rough-looking man began begging. The cook said that she had nothing for him, and tried to close the door, but the man thrust in his foot, and declared loudly that he would not go away unless she gave him

something. The cook, much alarmed, but with great presence of mind, seized a kettle of boiling water which was on the fire, and threatened to throw it over the intruder if he persisted in forcing his way into the kitchen against her will.

The man rushed towards the cook, intending to catch hold of her arm, but Rory aroused himself, and sprang upon the assailant, caught him by the leg, and gave him such a bite that he ran off as fast as he could, screaming and cursing : and the cook instantly secured the door.

Mark. O grandmamma, what a dear good dog, so ill as he was, to find energy to jump up and bite so opportunely !

Gran. Yes ; and the poor cook was quite delighted. She did not in the least expect the dog could have assisted her, he had been so very weak and ill. Now, dearest, go and get an appetite for tea, by a good run with Basil.

CHAPTER X.

Mark. Grandmamma, the doctor will not let me go out to-day, therefore I hope you will kindly amuse me by telling me some more stories, for all my brothers are gone out fishing with Walter, and Miss K. is writing to her friends at Edinburgh, and I am quite tired making my English soldiers beat the Indians, and I have used all my ammunition, so now I have only you to listen to ; so, dear grandmamma, do tell me a long story, or a great many little ones, I do not care which.

Gran. I am at your service, Mark, only give me a moment's time to reflect, that I may not tell you the same story twice. I think I have one about an elephant; though not a very new one, it is curious, and you may never have heard it. There were a great many elephants belong-

ing to some soldiers quartered in a town in India, and as they were taken down to the river Ganges to be watered every morning, they passed by a row of little shops for the sale of goods and eatables, among which there were a barber's, a fruiterer's, a grocer's, and a confectioner's: at each of these shops the elephants put in their trunks, as if begging for some little "tit-bit," and they were generally regaled by the good-humoured shopkeeper, if at his post, with some trifle. One shop belonged to a cobbler, and when the elephants put in their trunks, he invariably gave them a slight prick of his needle, telling them to "be off." One elephant, it seems, was annoyed by this uncivil behaviour, and returning from watering one day that the river was very muddy, popped his trunk into the cobbler's stall, and squirted a vast quantity of dirty water in his face, to the infinite amusement of all bystanders. The conscience of the cobbler could not but make him feel how very just was the retribution of the dumb beast, and how gentle and merciful, when he might have repaid the cobbler in so much more violent and severe a

manner; from that time the cobbler kept a lot of figs near him, and presented them to the elephant who had played him this trick, and they became great friends ever after.

Mark. That is a nice story, and I should like to ride upon that elephant, and give him goodies to make him love me.

Gran. You must go to India for that, dear; and what would grandmamma do without you? So pray forget that fancy, and listen to another story about a poodle which belonged to an acquaintance of mine, who was making a walking tour in Switzerland, accompanied by his poodle dog. They arrived about twelve at a small roadside inn, and being very tired, he resolved to remain there and dine and rest. After their meal the dog and his master fell fast asleep, and on waking, the gentleman found the day declining, so hastily paid the reckoning and proceeded; but my friend had not gone far when he perceived the hat he had on was not his own, and, what was worse, that he had exchanged a new one for a very old one. He instantly turned to his dog, gave him the hat, and told him to go back

and bring him his own. The dog took the hat between his teeth, and set off full speed to the little inn, and smelt about till he found a man with his master's hat on, who was endeavouring to light his pipe by a candle upon the table. The poodle jumped up, and tried to get the hat off the man's head, and at last succeeded in the attempt; when he ran out of the room and carried the prize to his master, who had followed the dog, and witnessed the feat he so dexterously performed. Poodles can be taught anything. General Ramsay had one that used to shut the door when desired, and to waltz when a tune was played to him, and perform many other clever tricks which I cannot call to mind: but all poodles can easily be made to fetch and carry; and mine, if sent back for my gloves, parasol, or thick shoes, always brought them directly. I daresay your own papa's Spitz could do many clever things. He is buried near the drying-ground, and was a great favourite with all the family. Ask your papa about him some day, and he will tell you.

Mark. I will do so, grandmamma; and now



"What a shocking 'bad' rat!"

will you help me to build some houses, and you will see how very high I can mount them up without their tumbling down? that is, if you do not move the table or blow them away, as Johnny does sometimes.

Gran. Very well, but whilst you are building, I will relate you an interesting anecdote, if you like, as I may forget it if I do not mention it now, and you can tell it to your brothers next rainy day. It is about Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, a great and good man, as you will find when you read his history. Courage and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this monarch's character. In his tenderest years he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarcely seven years old, being at dinner with the Queen his mother, he gave a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, but the hungry animal snapped too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiously ; but our young hero, without offering to cry, or taking the least notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble ; and

wrapped his bleeding hand in the napkin. The Queen perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He contented himself with replying, that he thanked her, but was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and so repeated their solicitations ; but in vain, though the poor child was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer, who attended at table, at last perceived it ; for Charles would sooner have died than betray his dog, who he knew intended him no injury.

Mark. O grandmamma, what a nice story ! Can you tell me any more about that fine boy, or of him afterwards, when he became king ?

Gran. Yes ! I can tell you one or two more anecdotes of this very remarkable man. Once, when still a child, he fell ill of the smallpox, and his case appeared very dangerous ; he grew one day very uneasy in his bed, and a gentleman who was watching him, desirous of covering him up close, received from the patient a violent box on the ear. Some hours after, observing the Prince much more calm, he entreated to know how he had incurred his displeasure, or what he had

done to merit a blow. "A blow!" replied Charles, "I do not remember anything of it; I do remember, indeed, that I thought myself in the battle of Arbela, fighting for Darius; when I gave Alexander a blow which brought him to the ground."

When Charles was grown up to be a man, he was sometimes on horseback for four-and-twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom. At last, none of his officers were found capable of following him; he consequently rode the greatest part of his journeys quite alone, without taking a moment's repose, and without any other subsistence than a bit of bread. In one of these rapid courses, he underwent an adventure singular enough. Riding post one day, he had the misfortune to have his horse fall dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man; but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirded his steed, clapped the whole equipage on his back, and thus accoutred, marched on to the next town, which,

by good fortune, was not very far off. Entering the stable, he there found a horse entirely to his mind; so, without further ceremony, he clapped on his saddle and housing with great composure, and was just going to mount, when the gentleman who owned the horse was apprised that a stranger was going to steal his property out of the stable. Upon bluntly asking the King—whom he had never seen—how he presumed to meddle with his horse, Charles coolly replied, compressing his lips, which was his usual custom, that he took the horse because he wanted one; “for you see,” continued he, “if I have none, I shall be obliged to carry the saddle myself.” This answer did not seem at all satisfactory to the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword. In this the King was not much behindhand, and they were on the point of fighting, when the guards came up, astonished to see a subject taking up arms against his King; you may imagine whether the gentleman was less surprised than they at his own unpremeditated disloyalty. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the King, who, taking him by the hand, assured him that

he was a brave fellow, and he would take care that he should be provided for. This promise was afterwards fulfilled by the King making him a captain.

Mark. That Charles the Twelfth was a good man, was he not, grandmamma? I will ask Miss K. to let me read his history, directly we have finished the History of Scotland, which we are now about.

O grandmamma, I hear the cuckoo. Can you tell me anything about that bird? Is it as clever as the magpie?

Gran. I will tell you all that I know of it, which is very little, I am sorry to say. Although it is a bird so well known to all the world, its history and nature still remain in obscurity. It is somewhat less than a pigeon, and shaped like a magpie; it is of a greyish colour, and is distinguished from all other birds by its round, prominent nostrils. It disappears all the winter, but discovers itself in our country early in the spring by its well-known call. The cuckoo generally takes possession of the water-wagtail's or hedge-sparrow's nest, devours the eggs of the owner,

Instinct ; or Reason ?

d lays her own in their place. She usually lays it one egg, which is speckled, and of the size of blackbird's. This the fond, foolish bird hatches with great assiduity, not observing any difference in the great ill-looking changeling from her own. To supply the voracious creature, when born, the credulous nurse toils with unusual labour, no way sensible that she is feeding up an enemy to her race, and one of the most destructive robbers of her future progeny. I have time left, dear Mark, to repeat you one of your uncle's paraphrases from Isaiah, chapter xxxv., and perhaps you might like to learn it by heart, and to surprise him by repeating it to him.

"The wilderness and sandy waste,
Their cheerful voice shall raise,
And blossom as the tender rose,
In Sharon's perfumed vales.

The blind shall upward raise his eyes,
The deaf once more shall hear,
And sprightly as the hart shall leap
The lame and aged seer.

Fresh streams shall gird the wilds around,
And silver springs shall gleam,
Where once was parched desert ground,
Where thirsty souls had been.

Then shall Jehovah's ransom'd train
With songs the heavens rend,
And holy Salem's sacred fane
With joyful steps ascend.

Where neither sighs nor sorrows dwell,
Where bitter tears are dried,
And everlasting joys are found
With majesty allied."

Mark. That is very pretty, grandmamma, and I will learn it by heart, and repeat it to you next week.

Gran. If you like poetry, perhaps you would listen to a poem written by a friend of mine, and published in a book which only your papa and very few other people possess, so it will, I am sure, be quite new to you, and, being historical, it will be instructive as well as interesting. It is a true story of Frederick the Great, of whom you may have heard; but if not, you are sure to do so as you advance in your historical reading lessons; and it is the more interesting to us English, since our Princess Royal has married a descendant of Frederick the Great, and will one day sit on that great man's throne with her husband, if they both

live long enough, which, please God, they may
Now listen.

“ Fierce raged the fight on Zorndorff’s plain,
The bullets fell like molten rain ;
Among the gallant hosts, on high,
Immortal Frederick’s banners fly.
Borne bravely by the youngest hand,
Boy-champion of that hero band ;
A child in years, yet none more brave,
This day shall find a soldier’s grave.
The fatal bullets round him fly,
His dearest comrades round him die ;
He sees them fall, yet wavers not,
Nor falters from th’ appointed spot ;
But waves the eagles of the band,
And cries, ‘ God save our Fatherland !’
At length he falls, the gallant boy,
His widow’d mother’s only joy ;
He falls among the heap of slain ;
One cry is wrung from him by pain.
That wound the hardest frame alone
Could bear, and check th’ instinctive groan ;
Though many hear, yet none can blame
That cry of anguish, not of shame :
And pity moves the sternest heart
To see that youthful soul depart.
But now the stern command they hear,
Of their dread monarch standing near—
‘ Sterbe, oder still, Föhnreich,’* Frederick cries,
And silent the child-hero dies ;
A Prussian to his latest breath,
Obedient even unto death.”

* Die, or be quiet, Ensign.

Mark. That is beautiful, grandmamma; but it does sound harsh of Frederick to scold the poor young man for crying out when hurt so dreadfully.

Gran. Frederick knew he himself would never have cried out for any wound or torture, therefore thought no one else ought; and he feared such a demonstration would frighten the other soldiers, and show a very bad example, and probably cause more deaths if the troops took a panic and ran away. A great commander cannot stop to commiserate an individual case when thousands of lives are depending upon his own firmness and courage,

Mark. Grandmamma, we have had poetry enough, and I want another dog story.

Gran. Then listen. I told you one story of a shepherd's dog, and this is another I have been lately reading. One very severe winter, the son of Mr. Bankhead was feeding his father's sheep on an extensive common near Penrith, in Cumberland, and had the misfortune to fall down and break his leg when he was three miles from home, and out of the hearing of every one; and as the evening

was approaching, he was for some time at a loss in what manner to act. At last he took out one of his gloves, folded it in his handkerchief, tied this about the dog's neck, and ordered him home. The animal immediately set off, and arriving at the house, scratched at the door for admittance. The parents of the youth were much alarmed, and concluding that some accident had happened, the father, with some of his friends, instantly set out in search of him. The dog needed no invitation to lead the way, but, of his own accord, returned with the anxious parent to the spot where his son lay ; and the young man, thus rescued from otherwise inevitable destruction by the fidelity of his dog, was taken home, and soon afterwards recovered.

Mark. It is a pity, grandmamma, that there is no manner of rewarding such dear, wise creatures.

Gran. Why, darling, they feel quite sufficiently rewarded by the affection shown by those to whom they display such devotion. Love in return is all they require, not, however, objecting to the kind attention of a good dinner daily ; nor are dogs the only creatures that are not insensible to that

comforting luxury. A dog knows only one being to thank for it, but we often have more to be grateful to. First God, and then our host, or our papa or mamma ; and I hope you remember to feel gratitude to all who administer to your wants, not forgetting the poor cook, who toils all day over a hot fire in the dog-days, and frequently gets scolded for her trouble. For variety, I will talk to you about the ass. It was supposed to have been originally imported from Spain or Africa into Britain ; but the animal, instead of being improved by domestication, has, in our island at least, entirely lost its original elegance of form and vivacity of manners. Doomed to a neglect which the race by no means deserves, it has become the slave and companion only of the poor, and often experiences all the misery of harsh ill-usage. Persons who are in the habit of seeing these patient and persevering animals treated with the kindness and attention they deserve, know that they are naturally mild and gentle, and that they undergo a reasonable share of labour and fatigue with cheerfulness and alacrity. When young, the ass has the general character and

appearance of a handsome, sprightly, and even graceful animal; but age, harsh treatment, and excessive fatigue frequently render him slow, stubborn, and headstrong. He is, notwithstanding, capable of the strongest attachment to his master, and will often immediately distinguish him from amongst a crowd of other persons, and know the places where he has lived, and all the roads along which he has been accustomed to travel. That the ass is not naturally so stupid an animal as many people are inclined to think, we have sufficient evidence in its being susceptible of very considerable educational attainments. We are informed by Leo Africanus that asses may be taught a kind of dance, in which they will keep perfect time to music, and to perform a great variety of other entertaining feats. Gesner asserts that he was himself witness to some very singular actions of one of these trained asses. He says that whilst the ass continued to dance, he three times changed the measure, and adapted himself to that of a new air played to him. He could walk erect with great appearance of ease. On a sudden, as if his pleasantries were changed to grief, he threw himself on

the ground, and seemed to be dead. Though he was kicked and beaten he could not be induced to stir till a signal was made to him by his master. On being ordered to salute the company, he turned his head and eyes towards them, and moved one of his forefeet. What was considered very remarkable in the actions of this animal, and greatly astonished everybody present, was that on a certain signal he leaped through a large wooden hoop like a dog. The exhibition concluded with several persons throwing on the floor handkerchiefs or gloves, all of which the animal carefully took up in his mouth and carried to his master.

CHAPTER XI.

Gran. My dear Mark, as I perceive you are only playing with the window-blind, and actually yawning, if you will come and sit by me whilst I am knitting, you shall hear a story about a kitten and a Scotch terrier, called Nelson, that belonged to Mrs. Keith Falconer.

Mark. Is that the lady who gave us all so many presents at Liverpool, when we were going to America some years ago?

Gran. Yes, darling, and I rejoice to perceive that you have not forgotten how very kind she was to you so long ago, for that was early in the spring of 1857, and three years at your age 'is a long period: little boys should always love and be thankful to those who show them kindnesses, for if you are not thankful to those who are kind to you upon earth, there is a

great chance that you may forget to be grateful to your Father which is in heaven, and through whom all good gifts are sent to you.

Mark. I know that, dear grandmamma, and I hope I am grateful, and mindful of the Giver of all good things ; and now tell me the story of Mrs. Keith's kitten, and her little dog Nelson.

Gran. I must tell you first that Mrs. Keith lived in the beautiful county of East Lothian, a county flowing with milk and honey, and where farming is understood to perfection ; and most Scotch ladies seem to delight in that patriarchal employment, so healthful for both body and mind, and so useful to a family where there are children, and where good milk and butter, pure from your own cows, is of so much consequence. You may remember my pretty "Sunshine," a Jersey cow, whose eyes are like a gazelle's, and who will traverse the whole field when I call to her, and eats bread out of my hand. I have never been able to tame any English cow or calf to the same degree, but I have a little Normandy cow,

which you have also seen, and that will also follow me about the fields for bread ; but none of her progeny will do so.

“The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,
Wasted around their rich perfume ;
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspen slept beneath the calm.”

Mrs. Keith's house was beautifully situated in a lovely valley, which may be described in the words of the same poet :—

“Boon Nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child ;
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in back clift a narrow bower ;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain,
The weather-beaten crags retain ;
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath ;
Aloft, the ash, and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
And higher yet the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.”

Here then, in this picturesque spot, Mrs. Keith

lived, and farmed comfortably and successfully, surrounded by a happy family. The kitten and Scotch terrier passed their days in the stable-yard, but at night the terrier was brought into the house as a watch-dog, and slept before the hall fire, to which place the kitten followed, always nestling beside her dear friend and companion, the terrier. Invariably the kitten and terrier dined off the same plate. Their attachment had continued two years, during which time, if the terrier went out with the groom, and was away at the usual dinner-time or bedtime, poor puss was quite restless and unhappy. One day Lord Inverary, Mrs. Keith's nephew (who was afterwards killed by a fall from his horse when hunting in Northamptonshire), took the terrier out with him when he went to shoot rabbits, and upon his return home the dog was not to be found. Nelson had not followed Lord Inverary home, and he had missed him for some time before returning to the house. Puss was inconsolable, and could not eat or rest, but went about mewling piteously. Another day passed, and Nelson did not appear. On the third morn-

ing pussy was seen very much excited, mewing and marching up to every one, looking up in their faces, and rubbing against them and lifting one of her paws imploringly, and then running and looking back, as much as to say, Oh, do follow me! this she did with such perseverance that at last one of the servants thought her manner very strange, and did follow her. She led him to a little wood full of wild raspberry bushes, at some distance from home, and there, under a thick bush, quite concealed, lay poor little Nelson—dead! Lord Inverary then recollected having shot a rabbit across that very bush, and must have killed the poor dog in doing so. Most fortunately Nelson had evidently died at once, without a cry or a struggle; and had it not been for poor pussy's affection and sagacity, the family would never have known what had become of him.

Mark. And what became of the poor cat? such an interesting creature! I hope she did not die of grief.

Gran. No; but it was a very long time before

she could be consoled, or seemed at all happy again without her companion.

Mark. Poor thing; but tell me, dearest grand-mamma, had Mrs. Keith any more pets besides this puss and Nelson the terrier?


Gran. Not that I know of; but she told me of two pointers belonging to her uncle that were often chained together, and seemed to have a great attachment to each other; however, one died and was buried, and his companion saw the interment, and nothing could induce him to leave his friend's grave, and if forced away, always returned to it, and pined, and pined, until he died in three weeks after, and was buried by his friend.

Mark. What a dear dog! how great must have been his affection!

Gran. I perceive it is late, and your governess must already be expecting my little Mark; therefore another day you shall hear more stories from me of the canine race.

CHAPTER XII.

Gran. Dear Mark, when you have tired yourself playing at houses, and want a little quiet, I have got a new story for you, fresh imported from a friend near London, who was walking one day through a beautiful clover-field; the sun declining, and with its rich yellow beams gilding the tops of the Surrey hills, with a wild heath on one side, and the ground rising here and there, covered with ferns, which make a thick and beautiful underwood in that part of the country. My friend was alone with her faithful dog, Lupus, a fine noble fellow, whose picture I will show you, for she has had it done on purpose for me to show to you. This same Lupus was loitering at a little distance from his mistress, both enjoying the cool and calm of the evening, never remembering or dreaming that even lately, in



their neighbourhood, robberies, and also murder, had been committed ; and that it was scarcely safe to be out and unattended at such an hour. Suddenly my friend was aroused from her sweet reverie by the tramp of three very ill-looking fellows coming towards her, and whom she was obliged to pass by ; she instantly felt it right to call to her dog, who, promptly obeying the summons, came close to her, and there remained till the three men passed on ; Lupus then rushed forward and walked close behind them, keeping himself between the men and his mistress. One of the men looked back askance over his shoulder at the unbidden attendant, but they all walked on, and my friend gained her own lodge gate, and was safe within its friendly protection, which, when effected, Lupus became extremely elated, and would permit no one to approach his beloved mistress without an angry growl, as if the late escape from danger had aroused all his watchful jealousy. The mother of Lupus was a wolf-hunter in Spain, and brought to England by a soldier in Sir De Lacy Evans's troop.

Mark. Grandmamma, I hope that some day

your friend will show me the real live dog that this is a picture of.

Gran. I am sure she will have very great pleasure in doing so, and also show you her other dog, Pluto, who is a near relation of Lupus's. But now I have received another letter from Lady Wilkinson, who says that I owe it to the shade of my dear and dead Mish, to tell you some stories of attached cats as well as dogs; and she tells me that when she and her brothers and sisters were living in a house in the south of Wales, at a beautiful place, with a view of the Swansea Bay and the Mumbels, which you looked at over a green sloping lawn, fringed with a pretty shrubbery, and gravel walk extending down to the sands, their destiny obliged the family to move to another house in a still more lovely locality, called Killibeen. One of their many pets of the feline species showed evident uneasiness and grief at seeing the furniture packed up, and watched the progress from room to room; but when the schoolroom furniture came to be removed, it seemed quite to overcome poor puss, and it was too much for her to bear, so after cry-

ing piteously over it, she at length leapt into the waggon along with the things, and actually remained in it to travel the whole twelve miles : when it arrived and stopped at the door of the new abode, puss jumped out, and walked in to take possession, as if she had always resided there.

Mark. What an intelligent cat ! I thought they only cared for the house, and not for the inhabitants.

Gran. That seems to be what is called a vulgar error, for it has too often proved erroneous ; but the sad part of my story is, that after the children's delight to find that their cat cared for something more than mere locality, there happened to be some carpenters at work in the house, and they had a dog, which they most wickedly set at the cat, which made her fly out of the house, astonished at so unusual a greeting, and Lady Wilkinson and her sisters never saw poor pussy more ; but they were pretty sure the poor cat had died in the vain attempt to run back to her old home ; for twelve miles was a long distance for a cat to travel.

Mark. That was, indeed, a sad and undeserved end for so dear and sensible a little creature, and I hope Lady Wilkinson and her brothers re-proved the cruel carpenters for so wickedly setting a dog at their favourite cat.

Gran. I have no doubt they did scold the carpenters ; but some men are hard-hearted, and so are boys, and love to torment cats ; but I trust you will never imitate them, and thus show that you are a true Christian, not only in name, but in deed, and honour your God by being kind to His creatures ; else, of what use is the reason given to us by our bountiful Creator ?

Mark. I should like you now to tell me a story of a dog, only do not let it end so sadly as that about Lady Wilkinson's cat.

Gran. Very well, dear Mark ; amongst those I have collected of my friends for your edification is one of a Scotch terrier, the species of which is made mention of in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and was like one I myself once had, and which was presented to me by Sir Walter himself, but I was obliged to send it back soon after, as I was going abroad, and my sister would not

take it with us. Several of this gentleman's family were visiting Barmouth in the summer of 1848, and the rector had lately got a dog of this Dandy Dinmont breed, a very handsome fellow, black and brown. The dog took a great fancy to the young lady of the family, and accompanied her in all her walks, but always refused food in the house. Before the family left the place, the rector presented the young lady with the dog, on the condition that the name Gwalch, which is the Welsh for Dandy, should never be changed. Accordingly Gwalch went home with them into Worcestershire, and soon became a great favourite with the whole family, who thought him exceedingly sagacious and faithful. About two years after the young lady married, and as they were all leaving Worcestershire about the same time, it was thought best for one of the brothers to take Gwalch home with him into the south of Staffordshire, and keep him till the newly-married lady was settled in her own home, which was in the north of the country. Gwalch did not seem to approve of the arrangement, for, though he was tied up, and every precaution taken, he contrived

to effect his escape with a long chain tied to his collar. Rewards were offered, and hand-bills posted up, but all to no purpose. Nothing was heard of the dog, and the family gave him up as completely lost. About six months after, his mistress was driving in Newcastle, quite thirty miles from where the dog got loose, and amongst a number of disreputable-looking street curs, the lady saw her favourite, and called to him! in an instant he was on her knee, and the meeting can better be imagined than described. His history and absence could never be traced, and the only thing they could ascertain was, that he had only arrived in Newcastle that day. His collar was gone, and his appearance altogether most forlorn. The adventures of Gwalch did not end here, for, a year or two after, one of his forelegs got so injured that it had to be amputated, and for many years after he hopped on three legs, and even followed the carriage to considerable distances. His delight at seeing his old friends was always unbounded when they visited at the house where he dwelt; and when told the lady's brother was coming, he would generally go some way on the

road to meet him. He sleeps at last, dear old dog; but his memory will long be cherished by every member of the family he loved so well.

The power of memory in the Skye terrier is wonderful. A gentleman's dog, Pepper, a very handsome one, was educated chiefly by the coachman, who had lived many years in the family. The coachman left the service, and eight years after he happened to call at the house, when the dog, after looking at him for a minute or two, recognised him, and began directly to practise all the tricks he had been taught by him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Gran. I intend to-day to give you a specimen of your papa's poetry, written upon a white kid glove, which he found in his charter-chest, now at Thirlestane Castle, but once located at the old family tower, that is still standing near Edinburgh. You have seen the relics in that charter-chest—Napier's bones, and Montrose's stockings and gloves, and many other articles of dress in which he was hung—sad memorials of a devoted royalist. But of this lady's glove :—No positive record remains of the owner, yet a lady's glove being found, inspired your father with these lines, which I want you to hear, and perhaps it may inspire you with a desire one day to express your thoughts in as pretty language. Why not soon ? for you have cousins who write poetry already, though younger than yourself ; and no

one knows what their mental powers are until they try. So listen, love, to me :—

“ Oh ! fragrant yet with long-forgotten love,
How the heart hovers o'er this hoarded glove !
At the soft contact dim delights appear,
And sighs long silent haunt the startled ear ;
And smiles and tears, and mirth of silvery sound,
In rainbow riot, flash and flutter round,
Though knightly lips this sacred relic press'd,
When tassels gentle ruffled on the wrist,
Cold is the slender hand that could impart
Or dread or daring to a hero's heart ;
And feed the soaring soul, that sought this prize,
Here mould'ring with earth's proper vanities.
For see assembled all the various spoil
Heap'd by a long hereditary toil :
Here, martial honours gain'd in ages dark ;
There, settlements engross'd by Cupid's clerk ;
The roll of baronies, once broad and fair,
Whose empty titles mock the curious heir.”

Mark. That is very pretty poetry of papa's, and I shall be very proud if I can ever write any like it, upon any subject.

Gran. Yes, dear, I hope so; but poetry is a gift, and can seldom be attained by study, though it may be greatly improved by learning and knowledge. But how does your drawing progress ? If you could draw ships like Mrs. Hamlyn, you might

decorate your bedroom at Barcombe, as she has done the drawing-room, by the pretty ship she gave to me, and that I framed and glazed and hung up by the fireplace; and every sailor who sees it remarks that he could not have drawn a better! And she had very little teaching, if any; so you see what can be done by persevering and copying good models. Since we are in a poetic mood to-day, suppose I repeat to you a pretty poem, by Miss Howitt, called "The Sale of the Pet Lamb of the Cottage."

Mark. Oh do, grandmamma; you know there is always a pet lamb at Thirlestane, but he is never killed; and I remember your saying you would refuse to eat any of it if it were; indeed, I think you said it was a pity ever to kill lambs, and that it was a cruel waste, especially after a hard winter, and when many sheep have died.

Gran. Certainly, that is my opinion; and I wish other people thought the same. But to begin my story about the Pet Lamb of the Cottage, here it is; and I will also show you a pretty picture of the melancholy scene which I have by me, and that was published many years ago in

an annual which I bought to amuse your mother, who then learnt a great deal of poetry, in English and other languages.

Mark. Do begin, I am quite impatient to hear.

Gran.

"Oh, poverty is a weary thing, 'tis full of grief and pain,
It boweth down the heart of man, and dulls his cunning brain ;
It maketh even the little child with heavy sighs complain.

The children of the rich man have not their bread to win ;
They hardly know how labour is the penalty of sin ;
Even as the lilies of the field, they neither toil nor spin.

And year by year, as life wears on, no wants have they to bear ;
In all the luxury of the earth they have abundant share ;
They walk among life's pleasant ways, and never know a care.

The children of the poor man—though they be young, each one, !
Early in the morning they rise up before the rising sun ;
And scarcely when the sun is set, their daily task is done.

Few things have they to call their own, to fill their hearts with
pride,—

The sunshine of the summer's day, the flowers on the highway-side,
Or their own free companionship, on the healthy common wide.

Hunger and cold, and weariness, these are a frightful three ;
But another curse there is beside, that darkens poverty ;
It may not have one thing to love, how small soe'er it be.

A thousand flocks were on the hills—a thousand flocks, and more,—
Feeding in sunshine pleasantly,—they were the rich man's store ;
There was the while, one little lamb, beside a cottage door.

A little lamb that did lie down, the children 'neath the tree ;
That ate, meek creature, from their hands, and nestled to their
knee ;
That had a place within their hearts, as one of the family.

But want, even want, as an armed man, came down upon their shed,
The father labour'd all day long, that his children might be fed,
And, one by one, their household things were sold to buy them
bread.

That father, with a downcast eye, upon his threshold stood,
Gaunt poverty each pleasant thought had in his heart subdued ;
'What is the creature's life to us ?' said he, 'twill bring us food !

'Ay, though the children weep all day, and with down-drooping
head,
Each does his small craft mournfully !—the hungry must be fed ;
And that which has a price to bring, must go to buy us bread !'

It went—oh ! parting has a pang the hardest heart to wring,
But the tender soul of a little child with fervent love doth cling,
With love that hath no feignings false, unto each gentle thing !

Therefore most sorrowful it was those children small to see,
Most sorrowful to hear them plead for their pet so piteously ;
'O mother dear, it loveth us ; and what besides have we ?

'Let's take him to the broad, green hills,' in his impotent despair,
Said one strong boy, 'let's take him off, the hills are wide and
fair ;

I know a little hiding-place, and we will keep him there !'

'Twas vain !—They took the little lamb, and straightway laid him
down,

With a strong cord they tied him fast,—and o'er the common
brown,

And o'er the hot and flinty roads, they took him to the town.

The little children through that day, and throughout all the morrow,
From everything about the house a mournful thought did borrow;
Oh! poverty is a weary thing, 'tis full of grief and pain,
It keepeth down the soul of man, as with an iron chain;
It maketh even the little child, with heavy sighs complain!"

Mark. Grandmamma, I could cry over that story; but I hope such things do not happen very frequently; if papa had been the rich man mentioned, he would have given the money, and left the children their pet.

Gran. No doubt, if he had been at home at the time; but these things take place when the proprietors are away from home, and know nothing of these transactions. Now, would you like to hear some lines, written by your uncle, upon Genesis, 47th chap. 8th ver. — "And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou?"

" ' Evil and few the days I've seen
And sad my pilgrimage has been,
Nor have I yet attain'd the age
Which crown'd my father's pilgrimage '—
Thus Jacob spake in times of old,
And thus life's tale may yet be told.
Oh! who can all his days review
And not exclaim how sad and few!
When I look back and gaze upon

So much of life, now spent and gone,
I feel my soul within me sink,
And from the dreary vision shrink ;
Because to me the time that's past,
Seems like a blank and dismal waste.
Where many a thorn and noxious weed
Has sprung to choke the goodly seed."

So now give me a kiss, put away your drawing,
and run about ; it is not good to sit so very long
bending over your paper. Good-bye, another
day you shall be again entertained by my glean-
ings.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mark. Grandmamma, I have been such a good boy all this week that I am to have a whole holiday to-day ; and as I am going to copy some ships out of the illustrated newspaper, I want you to amuse me, whilst I am so employed, by telling me some of your nice stories ; but you may tell me what you please, be it about dogs, cats, monkeys, birds, or any other animals ; or parrots, or even of men, women, or children, or about pretty countries ; in short, grandmamma, here I am, settled for an hour on the ground, pencil in hand, ready to listen to anything you like to tell me—so begin.

Gran. Very well ! I will begin then with some stories sent me by a Miss Storey, your cousin's sister. She told me she was one day walking on the beautiful cliffs at Watcombe, overlooking a

picturesque house and lawn, decked with rustic baskets filled full of geraniums of all colours, and verbenas of varied and lively hues; and round the outside of a sunken fence there is the softest sheep's pasture, so undulating and smooth that you would be inclined to run up and down the slopes, which are bounded by rocky hills, abruptly descending to the sea-shore. Miss Storey and her friend Miss Bell sat down to rest upon an elevated grassy mound, contemplating the blue sky and still deeper blue of the sea, on whose tranquil bosom floated a yacht here and there, its pure white sails glistening in the sun, when suddenly they were startled by a fine large dog rushing by them, panting and sniffing the ground, as if in search of his master, and soon disappearing again to pursue farther the search for his missing owner. "That dog," said Miss Bell, "reminds me of a dog I once knew belonging to a friend in Jersey, of which I was much afraid, but being very intimate with the family, I frequently saw the dog, and he never molested me. My friend left the island for a time with his family, and on going away offered me the use of his

library. One day, accordingly, I went to the house, and into the library, and the dog, eyeing me suspiciously, followed me into the room, and laid himself down at the threshold, so that I could not go out without stepping over him or pushing him aside. Having chosen the book I wished to read, I endeavoured to push by the dog gently, but he sprang up at me, and I was obliged to cry out to the servants, who, coming in haste, drove away the dog, and I was enabled to leave the house unhurt. On the return of the family, I was again walking with them one day, and the gentleman called to his dog, and spoke to him thus : ‘ How dared you, sir, annoy this lady, when I gave her leave to go into my library in my absence ? ’ at the same time pinching the dog’s ear. I shall never forget the look of hatred the beast turned upon me ; and from that day he carefully avoided me, always shrinking away, and evidently not at all more convinced of my good character ! ” Miss Bell continued, “ I must say the dog was a valuable and faithful creature, for he did once save his master from being robbed. There was one of the servants in the house against

whom the dog had a strong antipathy; no peace could ever exist between them; and one night the dog caught that man in the very act of secreting some valuables in the drawing-room, and the man was arrested with the articles upon his person."

Mark. That dog was very good and useful to his master, but not so discriminating as he ought to have been, and as dogs usually are.

Gran. No, dear; but you must always remember that they are but dogs after all, and that the wonder is they ever do show so much apparent wisdom. And that seems given them in unequal measure, more or less as God pleases, and as the peculiar occasion requires. The ravens are not in general sagacious, but it pleased God to put it into their heads to take food, and to feed Elijah when starving in the wilderness; as He caused the whale to swallow Jonah, to preserve him from a greater danger. God can inspire whom and what He pleases to work out His will. It seems, He, the Giver of all good, has made the dog to be the companion and friend of man, to help and aid those who have no other friend, or in

some manner in which no other friend could. Nor can you buy the affections of dogs, for I recollect to have heard of a little dog which belonged to a private in a regiment, and it was so very pretty a creature that one of the officers took a fancy to it, and persuaded the soldier to sell it to him, but the affection of the little creature was so great that she refused food, and began to pine away, till the officer was obliged to send for her former master, at whose sight the poor little dog went into a transport of joy, and she devoured some food at his hand ; on seeing which her new master returned her to the soldier, and relinquished all hope of making a pet of it. Here was no cupboard love, as some imagine dogs are only capable of ! And they can show as much attachment to each other. For an acquaintance of mine had two little dogs, drawing-room pets : one of them died, and the other moped sadly. At last, in a fit of deep depression, the living dog hit upon the plan of making friends with a dirty dog who lived in the stableyard, and having hunted together all day, the pet used to come

into the drawing-room, of an evening, panting, dirty, and exhausted, but, after a brief trial of such ungentleman-like habits, gave them up in disgust, and returned to its former well-bred drawing-room life and existence.

Mark. Well, grandmamma, that is the first little dog I ever heard of setting up for a regular dandy or fine lady, for you do not mention whether it was a little lady or a gentleman, except in saying it did not like ungentleman-like habits. But tell another.

Gran. I can tell you a curious fact about rats, which a friend mentioned to me when I asked him for a story illustrative of "Reason" as well as of "Instinct." He began by saying that he denied the difference *in toto*, for, said he, "there are some actions of animals so extraordinary that it would be very difficult to say in what they differ from reason. For instance, do you know how rats steal eggs? They carry eggs hundreds of yards from the hen's nest to their own stores! how is this to be done? Tell me what your reason replies. They must carry them *without breaking*, remember, to their

stores. Well, if a rat is hungry, and wants a *present* supply, he simply goes and breaks an egg and eats it on the spot ; but if the object is to *store* those eggs, two rats go together, one pulls out an egg from under the hen, and having done so, he lies down flat on his back holding the egg in his paws, and having thus transformed himself into a carriage duly laden, the other rat pulls him along by the tail, and thus they carry off the egg, coaching away to their nest ! ”

This fact was observed by a most intelligent child, who is fond of studying natural history, with his own eyes ; and you may believe his evidence of this interesting fact.

The same incident is described in one of Fontaine's Fables, which perhaps you have read with your governess :—

“LES DEUX RATS, LE RENARD, ET L'ŒUF.

Deux rats cherchaient leur vie ; ils trouvèrent un œuf,
Le dîné suffisait à gens de cette espèce :
Il n'était pas besoin qu'ils trouvassent un bœuf.
Pleins d'appétit et d'allégresse,
Ils allaient de leur œuf manger chacun sa part,
Quand un quidam parut : c'était maître renard ;
Rencontre incommode et fâcheuse ;

Car comment sauver l'œuf ? Le bien emballer ;
Puis des pieds de devant ensemble le porter,
Ou le rouler, ou le traîner ?

C'était chose impossible autant que hasardeuse
Nécessité l'ingénieuse
Leur fournit une invention.

Comme ils pouvaient gagner leur habitation,
L'écornifleur étant à demi-quart de lieue,
L'un se mit sur le dos, prit l'œuf entre ses bras ;
Puis, malgré quelques heurts et quelques mauvais pas,
L'autre le traîna par la queue

Qu'on m'aïlle soutenir, après un tel récit
Que les bêtes n'ont point d'esprit !”

LA FONTAINE, Livre i. Fable I.

CHAPTER XV.

Mark. Dear grandmamma, you promised to give me some stories about taming pet dogs, or any domestic animal, so as to make them obey me, and love me.

Gran. Yes, my boy, and I think you are quite aware that kindness and gentleness are the surest means of success ; and, like training little boys and girls, firmness joined to kindness will generally succeed. Young dogs may be taught many amusing tricks, and after each lesson they ought to be rewarded by giving them something they like. Dogs have a very fine sense of smell, and thus they do not fail to recognise the touch of their master, even after a long time has elapsed since the article had been near him, and it is by this wonderful gift that dogs follow a track with such unerring certainty, as so many authentic facts

bear witness. It is thus that the sagacious creature called the bloodhound has very frequently traced a murderer to his place of concealment ; but this animal is so fierce and savage that it is not permitted to be used in England, lest it might tear the object of its search to pieces ; and when it is used for scent it is always muzzled. They are very large and noble-looking animals, by no means common in England ; it is a pity they could not be made more gentle, as in cases of great crimes, such as murders, or the wickedness of setting fire to corn or hay ricks, which foolish and sinful persons sometimes do out of revenge against some one who they think has offended them, a dog of this sort taken to the spot where the offence was committed, would not fail to follow the footsteps, no matter how many miles off, provided they had not crossed a stream, when the scent would be lost in the water. Mr. Hyett of Painswick House has a most magnificent dog, a Russian greyhound ; he stands very high, and is of a rough coat, the colour we should call a Queen's pepper-and-salt ; he is one of those very intelligent creatures who can do some truly

wonderful feats. For instance, one morning at breakfast, some gentlemen, who were staying at Mr. Hyett's, stated that they were going away by a certain train that day. Mr. Hyett said he did not think there was a train at that hour—but, he said, “we will consult Bradshaw.” He then said to his noble Russian, “Pipe, go and fetch Bradshaw out of the library.” They opened the door, and out trotted Pipe, returning quickly, looking very proud and with head erect, carrying the book in his mouth which he had especially been ordered to bring! This startled the guests, who expressed their wonder and admiration at the intelligence evinced. But the explanation of the apparent miracle by which a dog could select from a well-filled library of many hundred volumes the especial one named by his master is as follows : When a dog has learnt to fetch and carry, you proceed to cultivate their sense of smell, by making them understand they are to bring the last article their master touched. So Mr. Hyett having placed the book that morning upon his library-table, wished to interest his friends by seeing his dog bring it to him when ordered. Pipe naturally, as

was his habit, knew where to seek it. It would amuse you, Mark, to teach a little dog yourself to play at hide-and-seek by training it to hunt for little articles you may place under the sofa-cushion or in the folds of a window-curtain; but remember all teaching carried on by any means but kindness is cruel. Never beat your pet when it does not obey you, but only reward it by patting, or little bits of cake, or a bone, when he does right. I remember hearing from Mr. Hyett's family, some years ago, a pretty story of two handsome Skye terriers they had, which showed more decided reason than that of the bringing the book. It occurred thus: It was on Sunday, one of the young ladies, not being well, did not go to church, but the day becoming fine, she went out to the front lawn to warm herself in the sun. One of the little Skye terriers came up to her in great excitement, pulling her dress, and dragging her to the centre of a grass plat in the carriage-drive up to the house: it stood there whining and looking up in her face, and then scratching the ground vehemently. Each time she went away the dog led her back, with the same demonstrations of

distress. When the family returned, and Mr. Hyett was told this, he sent for a man to dig at the spot indicated by the poor little creature, and at length they heard the low whine of the other little dog, which was speedily released from its prison by this means, and the frantic joy demonstrated by the faithful Scot when he saw his little wife saved was quite touching ; but, remarkable as this was, his after-conduct was more so—he took hold of the dress of one of the liberators, either Mr. Hyett or the labourer, and led them down the steep bank which is behind the house, and pointed out to them the entrance of the drain by which its companion had entered, and which was either not known or forgotten by every one, as the bank is full of fine forest trees and shrubs—this last point of intelligence I look upon as most singular, as it could not have been taught by any human skill or power.

Having told you about the manner in which you should treat dumb animals, and that kindness is the law which ought to guide you in keeping them for your amusement, I will give you a pretty little poem or hymn, which all children

would do well to learn and keep in their memory constantly :—

“SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently, it is better far
To *rule* by love than fear !
Speak gently, let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently to the little child ;
Its love be sure to gain,
Lead it to God in accents mild ;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear ;
Pass through this life as best they may,
They'll find it full of care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the open heart ;
His course of life is nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toil'd in vain,
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh, win them back again !

Be gentle to the poor dumb things,
They all were made by God,
And He will surely punish those
Who sin against His Word.”

And having told you so many stories in prose,
I will give you one on a different subject, and in

verse. The event happened many years ago at Portobello, the very pretty watering-place near Edinburgh, which is famous for its very fine sands; it is a fashionable bathing-place in summer, and, from its sands being so hard, it is there the cavalry regiments quartered in Edinburgh are generally exercised. This little tale occurred in the family of one of the descendants of the Earl of Cromarty, who lost all his property, which was confiscated on account of his adherence to the fortunes of the Stuarts. The gentleman's mother was one of the daughters of this nobleman. During a very severe winter in Scotland, a long frost occurred, and one morning it was discovered that a whole family of mice were dead in a trap, which was of the cage kind, with spiked holes; there were four little ones, and their mother sitting above them; they were all frozen in that posture; and Mr. Glassford wrote the following lines to commemorate their sad fate :—

“ A prey to treacherous arts, and ruthless skies,
Imprison'd here a frozen family lies,
Cruel, on such a night their cage to bait,
And add to Nature's rigour human hate.

Must Nature's fury and relentless wire
Against a weak and timid race conspire,
At once exposed and captive must they lie,
Death in the gales, nor any way to fly?

Long they attempt the palisaded door,
And oft the crimson drop has speck'd the floor,
Clustering at last each other's warmth they seek,
Covering and nestling in embraces sleek.

Save one, the careful mother of the nest,
Who like a bird sits brooding o'er the rest,
See how maternal love has lick'd their feet,
And what she could impart of her heat.

Led by her love she sought the prison room,
A willing victim in the general doom,
Her anxious love maintain'd her circling blood,
Till one by one expired the feeble brood.

Though bared her sides to all the cutting blast,
She had the longest lived and stiffen'd last,
E'en now that death has fix'd her eyes of jet,
Still does she gaze, and *seem* to watch them yet.

And long as winter wields her sceptre keen
In silence does she act the tender scene,
Like her who fabled in the Grecian strain,
Ceaseless laments her many children slain;
Both are as marble fix'd, as marble chill,
For ever mourning, yet for ever still."

JAMES GLASSFORD, Esq.

I hope, Mark, you like the true history of the poor little mice and their mother; it is a pity those creatures are so destructive, as they are

very pretty ; their eyes are so brilliant, and their movements so graceful ; yet a family of mice will soon commit great havoc amongst stores of any kind ; candles or sweetmeats, soap or figs, appear to be equally agreeable to their greedy palates. Consequently it is necessary to destroy them as vermin ; but at all times it ought to be accomplished with as little pain as possible, as it is a sin to torture any creature by a lingering death, if it can be killed speedily ; but mice are so timid and so quick, it is difficult to catch them, except by a trap. White mice and white rats are very pretty, but they always have such an unpleasant smell. I do not like to see them kept as pets, which children occasionally do, and feed them on grain or vegetables ; they must be kept in cages, and it appears to me very cruel to prevent them enjoying their liberty, although their being at large would assuredly result in their lives being in very considerable danger. There are many well-attested facts of the sagacity of rats, one or two of which you might like to hear. I will mention one which happened in a large country-house, in Dumbartonshire, not very far from Loch

Lomond. The house was situated very near the water, consequently was infested with the water-rats, and they had gained such ascendancy, and were in such vast numbers in the cellars, that they threatened serious injury to the foundations. It was therefore deemed advisable to endeavour to get rid of them by poison, and a quantity was laid in the cellars, to which no one had access but those who kept the keys, so there was no danger to the poor dogs or cats of the family, as it is very unjustifiable, on any pretext, to lay poison in an exposed place, where either your own or your neighbours' domestic animals could be injured by it, and caused to die a painful and miserable death. Well, to proceed; morning after morning, when the poisoned messes were searched for—pieces of meat, &c., having been put in the traps—it was found everything was cleared away. Good hopes, of course, were felt that the large quantities consumed must end in the destruction of the hordes of depredators; yet, no! they seemed as numerous and bold as ever; after a time the frightful smells from the cellar made this gentleman think many dead rats must be behind the

casks and in the binns ; men were procured and examination made, when what was their astonishment to discover that not one bit of the poisoned meat had been eaten, but that each night the rats had carried it away and *hidden* it entirely. To give an idea of their greediness, I may tell you of a gentleman (who inhabited the same part of Scotland very many years ago, when the formidable idea of French invasion filled every one's mind with fear, and made people desire to secrete away as much as possible) who put up in leather bags a very large sum of money in guineas, which was placed in his cellar, the paving-stones of which were taken up and the bags of gold deposited under them. Years passed, and the alarm disappeared also. When the old gentleman and his son went to his depository to disinter the hidden treasure, imagine their dismay when they found no traces either of bags or gold ; and all their riches gone, which they looked forward to bringing again into use. It was not for the sinful purpose of hoarding up selfishly the bountiful provision which a kind and liberal God had bestowed on them ; *that* is a great sin, as God,

you know, makes us all stewards ; to some He gives much, to others little ; but *all* must give account to Him, and He has graciously and kindly told us in His own blessed book, that He accepts a man in what he has, and not in what he has not ; and you know that He was pleased to bless the poor widow in the gospel who cast into God's treasury two mites, which make a *farthing*. Well, this old gentleman and his son looked at each other, and at first feared some person must have got intimation of the large sum they had concealed, and taken their own measures for carrying it off. They did not, however, give up their search on account of their suspicions, but got proper people to bring picks and shovels, and a determined search was made, when at length they got a trace of who the real thieves were, by finding a loose guinea ; after a time, another and another came to light, then a mass of gold, and they found themselves on the track of the evil-doers ; and the fact was apparent. The rats, for the sake of the leathern bags, had undermined the place, and great numbers must have contributed their joint efforts to move such heavy

weights ; but they dragged the whole mass to a considerable distance, as a few scattered coins proved ; they ate the leather, and the whole amount of money was traced out and found, with scarcely one piece missing. Now this fact proves that rats act in concert and by combination, and that they have immense muscular power. I recollect a lady who lived in Queen Street, in Edinburgh, telling me a curious fact she witnessed, which proves the extreme cleanliness of rats. One day after breakfast, I think on a Sunday, when the streets are unusually quiet, she was standing at her dining-room window, looking at the sublime view of the surrounding landscape—the Grampians in the distance, the beautiful coasts of Fife and Stirlingshire, and the broad and silvery Firth of Forth glittering in the beams of a bright sun, when she was attracted by seeing a large rat come down her area wall, run along, and climb the opposite wall to the next house, followed by a considerable train of others—some dozens, she said. She wondered at the sight, but went away and forgot it. Some days afterwards she was again doing the same thing,

about the same hour, and she saw the like train of long tails; they all followed their leader, and she watched for a long time. She was beginning to get tired, when at length the same procession reappeared, down one area and up another. This second day's observation led her to close inquiry; her servant, who was set to watch them, followed them unobserved, and it was discovered that at an unoccupied house a few doors off there was a large reservoir of water in the yard, covered over, and this place the rats used regularly as their *plunge* and *swimming* bath, where they sported and amused themselves, cleaned all their coats thoroughly, and then returned to their respective homes; it was the observer of this curious fact who told me the story, so I believe it to be perfectly true. Now, Markie, you have some anecdotes of dogs and monkeys, rats, &c. &c. I will wind up this chapter by transcribing for you some amusing verses on a cat. A sailor on board one of our beautiful men-of-war, having committed some offence for which he was to be punished, was condemned to the cat-o'-nine-tails; when tied up and ready for punishment, he spoke

the following lines to his captain, who had an aversion to a *cat* :—

“ By your honour’s command an example I stand
Of justice to all the ship’s crew,
I’m hamper’d and stripp’d, and if I am whipp’d,
’Tis no more than I own is my due.

In this sad condition I humbly petition
To offer some lines to your eye.
Merry Tom by such trash avoided the lash,
And if fate and *you* please, so may I.

There’s nothing you hate, I’m informed, like a cat.
Why, your honour’s aversion is mine !
If puss, then, with one tail can make your heart quail,
Oh, save me from that which has nine ! ”

N.B.—The sailor was pardoned.

CHAPTER XVI.

Gran. Dearest Markie, I shall soon leave you for my home in the south of England, and unless you come to see me there, I shall be obliged to have recourse to telling you my stories by letter.

Mark. That will not be near so nice; but tell me something about Devonshire. What is it so famous for? I was there when such a little boy that I know very little about it, and have nearly forgotten Barcombe.

Gran. Devonshire is famous for its cider and for its scalded cream, which is excellent with strawberries and raspberries when in season, and lately it has been much recommended by physicians to their consumptive patients, instead of the far less palatable cod-liver oil. Had you been old enough when at Constantinople, or when you travelled to Jerusalem and through Syria, you

might remember the "zaourt," which, however, is eaten sour, and the "chimach," which is sweet, both which preparations of cream are made in the same manner as Devonshire cream, and all excellent in their way. Jam and "zaourt" was my favourite dish at tea in the summer at Constantinople, and it is possible that the Celts, the first inhabitants of England, brought the custom of so preparing cream from the East. The Saxons drove the Britons south into Devon and Cornwall, and I suppose, therefore, the Devonshire and Cornish people were the most likely to retain the practice of scalded cream. The squabpie of Devonshire is also said to be common in Asia Minor, and that is made of mutton-chops and apples baked together, and is very good. Brixham, you know, is famous for the landing of King William the Third, and is only six miles from Paignton. The cholera never visited Preston or Paignton, because of their being built in the old red sandstone district, and in these places it is said never to have carried its destructive visitation; but at Torquay and Brixham it was severely felt, because they are situated upon

limestone. The air of Dartmoor is particularly fine and healthy; the soil rests upon granite, and the air is dry and invigorating. Exmoor is famous for its ponies and red deer, which latter are extinct in their wild state in all other parts of England; but on Exmoor they may yet be found in goodly herds, though not in such numbers as in days gone by, when their principal resorts were the covers on the banks of the Tamar, the Tavy, the Plym, the Teign, and the Ton, in Holne Chase, and on the sides of Dartmoor Forest, and when pressed by the hounds, they often went to Lea, in Torbay. It is said the Prince of Wales has ordered plantations to be made upon Dartmoor, which may tend to keep up the breed of the red deer, and then His Royal Highness may carry on the sport of *rousing* a noble and royal stag in the forests of Exmoor and Dartmoor. When you are older I will tell you more about these sports of the North Devon men. You would now better understand, and be interested in hearing that Exmoor ponies are famous little creatures for durability and speed; none can surpass them for their shaggy

mane, their long tail, and intelligent eye. They are hardy, and can live upon almost anything, and need no stable in the winter. Next to them was the pack-horse, peculiar to Devonshire ; they possessed a great deal of character and speed, and were sufficiently fast for stag-hunting ; and some beautiful specimens were once to be seen at Castle Hill, when the family there kept the stag-hounds. These pack-horses are now nearly an extinct race. The cows in Devonshire are also famous for giving much milk, and are of a beautiful deep red, with dark spots on them ; but I find the little Jersey cows more profitable : and I like them best, they are so tame, and eat so gently out of my hand.

Mark. Grandmamma, you keep bees ; tell me a little about them ; and do they give you as much honey as Shankey's do, at Hope House ? What a nice beehiveful Willy brought to you, and how good the honey was, tasting of the heather, and so white and pure-looking.

Gran. I have two hives, but as yet I have never had any honey ; and one swarm was allowed to fly away from want of attention ; but this

summer I hope to find my busy bees have worked to some purpose in the small hive I have put upon the top of the large one, for that is the best method of obtaining the honey, and by never killing the bees they increase much faster, besides which you avoid the cruelty of killing those industrious and valuable little creatures. They never sting unless provoked. If you pinch them, or breathe on them, they will sting ; or if you attempt to take their honey whilst they are awake, or if they get entangled in anybody's dress or hair ; but never otherwise, unless very, very rarely, when, from some unknown cause, they become exasperated ; and of all times, that of swarming is the one in which they are least likely to sting. Bees have great instinct, and learn, however strange it may seem, to know and be fond of those who are kind to them, in an incredibly short time. This may be proved by gently assisting such as require it ; and remember, also, never to strike at them when they come near, for it naturally enough makes them angry to be so treated. The queen bee lays her eggs at different times,

according to the season ; a swarm has been known in March, and also in August, but the usual time is May and June. The queen goes round the cells and lays her eggs, according as they are to be drones, workers, or queens. The egg is hatched into a grub in about four days, and the workers then feed it with a clear, colourless fluid ; after a few days they are covered up, and in twenty-four days from laying they escape full-grown bees. A drone takes twenty-two days, and a queen eighteen. Hüber, the great naturalist, says, in his book upon bees, that if a stock has lost its queen in the hatching-time, and there are eggs or grubs not more than three days old at the time of the queen's death, they can take one, and, by giving it stronger food, bring it out a queen. A queen bee will lay two hundred eggs in a few hours, and in the year she will generally have laid twenty or thirty thousand. When, owing to the continued increase of young bees, the hives are too full, and when one of the young princesses is ready, a swarm ensues. Before swarming, the young princess may be heard calling to her future subjects, and

then the deep note of the queen may be distinguished, forbidding her to come out yet, for the queen is very bitter against her royal progeny, and would kill them if she could (for that is the only use she makes of her sting), were she not prevented by the workers ; for though the queen has immense power, yet the government is decidedly a constitutional monarchy. At length the permission is accorded, and the colony starts. When the swarm comes out, it consists of both old and young bees, and indeed some say that the old queen leads it, the young one taking the vacant throne. Care should be taken to be near at swarming-time, when the indications of a far greater number of bees than usual, and of their sometimes hanging out in a cluster, are very observable. They should, as soon as settled, be shaken into a hive rubbed with honey, with one good shake, so as to be sure the queen is in, and then set down, having the rim resting on a stone, to allow the numbers of bees who are about to go in. The future position should be a dry place, sheltered from wind and rain, facing south, with perhaps an inclination to the east, if they could

be protected from that quarter during the easterly winds. The place should be of an even temperature, and not too hot, as heat greatly inconveniences the bees ; indeed, a new swarm, when in its hive, before it is set in its ultimate position, should have a cloth round it, to shield it from the rays of the sun if they are powerful, as the heat sometimes causes them to rise and go off ; but after they become settled, there is much less chance ; and even then a very hot sun greatly inconveniences the bees, and sometimes even melts the combs, and so destroys the hive. If a new swarm do go off, follow them in the exact direction of the wind, as they can fly in no other way. The old straw hives answer the purpose, and are both cheapest and simplest, but the cross sticks usually seen in them are of no sort of use. The hives should be near a small stream of water ; a small pan or two of water would do if they had stones in them for the bees to rest on. I have heard it suggested that the hives should be suspended, and if they were kept from wind, it would be a good thing, as they might hang from a dial-plate, and so

the progress of the hive be accurately weighed, and much useful information be gained. Young swarms should be fed for the first few days, whatever be the state of the honey-flowers. This is done by lifting the hive, and putting the food inside. At other seasons of the year, when the hives are full of comb, it is done by taking out the bung at the top, and laying the honey there, and then covering it with a basin. A full-sized bee weighs rather less than a grain and a half, and a pound has been calculated to contain about four thousand five hundred. Each bee will carry about half a grain of honey, and a strong swarm will make two pounds of honey in a day. They seldom fly more than half a mile, though if it be a very fine day, and there be any sweet attraction, they will fly as far as two miles, being generally absent from five to fifteen minutes. They feed in the fields, and will not touch honey in summer, unless they are badly off for food. If the year be at all bad, they should be kept fed, and I have known the feeding go on till July in a very bad year. The drones are about three times the weight of the common bees; they are fed by the workers,

and only come out for about a couple of hours in the middle of the day to take exercise, remaining at home the rest of their time to take care of the young bees. Wherever you see many drones you may be pretty sure that there are, or will be, plenty of young bees. A bee lives about a year, and the births and deaths go on for the greater part of the year, though the great mass of young bees are brought to maturity in the spring, after which the drones, being of little or no use, are killed off by the workers. The queen very rarely goes out, but she does occasionally, for air, and she is attended by a body-guard of bees, large and strong, being picked men. They attend her with the greatest care, and serve also to communicate her wishes to the workers ; they are, in fact, her household troops. It is also said that they may be seen commanding the other workers in the battles which sometimes occur. Care should be taken not to disturb the hives, as it annoys the bees, and there is also a great chance of breaking the combs and smothering the bees beneath them. The bung at the top should, however, be occasionally taken off, to see

whether any honey is made, for if there is, it is sure to be near the top; if there be, and the honey season is plentiful, small combs, of the same shape as hives, only about five inches across and the same in height, should be put on the top of such hives as are strong, and have not had too many swarms. A new swarm ought never, if possible, to be allowed to swarm again; nor ought an old hive to have more than two swarms. Swarming takes place from the heat of the hive, and if it be kept too cool, they cannot bring the grubs to perfection, and of course the more grubs the less honey, for nearly half the bees are sometimes obliged to be in attendance on the nursery. When the combs are thought to be full, take them off. They should hold about ten or twelve pounds, which will be of the very best; if it have, like mine, a common straw crown, it should be taken off only when the bees are asleep at night; but a glass bell, covered with a straw crown, would be better; for when the crown is taken off, the bees will leave the glass, as they cannot bear to work in the light. Bees should always have enough honey to last them out the

winter, and a little feeding in October and November is not amiss in light hives. And now I think I have told you as much as you care to hear about bees till you have a hive of your own, and then I can give you some more information. But I will tell you a story about a horse and some bees. A gentleman at Titchfield kept bees, and the hives were in a field behind his house ; one of his favourite riding-horses was turned into this field every evening. One night, however, this horse was heard galloping round and round the field ; but nobody thought there was anything very extraordinary in his doing so, and only supposed he was very frisky. At daylight, however, when the groom went to take him in, he found the poor horse in a dreadful state, and discovered that he had accidentally thrown down one of the hives, and that in revenge the bees had stung him nearly to death, and that his mad gallops had been caused by his agonies ; it was three months before he was sufficiently recovered to leave his stable. In the interim the gentleman rode another horse, which was also turned into this home-field every evening, precaution having been

taken to fence the hives, so that no horse could again upset them. The bees did not in the least interfere with the fresh horse, nor with several others that were occasionally put into the field for a night; when, therefore, the favourite was sufficiently well for the gentleman to mount him again, he was, as before, turned into the field, and, strange to say, was the next morning found dead from a second assault of his enemies, the bees.

Mark. Thank you, grandmamma, for so interesting an account, but if bees are so revengeful, I do not think I should like to keep any, and wonder any one else should, for how can you always provide against accidents? and it is shocking to think what would be the consequence.

Gran. The story is quite true, nevertheless; but bees are too useful to be given up; and I think you would be as sorry as most little boys never more to eat honey, or read a story by the light of a wax candle.

CHAPTER XVII.

Gran. If you liked the story of the bees, dear Markie, I can tell you a story the same lady told me of her father, who was very fond of coursing, and kept some beautiful greyhounds. One couple he petted particularly, and they often followed him into the house, to the great discomfort of his wife. There was no keeping them out; if the doors were ever so strictly shut, they would leap in at the windows, even through the panes of glass. The gentleman was a very kind and good-tempered man, and always felt sorry when anything vexed his wife; he therefore made a present of these two greyhounds to a friend of his, a captain in the navy, who had property in the Hebrides. This captain commanded a frigate, and his cruising station was then to be the north-west coast of Scotland, for it was then the time of

the American war. The captain dined with the gentleman the day before he sailed, and took the dogs with him on board his ship, which was lying at Spithead, and in about a fortnight after he landed the greyhounds in the Hebrides. In about two months after, they crawled into the kitchen of their old master at Titchfield in a most pitiable condition, all skin and bone. The gentleman took immense pains to trace their journey, by writing to the mayors of very many large towns, and paying for information, and he succeeded in verifying the fact of their having come overland. They had been seen to get on shore from a provision smack at a small port in Argyleshire called Oban, and to make off, apparently without any owner. Butchers and farmers on their route recollected throwing them bones, and observing upon their famished looks. By these inquiries it was made plain that they had taken as direct a course as if they had carried, and been able to make use of, a pocket-compass.

Mark. That was instinct, indeed, for they had no scent to guide them, poor things ; and it is most wonderful how they could have found their

way so far, and across water. A reasonable being could only have done as much by asking his way at every turn of the road.

Gran. This can only be accounted for in one way; God must give them some power man is not possessed of; it is one of those many mysteries we cannot account for by common reasoning, and must wait till all things are revealed to us by Him who made and sustains us, to whom be all honour and glory. There is yet another story this kind lady has given me for your amusement and instruction. Three or four years ago, at Grey Friars, Gloucester, they had a very fine St. Bernard dog, and it was supposed that he was not quite the true breed, as he was at times savage. There is a very pretty garden and grounds there, and as the beautiful flower-beds were often sadly disturbed by their neighbour's fowls coming over the wall, and the gardener had a great deal of trouble in driving them back again, and keeping them out, he called Cosmo, a big dog, to his assistance, and told him to help in the chase. Cosmo came very unwillingly at first, as if thinking the job beneath him;

but when he once set about it, was most furious with the intruders, and fairly frightened them from coming over again, with the exception, however, of a very bold grey hen, who always returned in a few minutes after being driven away, and did more mischief in the beds than all the rest put together. One day, just as the gardener had summoned Cosmo to eject her, his mistress called him to plant a flower, and he left the dog and the hen. When the gardener returned to his work the hen was not to be seen, and the dog was sleeping quietly. For four or five days the garden was the abode of peace, no fowls appearing to disturb it. The gardener was one day sticking a row of peas, when he observed a singular heaving motion in a large ash-heap, which occupied an angle in the garden wall. He stood still and watched it for some time, and felt sure it was some living thing forcing its way upwards ; he went to the heap and carefully removed the cinders with his spade, when, to his great surprise, he there found the poor grey hen, buried in a deep hole, which Cosmo must have scratched, and held her down in it whilst he

covered her over with cinders. She not only was alive, but soon recovered her health on being restored to her owners ; she had also gained experience, for she never ventured over the wall again.

Mark. How clever of Cosmo, though certainly very cruel ; and it is a miracle the poor hen did not expire under such a weight, and nothing to feed upon ; but had not the gardener gone to the rescue, she must have died at last ; like the poor girl you once told me of, who was buried alive by an Indian queen. That was an awful story ; and India has disgraced itself still more shockingly since that occurred.

Gran. Do not let us talk any more of such barbarities, it only rouses a feeling of indignation, and perhaps something worse, which Christians ought not to indulge in ; and God has aided us in chastising them sufficiently ; and now I trust much will be done to humanise and Christianise that benighted country. And now I will tell you a story about a little Blenheim ; it belonged to Mr. French, a London merchant, living in Cornhill, about the year 1800. His wife was very

fond of animals, as they had no children. On a summer tour they visited Blenheim, and there purchased of the gamekeeper one of the beautiful little Blenheim spaniels, which became a great pet with both husband and wife, and for five years never was out of their sight, accompanying his mistress when she drove out, and following his master in his walks. At the end of that time the dog was missing ; every inquiry was made for it, the Bow Street officers applied to, and advertisements inserted in the papers, but in vain ; nothing could be heard of it by any means, till about eighteen months afterwards, when suddenly it rushed in at the door, as the servant opened it to the milkman, and ran up to his mistress's room, but in a very dirty state, and covered with pitch and tar. It was, however, joyously received, and made much of, and wagged its tail, as if equally rejoiced to see its friends once more. At the end of three months the dog again disappeared, and returned at the same interval, and thus it went on for about three or four years, without the Frenches being able to ascertain where the little Blenheim could possibly go to.

At length the mystery was solved. Mr. French was walking in Hyde Park one day, accompanied by his little dog, when suddenly it ran up to a man with a weather-beaten face, skipping about, and seeming quite delighted to see him. Mr. French called him off, when the new-comer claimed the dog as his property ; an explanation followed. It turned out that the gentleman was the captain of an East Indiaman, and the little dog had followed him on board at the very time the Frenches first missed him, sailed with him in the ship, and became a great favourite with himself and the whole ship's crew. When the ship returned to London, the captain fully intended to take the little dog to his country-house, but suddenly missed him, and did not see him again till the day on which the ship sailed, and this happened each voyage ; the captain therefore concluded the dog must belong to one of the sailors, who probably took him home with him, but feared to claim him whilst at sea. The most astonishing part of the story is, how the dog could know when the ship was ready for sea.

Mark. What a strange taste for a dog to like

going to sea, especially one whose nature is sporting and running after rabbits!

Gran. It is, indeed; but once an animal has been amongst sailors, they are so very much petted that they grow very fond of the ship and its company. I suppose that the following the captain at first was accidental, and that afterwards he became attached to him, and liked the amusement and variety of a long sea voyage, and found the air agree with him, as consumptive people do. I had a Blenheim which died of consumption, so I suppose they are very delicate. And now, dear Mark, I hope I have entertained you; and trusting that you have not only had several tedious hours beguiled by these pleasant meetings, but that you have profited by the stories which I have recited to you, and that you have been able to draw a good moral from them, resolving to be always kind and considerate to dumb animals, and, as far as you can, to induce others to be so likewise; and that you will see, in these animals, an indication of the tender providence of a good and wise Creator, who ever watches over all His works, we must now pause,

till I have made a new collection for you. I trust that you will again come to see me next Christmas, when I promise to have ready for you a *Second Series* of curious and amusing stories, some of which, I have no doubt, you will think equally interesting, and which have been sent to me by friends since I began to recount to you those which you have already heard. And now, wishing you a happy Christmas, and hoping we may all be spared to meet again another year, we will take our leave.

Mark. Many thanks, my dear, dear grand-mamma. I shall look forward to hearing several more pretty stories from you ; and in the meanwhile I will try to recollect all those you have so kindly told me.





Example of the *Progress of the Cause of the Cause of the Cause*

INSTINCT; OR REASON?

SECOND SERIES.

INSTINCT; OR REASON?

SECOND SERIES.

Dedicated to

THE HON. BASIL NAPIER,

BY HIS GRANDMOTHER,

THE LADY JULIA LOCKWOOD.

AUTHOR OF "FIRST SERIES OF INSTINCT OR REASON," AND "CYRUS."

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all."

—PSALM civ. 24.



Instinct; or Reason?



CHAPTER I.

Johnnie. You have written a nice book for Markie, dear grandmamma ; do now, dear, dear grandmamma, write one for me, and tell us all a number of other stories.

All the boys at once. Yes, grandmamma ; this is a famous day for story-telling and listening. O grandmamma, do you happen to know any stories about ants ? As we were calling at Mrs. Belfield's, we saw a book lying on a table, with an ant printed on the cover. What did that mean ?

Gran. I suppose the picture on the outside meant to indicate that industry was one of the subjects within. Napoleon the First had an N. marked at two corners of his pocket-handker-

chiefs, and a Bee at the other two corners, which was intended as an emblem of his desire to be industrious, and to teach others to be so ; and certainly he never was idle for a moment.

Johnnie. Did you ever see one of his pocket-handkerchiefs ?

Gran. Yes, and I even possessed one for many years ; but at last it was lost, which I regret, as it would have been a greater and more interesting relic now than ever it was.

Well, you have learnt enough to know that the instinct of ants is most wonderful. In hot climates they attain to a large size, and are extraordinarily prolific. In the West Indies they commit dreadful havoc, and rewards are offered for their extirpation.

An Engineer officer at Trinidad attempted to get rid of them by mining and blasting the soil ; but though he blew the ants up in the air, they appeared to have sustained but little injury, and were soon as destructive as ever. In some parts of the West Indies they make use of the red ant to destroy the black, which are so destructive to the fruit.

On placing a few red ants at the bottom of a tree, they may soon be observed climbing the trunk, and attacking every black ant they meet. In a few moments the black ant is bitten in two, and the red seeks other enemies.

Some West Indians allege that the red ants compel the black to work for them as slaves. So destructive are these insects, that trees are frequently denuded of every leaf in a single night.

I had a most beautiful tall tree in my garden at Sa Maison, called the *Nilotica*. It was the pride of the garden, and grew in an umbrella shape; the leaves were like those of the acacia, and the flower like that of the caper plant, only somewhat larger, and very abundant. This tree grew very near the windows of my little corridor, and your father and I used to admire it constantly. Suddenly it began to fade and perish, and at last your papa advised me to cut it down, as it was evidently dead, and only cumbered the ground. With great reluctance and sorrow I gave the order, and your father saw it executed, and desiring me to come to the spot, showed me the once beautiful but now prostrate tree, which we then

perceived was perfectly devoured by ants, the inside of the stem being alive with those animals. I walked away with feelings of positive disgust and anger, and ordered the whole to be instantly consigned to the flames. These same ants used to attack my maid's head for the sake of the oil or pomatum she used, and she had no rest at night till I gave her little tin saucers to put the feet of her iron bedstead in, which invention kept them from crawling over her any more when she was in bed. My brother General Gore tells me that in the West Indies it is dangerous to sit down upon English-made chairs, for the wood of which they are constructed, being deal or some other soft wood, easily becomes a prey to the ants, and they lose no time in excavating them ; so that if you incautiously sit down, you may fall to the ground, as the chair instantly crumbles under your weight. There is an ant called the Parasol Ant ; it is always observed holding a small leaf over its back, and the natives of the West Indies believe it does this for the purpose of obtaining shade, and frequently a row of leaves is seen moving across a road, and on examination it is found

that each leaf is carried by an ant, who is taking it to the general store. Their skill in the removal of large objects is wonderful. If an ant find a lump of sugar, it starts off in a zigzag direction, till it finds another, then signals to it, like a sentinel on guard, and the first ant proceeds on its journey till it meets another. They then put their heads together for a few seconds, and one of them proceeds in quest of another ant. Each of the ants, on receiving the communication from the first one, immediately runs in a straight line to the lump of sugar, and not in the track of the first ant. Beetles may frequently be noticed rolling a great ball of horse-dung, many times larger than their own bulk, along the road ; and when the poor beetle dies, its body is removed by ants in an equally intelligent manner. The beetle is placed on its back, and the ants then divide themselves in gangs, some pushing on one side and some on the other, and others pulling at the antennæ, till they cause the prize, by a series of spiral curves, to move gradually in the direction of their store.

Johnnie. Grandmamma, can you remember nothing about parrots or elephants ? I am never

tired of hearing about those sagacious animals; try and think. I remember some of the stories you told us in your first book, and I know you said stories about parrots were endless.

Gran. Let me reflect a moment.—Oh, yes! There once lived a dean in the west of England, who was very energetic in his support of temperance associations. This dean had a young parrot given to him, and while visiting at the palace of his diocesan, he saw a parrot of the most intelligent description in the house, and remarked that he wished his own parrot would learn to talk. The bishop's daughters proposed that the dean's parrot should come and pay theirs a visit, and they were quite sure he would soon learn. The parrot accordingly was sent to the young ladies, and, after a due course of teaching, was returned as quite a proficient. The dean happened to have a temperance meeting on that very day at his house, at which he presided. The parrot was announced, and the dean, being most anxious to show off his bird, ordered it to be brought in. The usual subjects had been discussed, and the dean was about to move some proposition, when



The Temperance Society.

the parrot suddenly exclaimed, "Porter and pipes? —Yes, Mr. Dean. Take any gin or whisky? —Yes, Mr. Dean!"—to the great astonishment of the poor dean and scandal of the temperance association.

Johnnie. That must have been very laughable, grandmamma, and I should like to have been by.

Gran. And so should I; but is it not wrong to entertain ourselves at the expense of our friends?

Johnnie. You are quite right, grandmamma; so now tell me another story about some parrots, if you remember any.

Gran. Well, here are some capital ones which a friend of Miss Julia Hutton's gave her, and which I am sure will delight you, as the lady who sent them took them from her pet Polly's *own mouth*. She says it is rather difficult to write down all this wonderful bird's sayings, as it so frequently puts in its own remarks during conversation; and entirely without being taught. The parrot one day amused her much, when a gentleman, a stranger to her, called on business. It did not appear to like him, and kept on wishing him "Good-morning!" but when he rose up

to place a paper before her mistress to sign, it called out, " You shan't have a bit of missus ! " Another day, a friend came with his gun, and wished to go into the meadow to shoot snipes ; before the lady could reply, Polly said, " Don't go and shoot *that* robin ! " The same gentleman brought his little brown dog with him. Polly had never seen it before, and said, " Who are you ? —not Brutus, not Fan. Poor little brown ! " The lady being in the garden, she spoke to the parrot as she passed the window where it was, and it called out very loudly, " I can't hear a word you say ! " Some one whistled " God save the Queen : " Polly listened very attentively, and at the conclusion exclaimed, " Charming ! " a word she had never been heard to use before. When her mistress comes down to breakfast in the winter, the bird always says, " Polly likes toast ; kind little mistress going to make toast for Polly. " If offended at any time, she always says, " Who would kiss such a fright, such a missus ! " but when pleased, she would say, " I would kiss you, my sweet, dear little missus ! " Two foreign birds were sent to the lady by train, who had no idea

what the package contained ; but when the covering was removed, Polly exclaimed, "Two little birds in a cage !" As it was not known they were coming, she could not have heard any previous remark made on the subject. Hesitating as to what answer she should give to a message her servant brought, Polly cried out, "You are wonderfully stupid !" When cleaning the birds' other cage, if they flutter, she always says, "Don't be frightened, don't be silly !" When she herself screams, she afterwards scolds herself very much, saying, "O Polly, how *can* you be so *very* naughty ? I shall cover you up if you scream so ; nobody loves you when you scream, you frightful creature. Dear little Fan never screams, good little Fan, a darling pup,—no, she NEVER screams."

I will now tell you about an elephant, a much better and kinder creature than he looks. At the time of the last Euphrates expedition, elephants were made use of for carrying the stores. On one occasion some elephants were procured from the other side of the river, and not liking their work, they seized an opportunity to escape, and

plunged into the river. Fearing lest they might be shot, they swam under water, keeping only the extremity of their trunks above the surface. They were pursued, however, and ultimately taken. A young elephant was once carrying a pail to a tank to get water, when an older elephant took it away from him. On reaching the tank, the young elephant waited till his opponent was making use of the pail, when he applied his shoulders dexterously, and sent his formidable rival floundering into the tank; then, as if by mutual compromise, he went in quest of great logs of timber, which he pushed into the water, and thus enabled the older elephant to get out, and they went away good friends.

Jchennie. It was very good of the old elephant so easily to forgive the pranks of the young one, even considering there was some provocation for the retaliation he used.

Gran. True; but elephants are by nature good-tempered — most fortunately, considering their enormous size and strength, and how easily they could annihilate any enemy. Shall I now tell you something about a lion?—that ferocious

animal which one day, we are told in Scripture, will quietly eat straw with the ox. Captain Lynch, the commodore of the Euphrates expedition, at the siege of Rangoon, used to keep a tame lion, which played with him as a dog might have done. On one occasion Captain Lynch had to leave his lion in charge of a friend, who imprudently allowed it to have animal food, after which the lion's temper was completely changed, growing wild and ferocious, and Captain Lynch was obliged to part with it immediately on his return : fortunately, however, it had not done the harm which a lion belonging to a friend of mine did, who, looking out of his cot one morning, on board his ship, saw his lion playing with a round black ball, and found, upon examination, that the lion had killed his black servant, and was playing with the head.

Fohnnie. After that little specimen of the lion's conduct, I suppose your friend the captain sent his lion away also ?

Gran. Yes ! he gave him away to the sultan, who had a menagerie at Constantinople in those days ; and I daresay did not care if the lion did

eat up a few of those poor black slaves that I have seen in cages in the slave-market, waiting to be bought. I must say they were laughing and playing, and looking as gay as possible. Probably your papa took you to that slave-market when you were all at Constantinople together. It is now, happily, abolished ; no slaves, whether white or black, are allowed to be sold publicly.

Gran. Having finished my stories about lions and elephants, and told you something of the slaves, I will return to dogs again, and tell you something which occurred to a lady and gentleman who had a great liking for animals in general, and dogs in particular. They had in their possession at the same time a fine Norwegian bloodhound, a Scotch terrier, and a King Charles' spaniel.

The bloodhound, the hero of my tale, rejoicing in the poetic name of Oberon, was of a greyish-dun colour, and altogether a very handsome animal. When Oberon first became the property of this lady and gentleman, they were living in London, and his home consequently was

the stable, as it was also that of the spaniel, the terrier alone living in the house.

Oberon seemed quite contented with his quarters at that time, and often when the coachman came for orders the dog would accompany him, to pay a visit to his master. After a time the family moved to a hired country-house, twenty miles from London, and there Oberon was allowed to live entirely in the house, and also both the smaller dogs, all three sleeping in their master and mistress's room at night.

Oberon, on cold nights, monopolised the hearth-rugs to roll himself in, leaving the smaller dogs to fare as they could. In the daytime Oberon was a great deal with the children and the governess, and being very good-tempered and playful, the children did not fear pulling him about, or doing anything they liked with him.

On the return of the family to London in the spring, Oberon was sent to his old quarters in the stables ; but the spaniel had become so attached to the inmates of the schoolroom that he was permitted to remain in the house. Oberon appeared satisfied with his fate, being the same to

which he had before been accustomed in London ; the case, however, was very different the following winter, when the family moved to their seat in Ireland : there the poor dog expected to be treated as he had been the previous year, and showed very distinctly his expectations of being allowed to live in the house.

Such, however, was not to be the case.

The house had just been newly fitted up, and the master did not think a large dog would improve the new carpets or furniture by running in and out, and sleeping upon the rug. Poor Oberon was indignant at what he considered an injury ; more especially when he found the *spaniel* admitted as before, and domesticated with the children : accordingly he tried to wreak his vengeance on the poor spaniel, seizing him by the neck one day at the close of a walk they had been taking with the children and the governess, and endeavouring to bite and hurt him, and drive him away.

The little girl rescued the spaniel, and drove Oberon into the stableyard, and at the same time scolded him, upon which Oberon growled omi-

nously. From that moment war was declared ; and so irate had Oberon become with the children, that strict orders were given that he should always be shut up when they went out walking ; and if by chance he saw any of them, through the stable window, or elsewhere, he would dash towards them.

Thus several months passed, and now comes the tragic end of my story.

After the return of the family to London—I cannot state the exact lapse of time—the poor bloodhound fell ill. The coachman, not understanding his malady, took him in a cab to a dog-doctor of much repute, living in the neighbourhood of Middlesex Hospital, who at once pronounced the dog to be mad, adding what a risk the coachman had made his little boy run by bringing him in the cab with the mad dog. Poor Oberon lingered some little time, and the doctor watched his case with great interest—it was so very unlike any he had ever known before.

There was no violence, no sign of hydrophobia, but a pining away ; and so singular was the case considered, that some surgeons from the Middle-

ex Hospital attended the opening of the body, and the case was pronounced one of *melancholy* madness—unheard of in the annals of dogs. So that this poor Oberon had pondered upon his jealousy till it produced madness and death.

Johnnie. O grandmamma! I can scarcely refrain from crying over poor, poor Oberon: his love deserved a better fate.

Gran. You are right, dear Johnnie. It made a great impression on his master, and he raised a tomb to Oberon, with an epitaph to record so great and strange an affection in a bloodhound.

The epitaph runs as follows:—

The Epitaph.

Farewell, true heart, though little known
Till Death had mark'd thee for its own.
Farewell! and may Death's tranquil sleep
Lull thee in slumbers calm as deep.
No jealous pang thy spirit grieves,
Nor Friendship's fickle smile deceives;
But Memory in our hearts shall raise
Sweet thoughts, thy faithful love to praise.

G. M. S.

And now, to send you away with gayer thoughts, I will tell you a short anecdote of a Newfoundland, who, seeing his master ready

packed, and just preparing to start on a journey, ran back into his master's room, looked all round it as carefully as a servant might have done, spied a brush which he evidently thought had been forgotten, seized it between his teeth, rushed downstairs, and, jumping into the carriage, presented the brush to his master.

Johnnie. The jolly dog ! What an invaluable travelling companion for some forgetful people, who are ever leaving their greatcoats, umbrellas, and even hats behind them in railway carriages. We will not name any of these !

Gran. Now, one more story, and I have done for to-day. A certain peacock, who with various companions lived in the farmyard belonging to a castle, used to parade upon the terrace surrounding it. One evening he chanced to take his walk at the time of the children's tea, and they hearing him under the windows, threw him some bread : after which, regularly at the same hour, every day, this discordant-voiced, but beautiful bird, would make himself heard under the schoolroom window, announcing that he was there, expecting his share of the children's loaf of bread.

Johnnie. Pretty creature, I should have liked feed him myself, and I remember your telling me of a pet peacock you had at Sa Maison, which used to stop you in the middle of the walk, and spread out his magnificent tail for you to admire, and then, stretching out his neck, poke his head into the pocket of your garden-apron, to look for the bread which you carried there to feed him and your fan-tailed pigeons with; what became of him?

Gran. They said he pined and died whilst I was from home, at Naples; but I greatly fear his father was of a far less sentimental character, and at he fell a victim to some pigeon-shooters, and the greediness of my Maltese servants. Can you recollect Sa Maison, where Willie was born, and your papa and I erected a fountain, with dolphins spouting out water, and refreshing the pretty gold and silver fish which swam under in joyful delight, and then, darting at my hand, from which they snatched the bread I held for them, and nibbling a bit off, shot away for fear of being caught, and took shelter under a water-lily, which was beside the papyrus's stately stalks, or

under the many beautiful water-plants, blue, yellow, &c., that in England would require hot-houses to flourish in? And do you remember how you loved to roll one orange after another as your Maltese nurse picked them from the trees, placed them in your tiny hands, whilst sitting under a graceful pepper-tree, or the pergola, impenetrable to the sun, from the thick foliage of the splendid vine, the stem of which was growing against the wall of the verandah; and how many English travellers came to ask permission to measure, and compare it with that at the royal palace at Hampton Court? Many also were the lovely flowering shrubs, with their rich hues succeeding each other every month, some flowering twice a year, and never leaving the garden unembellished with their gay colours. There were double pomegranates, bending under the weight of their numerous scarlet blossoms and bright green leaves; the tall straight branches of the hybiscus, and its white flowers growing like white garlands of small roses, quite thick and full; and the lilac by its side, of the same species, and the

single of both colours—resembling a small holly-hock in shape ; the bignonia, in large, rich, yellow clusters ; and the datura hanging its graceful white bells, giving out a gentle fragrance towards night. Time and memory fail me to describe all the rare and beautiful plants that shed their fragrance, and gladdened the eyes of all who beheld them. The wax-plant, or *Hoya carnosa*, wound itself round the pillars ; and the snail-plant also, and the night-blowing cereus, sending a delicious scent into the drawing-room, from its position on the well-covered walls, which bore every kind of creeper, from the large white jasmine, and geraniums, grapes, &c. &c. I could go on for ever on the beauties of that favoured little spot ; but, dear Johnnie, your brother Mark can have but an imperfect remembrance of it, though he returned there when he was grown to comparatively a big boy : his first acquaintance with it was when he was only three months old, and there he remained till he was a year old, nursed by a native woman, who spoke scarcely anything but Arabic—that soft language of the children of the East,

the translation from which language of the "Arabian Nights," by Mr. Lane, delights every young and poetic mind.

Go now, I see Basil waiting to harness you as a little pony, and it will give you wholesome diversion after my long stories and descriptions.

Johnnie. But, grandmamma, you told me you would give me something to learn, to say to you on Sunday morning : can you give it to me now ?

Gran. Yes, dear ! here it is, and I will read it out to you first ; it is a paraphrase on verse 10, &c., of *Obadiah* :—

"O Teman ! shame shall cover thee,
And Esau be cut off for ever,
That, in thy brother Jacob's day,
When strangers carried him away,
Thou cam'st not to deliver ;
But stood'st, and with unpitying eye
Beheld his captured hosts go by :
Thy heart possess'd, 'mid Salem's woe,
By spirit worthy of Chaldean foe.

Thou shouldst not with pleased look
Have gazed on Judah's trial hour,
Rejoicing when, 'neath heathen might,
His wearied children sank in fight,
And own'd their fierce oppressor's power :
Neither should haughty, scornful word
Have that day from thy lip been heard,

When the dark bitter trouble sent
Invited speech of brotherly lament.

Nor shouldst thou, with heartless greed,
Have made thy gain of Israel's spoil ;
Nor, when for life a few had sped,
Have met them in the way they fled,
Entangling them with crafty toil,
Leaving no stay, no refuge-place
To the remnant of thy brother's race ;
But giving up to heathen will
The feeble number that remainèd still.

Tremble, O Edom ! for as thou
Hast done, it shall be done to thee ;
But, when on all the Gentile land
Jehovah shall lay forth His hand,
And His great day exalted be,
Jerusalem shall be again
A dwelling-place of gladden'd men ;
And holiness and safety fill
The crownèd heights of Zion's sacred hill."

J. W. H.

CHAPTER II.

Johnnie. You have told me so many nice stories about other animals, that I wish you could recollect some anecdotes about horses ; for I was reading this morning, in the history of Job, the description given of a horse in the 39th chapter.

Gran. When I was living in the East I heard many anecdotes of the Arabian horse. To the Arabs their horses become as dear as their own children. The constant intercourse arising from living in the same tent with their owner and his family creates a familiarity which otherwise could not be effected, and a gentleness which arises only from the kindest treatment.

Their horses form the principal riches of many of the Arab tribes, who use them both in the chase and in their plundering expeditions. In the daytime they are generally kept saddled at the

door of the tent, prepared for any excursion their master may take. They never carry any loads, nor are they employed on long journeys. The history of the beautiful Arab horse belonging to "Aboo El Marsch," will, I am sure, delight you.

An Arab and his tribe attacked a caravan coming across the Desert from Damascus. The victory was complete, and the Arabs were already occupied in taking possession of their rich booty, when some soldiers of the Pasha of Acre came up, and falling suddenly on the victorious Arabs, killed several and took the rest prisoners, and securing them with cords, led them thus bound towards Acre. "Aboo El Marsch" (the name of the Arab chief) had received a ball in his arm, but as the wound was not mortal, the soldiers bound him on a camel, and having seized his horse, led them both in the cavalcade.

The night preceding the day on which they were to arrive at Acre, the legs of the wounded chief were bound together with a thong of leather, and he was left lying on the outside of the tent.

Being kept awake by the pain of his wound, he thought he heard the neighing of his horse amongst the others, which were secured at a little distance from the spot where he lay : in order to hear the sound better, he put his ear to the ground, and listened attentively for some moments : at last he felt sure he had recognised the voice of his faithful companion ; and not being able to resist the desire of once more speaking to him, he dragged himself painfully along, and at length, with the greatest effort, found himself once more by his side. “ Friend,” said the poor chief, “ what wilt thou do amongst the Turks ? Thou wilt be imprisoned in their stables with the horses of the Pasha. The women and the children will no longer bring thee milk from the camel, or barley in the hollow of their hands. No more wilt thou bound through the Desert like the winds of Egypt ; thou wilt no more cleave the waters of Jordan, refreshing thy coat, white as the foam. Nevertheless, though I remain a slave, thou shalt be free : go back to the tent which thou knowest. Tell my wife that Abou El Marsch will return no more ; pass thy head

between the curtains of their tent and lick the hand of my children."

While thus speaking, Aboo El Marsch had bitten asunder the cord of goats' hair with which the horse was fettered, and set the animal at liberty; but seeing his master wounded and bound at his feet, the faithful and intelligent creature comprehended by instinct that which no language could have explained to him.

He stooped down his head, smelt his master, and grasping in his teeth the girdle of leather round his waist, he set off at full gallop, and carried his master safely to his tent, on reaching which he laid him on the sand at the feet of his wife and children, and expired with fatigue. The whole tribe wept for him, poets have sung of his grateful love, and his name is constantly in the mouths of the Arabs.

Johnnie. I am delighted with that story, and should like you to tell me more about Arab horses.

Gran. Not at present about the horses themselves, but of the attachment their masters entertain towards them. The Arabs are in general poor, and, as I have said, their horses form their



The Arab horse.

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principal riches; notwithstanding this, they seldom will part with them, as the following pretty anecdote will prove to you. An Arab some years ago possessed a beautiful horse, which, as he was extremely poor, the French Consul at Saëd offered to purchase, wishing to send it to the King of the French. The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time, but at length consented to sell his horse on condition of receiving a considerable sum of money, which he named. The Consul wrote to France for permission to close the bargain, and having obtained it, sent immediately to the Arab to inform him of the fact. This man, so poor that he had only a miserable rag to cover him, reached the Consul's house with his magnificent barb, dismounted, and, looking first at the gold and then steadfastly at his horse, heaved a deep sigh. "To whom is it," he exclaimed, "that I am going to yield thee up? To Europeans! who will tie thee alone, who will render thee miserable! Return with me, my beauty, my jewel, and rejoice the hearts of my children!" As he pronounced the last words, he sprang on his back, and was out of sight in a moment.

Is not this an affecting and amiable proof of sensibility in a man who, in the midst of distress, could prefer all the miseries attendant on poverty, rather than surrender the animal he had brought up in his tent to what he supposed was inevitable misery?

Johnnie. Has not Kilmarnock's mother a beautiful Arab which she rode all the time in the Crimea?

Gran. Yes, she has; and Mr. Grant painted his picture with Lady Erroll standing by it. It is now hung up at Slains Castle, where the Arab is also reposing after all his toils and travels. I will ask her if she has anything curious to tell me about it; in the meantime, here is another story, but of a common English horse, belonging to Mr. Jeffcotts, of Bishop's Heighton, which was taken with another to work on the farm. There had been a severe frost the night before, and the ground was consequently extremely slippery. The horse, on being loosed from the other, immediately went to the village blacksmith's, no doubt with a view of being roughed, and this operation

having been performed, the animal quietly returned home unattended.

Another story of a horse has just been sent to me for your amusement, by Mary Hall, your nice little cousin, assuring me I might answer to you for the truth of it, and of one about some dogs. Mr. Clifford has a young horse called "Billy," and this "Billy" has a stable all to himself, and can without difficulty slip the halter which attaches him to the manger. One day the groom put "Billy's" corn in a basket, and placed it on the window-seat, some feet from the ground. The little horse was found eating the corn, which was scattered on the ground. When the groom came in he scolded his little charge, and replaced the basket. The following day the little animal actually contrived to get down the basket full of corn, without shedding the corn. This same horse has found the secret of slipping back the bolt of the stable-door. The door is in two parts ; the upper part is often left open for the admission of air—the lower part secured with a

long sliding bolt, and the sagacious creature quickly found out the secret, and, liking liberty as well as air, discovered the means of enjoying both, to the surprise and amusement of his groom.

Johnnie. It is clear ponies laugh at fastenings, and we shall have to put them on *parole* soon ! and I wish all horses were as clever, and then the poor creatures would never be burned in their stables, as I have heard tell.

Gran. But you forget that the grooms lock them up at night with a strong key, for fear the horses should be stolen, instead of stealing away by themselves—a very different sort of affair. Now I will finish with Mary's little story about the two Skye terriers at Rokely. They had puppies at the same time, and after a few days a double litter was discovered in the basket of one dog, and the other mother was missing till evening. On further observation it was ascertained that regularly, on alternate days, one dog took a holiday, and brought its puppies into its neighbour's basket, and then took its accustomed rambles and pleasure ; the following day

the other did the same thing, and this continued until the nursing duties ended; and Mary adds, "This anecdote was told to me by Miss Morris herself, who witnessed the facts." So now, dear Johnnie, I shall stop and "rest on my oars," as you sailors would say.

Johnnie. And you deserve rest and thanks, which I give you with all my heart, for *I* have been amused at least.

CHAPTER III.

Gran. Are you not pleased, my dear Johnnie, to find yourself in so pretty a country place as this, in so lovely a county as Hampshire, which Miss Mitford describes in the following pretty lines?—

“ How lovely o’er thy valleys gay,
Sweet Hampshire, spreads the verdure mild !
How brightly shines the morning ray
That quivers on thy woodlands wild !

Eden of England, thou art fair !
Thine is each soft and lovely grace !
A Claude might catch his beauty there,
Or wild Salvator grandeur trace.

And here, beneath ‘ Ytene’s oaks,’
Where darkly spreads the forest gloom
That echoes to the woodman’s strokes,
The blushing rose delights to bloom.

Fair are thy villas, fairer still
The cots that skirt the greenwood side ;
Where some lone shallow babbling rill
Pours through the vale its silver tide.”

And now, dear Johnnie, to return to our friend's residence : how green and velvety the lawn is. Look at those pleasant preparations for croquet ; and, beyond, two pretty targets on that long, smooth, green terrace. To the right, that magnificent cedar of Lebanon, whose spreading arms afford a shelter for all the poor little birds when the wind blows strong, or the snow falls fast and thick. And see how, through its heaving branches, you gain a glimpse of the grey church tower, lit up by the rays of the setting sun, and backed by those fine old trees in the rookery below the terrace. Beyond, rise smooth green hills, that remind me of your own home in Scotland.

Johnnie. O grandmamma ! only look at those silly rooks with sticks in their beaks, and so busy building their nests just as the winter is coming on.

Gran. Indeed, Johnnie, I can assure you they are very wise birds ; and you will agree with me, I think, when you have heard all I can tell you about them. They are not now, as you suppose, building their nests, but repairing them for the

spring. Every year at this time they examine their houses ; and whenever they find a faulty stick, they pull it out and replace it by a good one ; then, when building-time really comes, these clever little architects again examine the twigs, and allow those only to remain which have stood the seasoning of the winter. I can tell you still greater wonders as to the instinct shown by rooks in their building arrangements. If a tree be decaying, and the upper branches in consequence are likely to prove unsafe, the old rooks not only desert it themselves, but peremptorily forbid the young and inexperienced last year's birds, just setting up housekeeping, from constructing their nests in so perilous a position.

Last season we counted eleven nests in that large elm which overshadows the dairy ; but, sad to say, just as the little birds were hatched there came a terrible storm, which swept away nests and nestlings. Thus warned, the parent-birds deserted the tree.

This spring the young rooks, knowing nothing of last autumn's misfortunes, fixed upon this very tree, as promising to afford a bright sunny shelter

for their little ones. They had no sooner, however, commenced constructing their nests, than the experienced rooks assembled, and, to judge by their cawing, warned the youngsters of the danger they were incurring. The heedless tribe turned a deaf ear to the remonstrance of their elders, who, finding their advice disregarded, proceeded at once to destroy the work. For six days this warfare continued, the young ones building, and the old ones pulling the nests to pieces ; till at last, the rebellious rooks were tired into submission, and took flight in search of another home.

Johnnie. I would not have been so obstinate and disobedient. Only think how much trouble they gave themselves by not listening to the wise old rooks.

Gran. Yes, Johnnie! but you must also think of the trouble it gave the old ones ; and it would be well if little boys and girls were always to consider how much trouble they give, not only themselves, but others, when they are naughty and perverse.

The instinct shown by rooks in their various proceedings is very wonderful,

I remember some years ago, a lady telling me that her attention was attracted by a large assemblage of rooks ranged on the lawn in a circle. In the midst stood one, with a dejected air, like a culprit on his trial, his head and wings drooping. The surrounding judges each in turn cawed slowly and solemnly, as though condemning the trembling culprit. When the last judge had cawed, full five minutes elapsed in dead silence; then all flew at once upon the wretched criminal and tore him to pieces.

Johnnie. O grandmamma! what a sad story! Why they were executioners as well as judges. Can you not tell me a pleasanter story?

Gran. I have one more before we have done, which will show you that little rooks, as well as little boys, have their lessons to learn.

A pair of old rooks accompanied by four rooklings alighted on a large green lawn, and proceeded to hop over a bush which grew there, the young ones following their example; the three elder ones were tolerably active, though of course not quite so expert as the papa and mamma. The fourth, however, a most clumsy little fellow,

catching his legs in the bush, fell flop on his side. For this awkwardness he received a sound beating, and was sent back again and again, to jump over the bush till he could accomplish the feat. The whole party then proceeded with their jumping exercise, till Mr. and Mrs. Rook, thinking it was supper-time, flew back, accompanied by their progeny, to the rookery.

Johnnie. Well, grandmamma, I always did detest my dancing lesson ; but having heard this story of the clumsy little rook, I will endeavour in future to like it better.

Gran. I have now a story for you, my dear Johnnie, which is somewhat different to what we have lately been talking about ; it is a real, true story of a curious fact which happened last year, and I know it will amuse and interest you very much. A friend of mine heard it from a lady who watched the proceeding day after day : so listen and I will tell you all that she told me.

Johnnie. Thank you, dear grandmamma, I will listen very attentively, and then I can remember it for Basil and Mark. Do you think it will amuse them too ?

Gran. I think it would very much; but you must judge of that for yourself, my dear boy, when you have heard it.

There is a beautiful place in Kent called "Vinters," the residence of Mr. James Whatman. The old Elizabethan house stands in the midst of a fine park, and it has handsome terrace-gardens about it, which, in one part, lead down by a steep descent to a rookery, and through this rookery you enter upon a rich valley, studded with glorious old forest trees of all kinds, interspersed with very fine hawthorns, which in spring are brilliant with blossom and redolent with perfume. A running stream flows through this valley, and a little to the left of the house it widens into a small lake. Now this piece of water is partly the scene of my story. There are always a number of Muscovy ducks and other wild fowl at Vinters; every year they number from seventy to eighty of these ducks, with their beautiful white plumage, dark purple heads, and red eyes. We must look for a description of them, Johnnie, in that book of Natural History which papa gave you the other day. Vinters is

also famous for its peacocks. And now begins my tale.

One day last year a fine Muscovy duck, the mother of a numerous brood of young ducklings, came to an untimely end, leaving eighteen or nineteen little orphans, which seemed in imminent danger of perishing, for want of their natural nurse and protector. Now it is a well-known fact in natural history, that the peacock has generally a natural enmity to young broods of every kind, whether they happen to be ducks, chickens, geese, or any other inhabitants of the poultry-yard ; and if an unfortunate little bird falls in the peacock's way, he is very apt to put a quick end to its young life, by a gentle peck at the back of the neck, and one such peck from the peacock's hard beak is quite enough, I assure you, to accomplish this. This strange dislike extends even to the peacock's own species, and even his poor wife, the pea-hen, is always obliged to hide her young for some weeks after they are hatched, for fear of her husband's ill-nature.

To the surprise of every one who saw it, a day or two after the mother duck's death, a stately

old peacock was observed to place himself at the head of the straggling and struggling orphans, marshal them into a regular line, and so conduct them to the edge of the lake, watching them plunge in, one by one, and disport themselves to their hearts' content, in their natural element, swimming round and round, dipping their little heads, tossing the water over their backs, then skimming gently along the surface in the true duckling fashion.

All this time the self-appointed guardian waited patiently on the bank ; he did not seem to watch them either with anxiety or fear, or any particular interest, but there he stayed and waited, and when the poor little ducklings were tired of their gambols and came out, he was on the watch, and conducted them back to the poultry-yard, in the same careful, methodical fashion with which he had led them out.

If a stray duckling, intent perhaps on the capture of a snail or a grub, left the line, the peacock gently guided it back again ; and, day after day, this same tender care was repeated by the old

peacock, till the brood were grown up and no longer needed his superintendence.

Johnnie. What an interesting story, dear grandmamma. It was delightful of the fine old peacock to make himself so useful.

Gran. Yes, dear Johnnie; and now tell me, what lesson you think this fine old peacock, as you call him, teaches us?

Johnnie. To be of use to others, I suppose, grandmamma, when there is an opportunity.

Gran. Quite right, Johnnie; only remember we should not *wait* for opportunities, but constantly *make* them, and be always ready to help others.

Johnnie. I do not know what you mean, grandmamma, by making an opportunity for helping others.

Gran. I mean, dear Johnnie, that we should be constantly on the look out and willing to be of use, which is the practical meaning of our Lord's command—"To love our neighbours as ourselves;" for we are all ready enough to do good to *ourselves*, are we not? but this will not make

us happy ; nor can we please our Heavenly Father unless we try to do to others as we would be done by. " To bear one another's burden, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Johnnie. Thank you very much, dear grand-mamma ; the next time I am going to do something very nice, and I think I could do a kindness to another instead, I will try and remember the old peacock and the care he took of those dear funny little ducklings.

Gran. Well, Johnnie, you are so fond of stories about dogs and cats, that I like to gratify you when I hear well-authenticated ones, especially if the person who tells them is a friend of our own. Here is one. A Scotch terrier, named Halt, the property of a clergyman, residing at that time in the south of Ireland, being of a peculiarly intelligent and sagacious breed, and also a great pet with the family, was observed one night to be particularly restless and uneasy, running in and out of the bedroom belonging to one of the boys, with whom the dog usually slept. At last, to attract observation more thoroughly, he commenced whining and crying piteously. The boy,

wondering what could be the matter, followed the dog downstairs, and, to his horror, he found one of the women servants sitting before the kitchen fire, fast asleep, with her clothes in a blaze. The dog exhibited great delight when she was awakened from her perilous position, and the fire extinguished.

A brother of the above-mentioned clever animal, which belonged to a gentleman living in the West of Ireland, had been for some time *suspected* of killing sheep, several having been found dead, with marks of strangulation about their throats. The gentleman observed to his steward in the dog's hearing, " If another sheep is killed I will have *him* shot." A few days after, whilst walking in the fields with a friend, the dog rushed up to his master, barking, and showing every appearance of fright and anger, running backwards and forwards, and at length pulling the gentleman's clothes to attract his attention. The two friends, then followed the dog immediately, which, running on before them, stopped at a deep ditch ; when, judge their astonishment, on seeing a large mastiff worrying a sheep, which died a few

minutes after; then the poor little terrier proved himself innocent, and very fortunately brought home conviction of guilt on the real criminal. How fortunate this was for *our* poor little countryman, was it not, Johnnie?

Johnnie. Yes, indeed, grandmamma; and it is a pity every thief and murderer, as the mastiff certainly proved himself to be, is not convicted and punished, as *he* no doubt was; but it is not every one who is *falsely* accused, like the little Scotch terrier, which was so clever as to find out the real culprit, and be able to bring him to justice. I am so glad he was saved from being unjustly shot.

Gran. I will now tell you another story, on the sagacity and faithfulness of a dog.

A short time ago, a dog, well known to the railway officials, from his frequently travelling with his master, presented himself at one of the stations on the Fleetwood, Preston, and Langridge line. After looking round for some time amongst the passengers and in the carriages, just as the train was about to start, he leaped into one of the compartments of a carriage, and laid him-

self down under a seat ; arrived at Langridge, he made another survey of the passengers, and after waiting until the station had been cleared, he went to the Railway Station Hotel, searched all the places on the ground floor, then made a tour of inspection through the adjoining grounds ; but being apparently unsuccessful, trotted back to the train, and took up his position again as before, just as it moved off.

Johnnie. Why, grandmamma, that dog seems to have had as much thought and reason as I could have had, if I had lost papa or you on my journey. I am sure I do not know what I should have done if I had found myself all alone amongst strangers, particularly if I could not have told any of them what I wanted or where I was going.

Gran. Well, we shall see how doggy managed. It appears that he had proceeded to the general railway station at Preston, and, after repeating the *looking-round* performance, placed himself under one of the seats in a train he had singled out of the many that are constantly popping and puffing in and out, and in due time they arrived at Liverpool.

Johnnie. I think I remember something of Liverpool,—where we embarked to go out to America; and it is an immense place, where both men and dogs, as well as little boys, could very easily lose themselves. I am sure I should be quite frightened to feel myself alone there.

Gran. And so should I; but you and I have, by God's great goodness to us, the gift of speech, so we could make inquiries of some civil policeman, or perhaps a kind passer-by, as to our road, which the poor dumb beast could not do; but he seems not to have been daunted by any former disappointment: on he goes, and, we are told, he next visited a few places where he had been before with his master, of whom (as it afterwards appeared) he was in search. Of his adventures in Liverpool little is known; but he remained there one night, and again returned to Preston early next morning. Still not finding his missing master, for the fourth time he "took the train"—this time, however, to Lancashire and Carlisle, at which latter place the sagacity and faithfulness of the animal, as well as its perseverance and the

tact, or *instinct*, he displayed in prosecuting his search, were rewarded by finding his master. Their joy at meeting was mutual.

I have some more capital stories, and all having occurred amongst friends, will, I am sure, make them much more interesting to you. I want to know why, when my stories entertain you so much, you cannot get your friends to tell you some good ones for my amusement.

Johannie. Oh, dear grandmamma, I cannot write so well as you do, nor so fast; and you have the art of making all stories seem so true, I could almost believe I had myself seen the things happen; so if you are *told* amusing or entertaining stories, you can write them down just as you heard them.

Gran. Well, here is one an old friend of mine gave me for you. "A spaniel which mamma once had, named 'Fan,' was, in her opinion, as remarkable for goodness, forgiveness, gentleness, and loving-kindness, as any human being could be! It was extremely wise, and certainly was a delightful companion, except when hares were in question, for then it forgot everything and every-

body in its pursuit, consequently became *disobedient*, which was one great drawback to its supposed perfect character! My friend had a dog Bessy, which was too proud to go in at the back door, though it condescended to go out with the gamekeeper, and remain with him until they came near home, when it would prefer sitting wet and hungry at the *front* door, rather than demean itself by going in at the back! It also taught its daughter Fan 'self-trust,' making it go by a separate path and meeting in the woods. This is far more like cunning reason than instinct. We have now two cats, mother and daughter, who fight furiously from jealousy of our favour. The old one is devoted to Evan, whom she follows like a dog; and when he goes away for a few days, she disappears altogether from house and garden, though not far off, as she is sure to reappear an hour or two after his return. The young one is fonder of Malcolm and Alpine, and goes mewling about the house when either of them is in it. Malcolm brought a coati-mandi from Brazil, which was so tame with the sailors, it ran up them as if they were

trees, then turned round on their shoulders, and with head downwards, would fight any dog that came near. He was particularly attached to Malcolm, and would sit on his shoulder, with his magnificent striped tail coiled round Malcolm's neck like a fur boa. He was obliged to be chained to a perch, because he would, if loose, break every scrap of crockery he could find, though not mischievous in other respects. Here he made great acquaintance with the above-mentioned cats, whom he used to hug *à la bear* ; and his favourite seat was in an empty coal-scuttle accidentally placed near his stand. Last winter we were afraid that the weather would be too cold for him, so we took him to the Zoological Gardens, and the journey from home would form a long story to tell a child, from his very odd antics in the railway carriage and on top of the cab, all the passengers asking what animal it could be. Some said it was a cat with a tiger's tail ; others thought it a new species of fox ; others again pronounced it a monkey ; but the general guess was a racoon, which, however, except in size, it in no way resembles. We were

sorry to leave it in so small a hutch at the Zoological Gardens; but we were quite sure it would be better taken care of than we could possibly do at home. A full year afterwards Malcolm went to see it with two friends, whom the animal growled and snarled at; but the moment Malcolm showed himself, and called 'Conney, Conney!' which was the name the sailors had given him, he seemed overjoyed to see him, and made strong efforts to get out to him."

Johnnie. I like that story very much, but I do not know that animal, and should like to hear more about it. It seems, however, to be able to be tamed, and become fond of those who are kind to it. Where does it come from? and what species does it belong to? Do tell me all you can of its history.

Gran. I think, dear boy, if I tell you what that great French writer on Natural History (Buffon) says of it, I could not give you better authority. He says, "The coati, or *Brazilian weasel*, is often called coati-mandi by different authors." He is of opinion that those two so named are only

slight variations (in colour chiefly) of the same animal. "It is an animal of prey, living on flesh and blood, and, like the fox and marten, it devours small animals, fowls, and eggs, and hunts for the nests of birds." Linnæus says, "It is equally numerous in South and North America ; in the length of his hind legs, the inclination of his head, the bushiness of his hair, and in his paws, he resembles the bear ; but he is small and familiar." The Crown Prince of Sweden once made a present of one of these to Linnæus, who kept it for a considerable time, but lost all the labour he bestowed in attempting to civilise it, for the coati-mandi, when it could steal out of the court-yard, *violating all the rights of hospitality*, flew at the poultry, tore off their heads, and *drank their blood!* This one was so obstinate it would do nothing it did not like or fancy. Though he was so small, he defended himself with great force when any one attempted to seize him against his will, and he stuck fast to the legs of those with whom he was familiar, when he wanted to ransack their pockets, and carry off what he found in them. But there is a remedy

for this obstinacy. The coati has a great aversion to hog's bristles, and the smallest brush makes him give up his enterprise. One day he was worried to death by a great mastiff. His mode of living was remarkable; he invariably slept from midnight till noon, waked the rest of the day, and walked about from six in the evening till midnight without the least regard to weather. This is probably the time assigned by Nature to this species of animal when in their own homes for procuring food, hunting birds, and discovering their eggs, which form their principal nourishment. They have peculiarly long beautifully-marked or ribbed tails, which they carry erect, and sweep about from side to side; he has a bad trick of gnawing off a portion of his own tail, as do also some species of monkeys, shortening them one-third. The coati has small eyes, short ears, shorter legs, and longer feet than the racoon; and, like it, has five toes on each foot. I think this description of the creature from two such high authorities will give you greater interest in the anecdote about the one sent to the Zoological Gardens by our friends.

Johnnie. I am sure, dear grandmamma, I shall like to learn all about animals. What you have told me already has amused me very much. Do you remember promising to give me some account of the beaver? You said they had a very curious way of building their houses, and showed a great deal of instinct in their habits.

Gran. I do, dear, and will now tell you what I know of their manners and customs; but I have gained my information chiefly from books, as I never had it in my power to study them myself. The beaver is a native of Europe, Asia, and America—the latter country it abounds in. Its body is about three feet long, the tail about one foot, oval, and a good deal flattened; the usual colour of the hair, which is very fine, smooth, and glossy, is chestnut, varying sometimes to black; it *has* been found white, cream-coloured, or spotted; the ears are short, and nearly hidden in fur. So much for its appearance. No other quadruped seems to possess so great a degree of natural sagacity, instinct, or reason, or whatever it may be called, as the beaver. Captain Cartwright, who lived a great many years in

Labrador, to collect the various furs of that dreary region, paid great attention to the habits of these creatures. He says their front teeth are well adapted for gnawing wood, being very strong. They feed on leaves and the bark of trees; when they eat they sit upright, and carry the food to their mouth as the squirrel tribe do. They eat no animal food whatever; beavers live in communities of two or three hundred together, inhabiting dwellings which they raise to the height of six or eight feet above the water. They select, if possible, a large pond, and raise their houses on piles, forming them either of a circular or oval shape, with arched tops, which give them on the outside the appearance of a dome, whilst within they have the appearance of an oven. Their number of houses in general is from ten to thirty. If they cannot find a pond to their mind, they fix on some flat piece of ground with a stream running through it. In making this a suitable place for their residence, a degree of sagacity and intelligence, of attention and memory, is exhibited nearly equal to that of the human race. Their first object is to form a dam: to do this, it is necessary that

they should stop the stream, and of course that they should know in which direction it runs. *This* seems a very extraordinary exertion of intellect, for they always do it in the most favourable place for the purpose, and *never* begin at a wrong part. They drive stakes five or six feet long into the ground, and interweave them with branches of trees, like wicker-work, filling them up with clay, stones, or sand, which they ram down so firmly, that though the dams are frequently a hundred feet long, Captain Cartwright says he has walked over them with the most perfect safety. These are ten or twelve feet thick at the base, gradually diminishing towards the top, which is seldom more than two or three feet across. They are exactly level from end to end, perpendicular towards the stream, and sloped outside, where grass soon grows and renders the earth more united. The houses are constructed, with the utmost ingenuity, of earth, stones, and sticks, cemented together, and plastered in the inside with the greatest neatness. The walls are about two feet thick, and the floors so much higher than the surface of the water as to prevent them from being flooded.

Some of the houses have only one floor, whilst others have three. The number of beavers in each house is from twenty to thirty. These sleep on the floor, which is comfortably strewn with leaves and moss, and each individual of the community is said to have his own place.

Johnnie. Indeed, grandmamma, I think people are very right who consider beavers such clever and sensible animals. I do not think any man could be wiser in making a snug and cosy house to live in than those creatures ; I should think they must be very warm so many living together, and then, being underground, they can never be kept awake at night by howling storms and wind, as we are. I am sure I have been often much frightened at night, expecting the chimneys to be blown down or the roof off ; therefore our little friends are far better off in such cases than we are. Do go on, if you have more to tell me.

Gran. Yes, I can furnish you with more information, which I have obtained through a very observant lover of the works of God. He tells me further, when they form a new settlement,

they begin to build their houses in summer, and it costs them a whole season to finish their work and lay in their store of provisions, which consist principally of bark and the tender branches of trees, cut into certain lengths and piled up in heaps for the winter. Their houses have each only one opening, and that under water and always below the thickness of the ice. By this means they are freed from the effects of the frost. Beavers seldom quit their residence, unless they are disturbed or their provisions fail. When they have continued in the same place three or four years, they frequently erect a new house every year, or sometimes repair an old one, and live in that. It often happens that they build the new house so close to the old one, that they cut a communication from one to the other, and this may have given rise to the idea of their having several apartments. During the summer they forsake their houses and ramble about from place to place, sleeping under bushes near the water-side. On the least noise they betake themselves to the water, for security ; and have sentinels, who, by a peculiar cry, give

notice of the approach of danger. In winter they never stir out, except to their magazine under water, and during that season become excessively sociable. We cannot wonder that such sociable creatures as the beavers are should also exhibit great attachment to each other. Two young ones that were once taken alive and brought home, were preserved for some time and thrived well, till one of them was accidentally killed. Its companion instantly showed its grief, and abstained from food till it died. A pretty fact is related by Major Roderford, who had a tame beaver above a year and a half in his house, where he followed him about like a dog. The major often gave him bread, but fish he especially delighted in, and was quite greedy of it. All the rags and soft things he could collect he carried to the corner where he was accustomed to sleep, and made a bed of them. The cat in the house having kittens, took possession of his bed, but he never attempted to prevent her. When puss went out the beaver was often seen to take the kitten which was preserved alive, in his fore paws very gently, and hold it to his bosom to keep it warm, and seemed to

dote upon it. As soon as the cat came back he always returned the kitten to her again. Sometimes he grumbled, but never did any harm, nor attempted to bite.

Johnnie. I think the beaver could be made very tame, and it would be nice to have one for a pet. I wonder more people do not keep them.

Gran. It would only be to gratify one's self, dear Johnnie, that any one would wish to keep them ; and it appears to me that a creature who has so many sociable qualities amongst its own species, would be much more happy in its own home than the most comfortable existence even a kind master could give it, as solitude and absence from one's own familiar friends must be a severe species of punishment, especially when we reflect what an intelligent creature the beaver is.

Johnnie. You are right, grandmamma ; I was only thinking of my own amusement. Are not the skins of beavers very valuable ?

Gran. Yes, love, they bring a good price, both those of America and Russia ; those of a black colour are preferred, especially when caught during the winter, as at that season the fur is

much finer and closer. Sometimes as many as fifty-four thousand are sold at one sale. Poor little things, they are generally caught in traps, or by netting their holes. By land their motions are very slow, and they are remarkably timid creatures and easily killed, though they possess teeth extremely sharp and strong, and, therefore, could make a stout defence. If they happen to meet a man, they are so frightened that they sit down and cry like a child.

Now, then, I think I have told you quite enough of these intelligent creatures to make you long to get more particulars regarding them; and while you are living in Russia, it is by no means impossible you may be fortunate enough to see one of their wonderful settlements, in which case I shall undoubtedly look for a letter from you, giving me all your observations about them and all you can pick up from the natives near whom they live. Good night.

CHAPTER IV.

Gran. A very interesting story was told me the other day by a clergyman, and I will relate it to you exactly in his words.

“ As I was journeying the other day to W., and my mind busily occupied with the book I was reading, I was startled by seeing two men running by the side of the carriage and making strong signs for me to stop. At first I thought that they might have some evil intentions, but as I quickly discerned more of anxiety than mischief in their faces, I ordered the coachman to pull up. One of the men immediately came to the carriage door, and, breathless from his exertions of running so fast, gasped out, ‘ Oh ! sir, the child ! the child ! ’ I was very much alarmed, for it struck me that I might have driven over some poor child, or knocked it down, or in some way done it some

great mischief. 'What is the matter?' I exclaimed, 'what do you mean?' 'Oh! sir,' again the man cried out, 'the child! the child!' My anxiety was increased. 'What child? How can I help you?' I said. At length the man recovered his breath, and proceeded to satisfy my curiosity. He told me they had found a little girl about six years of age wandering about on the downs, and crying very bitterly. On their asking her what was the matter with her, she told them that she had been sent out early in the morning to take some sheep to pasture, and on her trying to return home had lost her way. The sun was now going down, and the poor little thing complained of being very hungry, as she had eaten nothing since her very early breakfast. My informant told me that he had given the poor child something to eat, but what to do with her now he knew not. As he saw my carriage coming along, it occurred to him that I might take her some way on my road, as he imagined, from the little information he could glean from her, that she lived somewhere in the direction in which I was going. He had asked her where

she lived, who her parents were, and what was her name ; but to none of these simple inquiries could he obtain any satisfactory answer. It seemed to me a curious story, and one of some practical perplexity, but I could not refuse to take charge of the little foundling, and so I at once complied with the man's request to take her with me, and make diligent inquiries as I went along the road about her parents and her home. While the man was relating these particulars of the child, the rest of the party came up, bringing the poor little creature with them. She appeared very much bewildered, and would make no reply to any question I put to her. I placed her in the carriage, and promising the men who found her that I would do what I could to restore her to her home, I drove off. From the unhappy state of my little companion's mind, I knew that it would be of no use to attempt to question her, so I endeavoured to amuse her with flowers, and then I gave her some biscuits. Under these simple attentions she seemed to rouse herself a little, but still I was quite unable to get at her name and the place of her home. I

made several fruitless attempts, and I was considering with myself what in the world I should do with her ; she could not live very far away, and I knew that if we proceeded many miles upon the road there was no chance of restoring her to her friends that night. I could not help thinking of the distress that there would be in her simple home when the night came on and she did not return. My thoughts naturally turned to what my own feelings would be were it my own child that had missed its way, and was wandering about the wide downs that skirted the road—houseless and hungry. And then, again, I could scarcely keep from being angry with the child for being so stupid as not to know her own name, and not to be able to give me any hint by which I might find out her home. It appeared to me that there was nothing for me but to carry her to W., and continue my search for her friends in the morning. While all these various thoughts were chasing each other in my mind, I was startled by the child starting up and crying out—‘ There he is ; there he is.’ ‘ There is *who* ? ’ I said with great eagerness. ‘ Who ? ’ ‘ There is father ; ’ and

looking in the direction in which her eyes were bent, I saw upon the brow of the downs what appeared to me only two black specks thrown out into view by the last rays of the setting sun. The animation of the child seemed all at once restored ; her eye, which before was heavy, now lighted up as she clapped her little hands together and again exclaimed—now looking to me for sympathy—‘There he is ; I know him by the dog.’ I could now discern what I thought was the outline of two figures—a man and a dog. My delight was very great, and I immediately stopped my carriage and got out into the road. I mounted upon a little mound by the road-side, and then waved my hat to the figure that was slowly moving about on the downs and slopes : it was some time before I was observed ; at last the man noticed my motions, and began very rapidly to descend the hill. The dog ran on before him, every now and then turning round to watch the actions of his master. When he had come within hearing distance, I shouted out to him—‘Are you looking for your child ?’ The moment the question reached him he stood still,

motionless as if he had been turned into a pillar of stone; he made no reply. I repeated the question; still no answer. I could see the dog looking up into his face. I asked the little girl if that were her father; she said, 'Oh yes, and that's the dog.' I then cried out to the man—'Come on; I have got your child;' and I never shall forget the scene, for the father, now overcome by his feelings, realised to my mind, in a way I never knew before, the beautiful words of Sacred Scripture—'He lifted up his voice and wept;' and it was some little time before he recovered himself sufficiently to advance. I told the child to get out of the carriage, that her father might see her, but the moment she stepped into the road the dog bounded towards her, and, coming up, placed his two paws upon her shoulders and licked her face. It was a scene that Landseer would have liked to witness, for never did I see joy more clearly expressed by a human countenance than I did at the moment in the *smiling* face of that intelligent and *sympathising* dog. The father was overjoyed on receiving from me his lost daughter. He told me

he had been wandering hours and hours on the downs in the greatest anxiety, and was just giving up his search as fruitless when he perceived me waving to him. I could not help remarking the joyous expression of the dog. 'Yes,' he said, 'poor fellow! he is now rewarded as well as myself, for as he shared with me in my grief, he now partakes my joy.' My little foundling seemed to be as much attached to the dog as to her father, for she certainly viewed her fourfooted friend with much more earnestness than her anxious and much delighted parent. After having administered to the shepherd a little good advice as to the future care of his child, I entered my carriage and drove off."

Gran. Dear Johnnie, as I have amused you for some time with my stories, before I tell you any more, I am going to give you a little poem, translated from the German of Körner, by your Uncle Henry, which I should like you to learn to repeat; and though it is called "The Soldier's Prayer," it is one equally applicable to the sailor, for the same God who protects the hero by land can save the hero of the sea.

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

(Translated from the German of Körner, by H. L.)

O LORD ! Thou art my star by night,
My glorious sun by day,
My shield of faith, my sole delight,
Where'er my footsteps stray.
Since Thou, O Lord, art ever near,
Can pilgrim man have cause to fear ?

Give to my arm the strength to wield
The sword for justice drawn ;
Grant that to foe I ne'er may yield ;
Of honours ne'er be shorn.
Lay bare the breast of every foe :
Oh, guide my hand—direct my blow !

Ne'er may my steed his footsteps miss
When yawns the chasm wide ;
Send angels from Thy realms of bliss,
My ways to watch and guide.
Be Thou my star—my only stay,
When o'er the desert lies my way.

Give me to scent Thy balmy breeze,
To feel Thy grateful shade,
Ere pale fatigue my limbs shall seize,
Ere sight and strength shall fade.
Close Thou mine eyes, and let me roam
O'er heavenly realms and find my home !

Johnnie. That is very pretty, grandmamma,
and I will learn it as quickly as I can, to please

both you and Uncle Henry. I like poetry very much, and I hope you will give me more sometimes, after you have told us the stories ; it will be so nice. But tell me who Körner was, and where he was born.

Gran. He was born at Dresden in 1791, and being very delicate in his early life, he was not allowed to study much. He early displayed a talent for musical composition, but did not like a quiet life of study. He was a bold rider, a fearless swimmer, a skilful fencer, an eager dancer, and he selected a profession which would call forth his proficiency in physical, as well as intellectual exercises. In 1808 he went to Friburg to study mining, and in 1810 to Berlin, where, by the publication of a series of dramas, he first laid claim to the title of poet, which his late glorious battle-songs firmly established. In 1813 the war of liberation began in Germany, opening to Körner a congenial field of action. He enrolled himself among the Prussian volunteers, but too quickly met the fate that forms the invariable refrain of his verses. He fell in a skirmish near Schwerin, only two hours after

writing his "Sword Song," which I will repeat you now, as it also was translated by your uncle but recollect, I quite expect, as *my* reward, that you learn it by heart.

THE SWORD SONG.

(Translated from the German of Körner, by H. L.)

THOU trusty brand, at my left hand,
What mean those sunny smiles ?
Thy friendly e'e bent down on me
With joy my day beguiles.

Hurrah !

"A noble knight of many a fight
Bears me,—for him my joy—
In freedom born, by freedom worn,
My joy has no alloy."

Hurrah !

Yes ! noble sword, I pledge my word
I'm free, yet bound to thee
As if some bride were by my side,
Or maid betroth'd to me.

Hurrah !

"In woe or weal, this form of steel
For aye shall be with thee.
Oh ! for a sign that thou art mine,—
When com'st thou, love, for me ?"

Hurrah !

The trumpet's notes announce to hosts
Our marriage morn is near,
When cannons roar, when flows the gore,
I'll come for thee, my dear.

Hurrah !

" Oh, happy kiss of endless bliss !
I long to call thee mine ;
Oh, take thy bride unto thy side—
Her maiden heart is thine ! "

Hurrah !

Why rings my steel a merry peal
Within its sheath of mail,
Like joyful sound of battle-ground
Where warriors faint and fail ?

Hurrah !

" Would'st know, love, why I raise that cry ?
'Tis for the bloody fight ;
For this I long, for this I'm strong,
For this I'm keen and bright. "

Hurrah !

Roam not, mine own, beyond thy home,
Nor seek the light above ;
Here must thou stay, nor turn away
Until I come, my love.

Hurrah !

" Oh, leave me not in this lone spot,
Far from those flowery plains,
Where blood-red blows the tender rose,
Where death in beauty reigns. "

Hurrah !

Leap from thy sheath—no victor's wreath
Was ever prized as thou ;
Come forth, my blade, for with thy aid
Our country's foes must bow.

Hurrah !

“ What joy for me to feel I'm free !
Ho, for the bridal meal,—
Lit by the ray of brilliant day,
Where brightly shines the steel.”

Hurrah !

Now let her sing her joyous hymn
Unfetter'd at our side :
Behold the dawn of the marriage morn—
Hurrah ! thou iron bride !

Hurrah !

Johnnie. Oh, thank you, grandmamma—that is quite the song of a warrior ; and when I am a sailor I hope my sword will be well employed if it is necessary to fight for my dear good Queen and country—and you always tell me I have the blood of heroes in my veins, who have done a great deal of good service in many parts of the British empire ; and I hope I shall also become a brave man. But now, please, you must begin and tell me some of your nice stories again.

Gran. I will try and tell you, as well as I can,

a very curious and amusing story, which my friend, Mrs. Llewellyn Irby, told me a few days ago, when I went to call on her at Torquay, where she has been this winter for the benefit of her health. Her father, at his beautiful place, Faulkbourn Hall, in the county of Essex, had a very pretty Welsh pony, called Nobby, and this creature was so clever and so cunning, he could open every gate, in whatever manner it might be fastened. Latches were of no avail against Mr. Nobby's tongue. They tried tying the gates with rope—he could undo the knots; padlocks were suggested and put on—these at first were puzzling to our friend, but he was not even thus to be balked of his pleasure in roaming where he pleased; when he found he could not master the mystery of the locks, he actually lifted the gates off their hinges, and got out! Nobby, too, was of a very sociable and kind disposition, extremely polite in his manners, and very friendly with his neighbours; and he seems to have been an especial favourite with the cows, whose companion he frequently was, sharing their pasturage. Mrs. Irby said, that if the cows and he were

secured in a field in which was no water, they have by some language unknown to us informed their friend when they wanted to drink, and he has *been seen* frequently to open the gate for them, and hold it open till all the cows and calves had passed through. Moreover, when the cows have been grazing in the park, and Nobby at a considerable distance off, in another part of the property, the cows, not having sense and instinct to enable them to overcome the gate difficulties, have been known, in their distress for water, to call Nobby to their aid, and he, instantly leaving his own dinner-table, hastened to the assistance of his fair friends, opening the gates and holding them so, till they all passed through and reached the desired stream. Whether Nobby bowed to the ladies as they passed him, is not recorded; yet we may well imagine, that so high-bred a quadruped as he evidently was, did all that his innately kind nature taught him was polite. I therefore think, dear Johnnie, you will agree with me, that this dear, nice pony might teach boys and girls some very excellent moral lessons in kindness and friendliness to neighbours in distress.

Nobby gave another very wonderful example of his forethought and wisdom, which we can scarcely account for, as it showed such extraordinary reasoning powers. One of the other horses of the establishment had been very ill, and confined for a long time to the stable. Nobby, when all the servants were occupied, one day got out of his field, went to the stable, opened the door, and brought out his sick friend; took him a long walk all round the park, opening several gates, and did not return by the same route he went out; allowed him to eat some fine fresh grass, and brought him back to the stable. A man, with all his wisdom and reasoning faculties, could not have done more.

Johnnie. Ten thousand thanks, dear grand-mamma, for so delightful a story. I have always been told that horses had very good memories, and never forgot a place where they had once been to and well treated; but Nobby seems to have had more than a good memory, he was so clever in many ways; but he must have been rather troublesome also, as bolts and locks did not appear of much use in keeping him in, and I daresay the

servants were often provoked with his wandering habits. I think our good Copeland would have tried some plan to keep him in, if Willie's beautiful pony at Thirlestane ever tried such tricks.

Gran. An aged gentleman, who dwelt some years ago at Torquay, had a favourite bullfinch, which was very tame, and of a most affectionate disposition. The door of its cage was usually left open in the daytime, and when called by its master, it was wont to fly across the drawing-room, and to perch upon his head or arm, where it would feed upon the seeds or crumbs which were presented to it. Occasionally, Bully would fly out of his cage without being summoned, and then the first notice received by his master (who was nearly blind) of his little favourite's approach, was the twitting of a hair upon his head, or the fluttering of the bird's wings upon his shoulder. Often, when he walked up and down the room, Bully would fly after him, or flutter around his steps, as if he were pleased by the kind and familiar words addressed to him by his master. This loving intercourse had subsisted a long while between the gentleman and



"May I be as ready"

his winged favourite, when Bully was suddenly attacked by disease, and seemed to be at the very point of death. The poor little creature being unable to stand upon its perch, was laid upon some soft moss which was placed at the bottom of its cage, and there it lay, with closed lids and panting breast, taking no notice of any one that approached the cage. The kind master, who on that day was suffering from indisposition, sat at the other end of the apartment reclining in his arm-chair. One of his daughters coming into the room, he begged of her to go and look at Bully, and to tell him whether there seemed to be any chance of his recovery. She brought him the unwelcome tidings that poor little Bully was evidently dying. Looking very sad, he said, "I wonder whether he would take any notice of me now!" and then raising his voice, he said, "Bully, Bully, come to your master." The dying bird, on hearing this well-known voice, raised its drooping wings, sprang out of its cage, and in one moment fell dead upon the floor at his feet.

The gentleman was deeply affected by this last proof of his favourite's attachment to him; and

with a voice trembling with emotion, he said to his daughter,—

“ May *I* be as ready to fly to *my* Master, when He calls me hence ! ”

THE BIRD'S LAY.

How blithe a thing at morning tide
To hear thy joyous lay,
Like gladdening notes of youthful bride,
Or lover's roundelay.

Across the lake, where mirror'd lie
The roseate hues of day,
Deck'd with fair Autumn's panoply,
To see thee wing thy way.

List in thy flight to tinkling bells,
Whose kind familiar sound
Of emerald fields and pasture tells,
And golden harvest ground.

Now find within this tender rose
A cup of sparkling dew,
Now linger where the tulip glows
And boasts of brighter hue.

Or scan awhile the lily's bed
With silvery mantle spread,
And shelter there thy weary head
Till noon's warm rays are sped.

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CHAPTER V.

Gran. Well, Johnnie, a kind and merry friend of mine, who dearly loves fun, and enters with all his heart into a joke, has communicated, in verse, a true piece of merriment, the author of which he knew. I hope the little history of "Bryan O'Lynn and his well-trained Pig" will make you laugh. My friend has a fund of good stories for amusing boys and girls, and delights to hear the ringing peals of laughter from their little throats; and as I well know that you and your brothers enjoy merry-making as much as any boys of my acquaintance, I have had great pleasure in copying for you those original and unpublished memorials of Master O'Lynn's entrance on the school life, which he appears to have relished with the keenness of a true-born son of our beautiful Emerald Isle. I will give this chapter no further preface.

BRYAN O'LYNN AND HIS PET PIG.

(Original; from the Emerald Isle.)

BRYAN O'LYNN was very well known
As a pickle that could not be match'd in the town :
A pet of his mother, who pined and grew thin
At the sad thoughts of parting with Bryan O'Lynn.

With a prospect to save him, to school he must go,
Or he'd most likely go to the regions below ;
To avert such a destiny, poor Mrs. Lynn
Reluctantly parted with Bryan O'Lynn.

Freed from the apron-string and mother's care,
Bryan took leave, with heart light as air ;
His mind full of play, and the games he should win,
Were the only things thought of by Bryan O'Lynn.

The good tidy mother, to have all things neat,
Pack'd his trunk, and stow'd in it (by way of a treat)
Some raspberry jam, in a small case of tin,
Which she knew would be relish'd by Bryan O'Lynn.

With wholesome advice and affectionate kiss,
She tender'd the jam, saying, " Make friends with this ;
Remember the maxim of old Gourn and Quin,
Just please a man's palate, his friendship you'll win."

" Stage come, sir ! " All ready. The party are in.
" Give the coachman directions," cried old Mrs. Lynn
" At the end of the stage, just next to the inn,
You'll please set me down," says Bryan O'Lynn.

Lady.

" Oh, my corns !" squeak'd a female, aroused from her sleep.

Instinct ; or Reason ?

Bryan.

"You should not," said Bryan, "such company keep ;
Corns should always be *cut*, by ladies and men,
Or the vulgar intruders will come back again."

Lady.

"It's well, my young gent, you are going to school,
To learn, I should hope, of politeness some rule ;
May I ask, what your aim is ? or what you're to be ?
For, if you were mine, I would send you to sea."

Bryan.

"I daresay you're right, it's a fine field for fame,
Where ambitious youth *may* pick up a name ;
But the wiseacres tell me I cannot aim higher
Than to purify Thames, or set it on fire.

Rewards may be gain'd—it may be my lot
In the water to make a hole, or stop a shot ;
These things are all chance, we don't know our fate,
Where or what it may be—whether early or late.

I always liked play, ma'am, which used to annoy
Dear mother, who wish'd I'd not been a boy.
Boys *will* be boys, ma'am, who must have their frisk ;
There's no fun in play, ma'am, unless there is risk."

Lady.

"No doubt, your good mother, indulgent and kind,
Has taken some pains to tutor your mind."

Bryan.

"Yes, she made me repeat, to guard me from sin,
These lines, night and morning," said Bryan O'Lynr

"Let us live while we live, and so manage our day,
That we need not regret what we do or we say ;
Bearing this well in mind, that whatever we do,
We always God's precepts keep strictly in view."

The sound of the horn, heard by those in the town,
Where the coach was to stop and set Bryan down,
Accounted for all the boys brought to the door,
For they'd heard of his coming a long while before.

They, on his alighting, crowded all round about,
To ascertain what sort of fellow they'd got :
Whether ugly, good-looking, fast or slow, slim or stout.
A volley of questions assail'd Bryan's ear,
How to answer them all was not quite so clear. '

Bryan.

"What a Babel," cried Bryan, "turn out your best man ;
I'll answer you all, one by one, if I can."

Boys.

"Hurrah for old plucky ! bravo, bravo, well done :
This fellow's no muff ; he's brimful of fun."

Dr. Bircham's appearance dispersed the whole crew ;
Saluting young Bryan with "Well, how d'ye do ?"
Took him into the study to see Mrs. B.,
Who won Bryan's heart through some muffins and tea.

The tea once discuss'd, John came in for the tray,
When the voice of the doctor called Bryan away,
That Bryan might hear for himself the strict rules
Laid down for all boys whilst at public schools.

Doctor.

"Your mother, O'Lynn, in this letter, speaks well
Of your talent, and wish to write better and spell;
This you'll easily do, if you will, day by day,
First finish your lessons, and then go to play.

Whatever you do, *be in earnest*, my boy!
To do the thing well, and *your time well employ*;
Do little by little, you'll heap up a store
Of learning, to vie with the wise men of yore.

Keep well their trite sayings stored up in your mind,
As example—you cannot a better guide find;
This, perhaps, will enable you some day to say,
'Thank God, I have done something good in my day!'

Here's the seniors' room, where I wish you to be.
Take care of O'Lynn, boys! I trust you'll agree.
Whilst the wind's in the east, I cannot go out;
I leave it with you, boys, to show him about."

[*Exit Doctor.*]

Boys.

"If we only could get the old buffer to stay
With his asthma indoors, we could have our own way
Out of bounds—oh! how jolly—no end then of fun."

Bryan.

"Well," says Bryan, "sure that may be easily done."
"Pooh, bosh!" says the captain, "that cannot be done."

Bryan.

"I'm in earnest," said Bryan; "it's none of my fun.
With a twopenny kite, and a roll of silk thread,
I'd the vane (pointing east) tie fast at the head.

The doctor says this, ' The wind in the east
I can't stand ; it's not good for man nor for beast.'
Let's please him by sticking the weathercock fast,
As the first thing he does is to look at the mast.

But the gard'ner and watchman stand much in our way ;
It's right that these men take part in our play.
I vote that each man should have his tongue tied :
With a stiff glass of toddy suppose they're supplied ? "

The captain, enraged, left his seat in a huff,
In an undertone muttering, " What infernal stuff !
I repeat, once for all, it's bosh and won't do,
What nonsense you talk—it's all botheroo."

The boys took a different view of the case,
And proposed, on the captain resuming his place,
That their votes should decide by the box going round,
Which done, only one dissentient was found.

As the captain assumed now a different tone,
It was right, all agree, the affair to postpone ;
For a long and strong pull, with all hands agreed,
In most undertakings was sure to succeed.

The captain's contempt stirr'd up Bryan's pluck,
Who silently thought, " I'll match *you*, my buck.
Your pooh ! bosh ! and sneer, shan't unnoticed be ;
No hurry, my boy—wait a bit, and you'll see."

He very soon learnt all the names in the school,
Their sleeping arrangement and nick-names in full ;
The captain was Smouch—thought false, and a sneak,
Who toadied the doctor and acted as *beak*.

The bedsteads, all single turn-ups, were in rows ;
At night the turn-ups were turn'd down for repose ;

Old Smouch's was slyly marked out from the rest,
But determined by Bryan to be *no bed of rest*.

He watched well his time, when the boys were at play
At cricket, or football, on a half-holiday,
To hollow the leg of old Smouch's bed,
And double him up with his heels to his head.

In the dead of the night, when all in a doze,
Indulging in one note produced by the nose,
Call'd snoring in concert, a blow-up took place,
Causing each head to start from its down-pillow-case.

The flash and report, and the screaming for light,
For help and police, show'd a general fright ;
The sudden flash left them in darkness and doubt,
To understand what all this rout was about.

The first on the spot to afford some relief
Was Nodding, the watch, who, instead of a thief,
Found the bedstead of Smouch in *hospital trim*,
Denuded and shatter'd, with loss of a limb.

The explosion had carried Smouch three beds away
Where, stiff as a statue, he uninjured lay,
With lips blue, and face of such turnip hue,
That Smouch's identity none of them knew.

The whole of the boys left their beds at a bound,
Nearly smothering Nodding by crowding around ;
As moths and mosquitoes infest the rushlight,
And leave you in darkness before it's daylight.

The sound, in the passage, of footsteps drew near,
But who should first enter was not quite so clear
(No wonder the Johns and the Bettys felt queer).

The cook with her spit, and Kitty with broom,
Led the van, with the rest in their nightly costume.

John and Judy, the scullion, with clatter and chatter,
Were not behindhand to learn what was the matter ;
All gabbling at once—"What is it, oh dear !
It must be an earthquake, or burglars, I fear."

Some with fright were so seized as to threaten their wits,
Others halted to look to the nursemaid in fits.
What with barking of dogs, and arms in array,
The scene was quite worthy a Hogarth's display.

The order, "Move on," inspired great delight,
As it show'd police present, although not in sight ;
So motley a group, so arm'd and so dress'd,
Was thought by police to be got up in jest.

That no interruption might inquiry disjoint,
Attention was call'd to the question in point.
A blow-up in that room had occur'd, was most true ;
But who was the cause, none could trace the least clue.

The primary object was old Smouch's bed,
From which he was pitch'd on one three beds ahead ;
No trace of a train—no match on the ground,
Although they minutely search'd all round and round.

As the bedstead was French-make, how came it there ?
Why, the purchase was made when abroad at a fair,
At the time of that rascal Fieschi's machine,
And no hands had touch'd it since here it had been.

This proved most conclusive, and satisfied all,
Excepting old Smouch, who felt his downfall ;
A ling'ring suspicion still lurking behind,
But not being much hurt, he didn't much mind.

Instinct; or Reason?

The bustle subsiding, there was no more to do
Than dismiss the police and the terrified crew ;
By the time that the whole of the nightcaps retired
The best half, at least, of the night had expired.

The result proved most lucky—getting rid of the stew
It had put Bryan in ; but he very well knew
The secret (held sacred within his own breast)
Had not been entrusted to one of the rest.

He now could return to the project in view
Respecting the vane, which he meant to get through,
Taking safely for granted time tended to soothe
All angry passions, and a rough course to smooth.

The effect upon Smouch took time to repair,
The remains of the fright sticking fast in his hair—
Each hair from its neighbour stood aloof in array,
As porcupine's quills, bristling up in affray.

In other respects he was quiet and mild,
With his temper subdued as that of a child,
Who, spoilt, whilst at home shows off with its tricks,
But at school such are cured by rod, cuffs, or kicks.

It was found the detectives could no one accuse,
So further inquiry was of no further use ;
And finding the boys all friendly inclined,
The report "Accidental" was considerate and kind.

This printed report was made known to all
The friends at a distance and those within call ;
Letters pass'd to and fro for a month or six weeks,
Which suited O'Lynn for his stratagem freaks.

Though the lull at the school answer'd Bryan full w
Not so with the parish, for no one could tell

Why the doctor neglected his duty so long ;
No voice in his favour, they all thought it wrong.

A vestry meeting was call'd, to find out
The cause that the doctor had not been about
His parochial duties : they determined to know,
And to give it importance, in a body to go.

The reception was courteous ; their question was met
By " Just look at the vane ! I can't go out yet,
For my enemy still blows full from the east,
And has blown from that point for six weeks, at least."

All shouted, " Why, doctor, you're surely misled—
We have had no east wind all the time you have said.
Your vane must be rusted, or something gone wrong,
For we've not had an east wind for ever so long."

On the spokesman departing, the doctor express'd
His deep obligation to him and the rest,
Requesting the party would say what was kind
To the rest of his vestry friends they left behind.

With his school (to avoid being set down as an ass)
He made up his mind not to let the thing pass
Without some inquiry ; so the captain was told
To muster the household, both the young and the old.

Doctor.

" I've call'd you before me to clear up a doubt
Respecting the vane, which has caused all this rout.
Accidental, it may be, I fain would allow ;
But I wish to learn more than what I've heard now.

The cause of the mischief (so far brought to light,
As arising, forsooth, from the string of a kite)

Is a trespass on rules—although it's *no sin*—
But the string of the kite is traced to O'Lynn.

There's nought to be done at a public school,
Unless you adhere most strictly to rule ;
Proof circumstantial's sufficient for me
To form a right judgment, and here's my decree.

On the person of Bryan O'Lynn has been found
Some kite-string, alike that found on the ground ;
This inferring connivance, there's nothing left for't
But to issue my verdict—the sense of the court—

That Bryan O'Lynn an impos should have
(The slightest of punishment this side of the grave) ;
He must work in my study, screen'd under my eye—
"To redeem a good name, be attentive and try.

In giving this verdict, allow me to say,
To check such like conduct admits no delay—
If taken in time it sets all things right :
I rely on your good sense, and wish you good night ! "

Next morning, poor Bryan was steady at work
In the study, to show he'd no wish to shirk ;
The doctor, on seeing the boy had set to,
Thought well of the project—making sure it would do—

So seated himself in his well-padded chair,
To compose (as was usual) his next Sunday prayer—
The chair placed to shut out the view of the green,
Dead silence prevail'd on each side of the screen,

Which was suddenly broken by a tremendous crash,
From a basket of bricks breaking in the whole sash !
"Lord, ha' mercy !" cried Bircham, in his chair falling back
"The chimneys have fallen,—no doubt, the whole stack.
No, no ! it's that devil's imp, Bryan O'Lynn."

Bryan.

"Here am I, sir !"

Doctor.

"Well, well ; I forgot you were in."

Bryan.

"Well, indeed ! It's not well. I'm always to blame,
Let me be where I will, it is always the same.

I've not moved an inch, nor out of this been
Since you placed me yourself on this side the screen ;
When I'm wrong, correction I'm ready to bear,
But to bear blame for others is hardly fair."

"Come, come, never mind—you may leave off your task,
You've shown a good will, and that's all I ask.
Ring, ring ! let us know what is to be done—
This sounds like a failure of Whitworth's new gun."

The noise from the crash that the lot of bricks made
Caused alarm through the house, bringing John and the maid
To the door, when a loud voice was heard from within—

Doctor.

"Fools ! why stand you there ?—why don't you come in ?
My head's in a whirl from this terrible fright ;
I must see my doctor, to know that all's right ;
My vision's affected—he'll most likely cup
And send me to bed, for I cannot sit up.

It's time for the doctor to call in his round :
That was surely his ring, and his voice, by the sound.
Oh ! Bolus, step in—I'll see no other man ;
You're the man to assist me, if any one can.

My pulse is now going at a too rapid rate,
So put on *the drag* before it's too late."

Doctor Bolus.

"It's too fast and too full—you must e'en lose some blood,
And take what I send you, which will do you good.

Fight shy of the shambles, take spoon-meat and slops—
The muzzle put on, and avoid mutton chops ;
Persevere in this treatment, there's not the least doubt,
In a day or two hence you'll be jumping about."

Strict injunctions, by Bolus, were soon carried out,
To see that the boys in their games made no rout ;
To render this sure, and allay all his fears,
He with cotton effectually plugged both his ears.

Bryan thought that the best thing now to be done
Was to see to his pig, that was training to run
For a mile, against all the boys in the school,
Or any one else, who subscribed to their rule.

It was voted that Bryan should visit the sty
Alone, to avoid risk of discovery ;
So, muffled in great-coat, and pockets profound,
He unobserved got to the selected ground.

There were pigsties in plenty, but one caught his eye,
Where the old sow frisk'd merrily with her young fry.
They all looked so jolly—he walk'd himself in—
"I'll make one amongst you," said Bryan O'Lynn.

Much amused with their antics, he laugh'd with delight,
"Oh, you dear little things, I can't part with you quite ;"
So he open'd his pockets, popp'd two of them in—
"Say good-bye to mamma, dears," said Bryan O'Lynn.

The old sow rush'd at him, had him down in a crack,
Lying sprawling in mire, and flat on his back.
"Well, we'll have a fair fight, whoever may win,
So, St. Patrick for Ireland," cried Bryan O'Lynn.

The struggle was doubtful, the sow proved a *bore*
To poor Bryan, whose coat she very soon tore
Off short by the waist. "Well, I've got a whole skin,
And a spencer to boot," cried Bryan O'Lynn.

The sow now tried hard the pigs to let out,
But O'Lynn's button'd pockets sore puzzled her snout ;
She snuffled and squeak'd to the young pigs within ;
"She's abusing my tailor," thought Bryan O'Lynn.

Whilst routing Lynn's tail, his snuff-box supplies
A plentiful dose to their snouts and their eyes ;
The pigs sneezed in concert, without and within—
"Irish blackguard for ever !" cried Bryan O'Lynn.

Poor Lynn's dirty tails were of no further use,
From having encounter'd such swinish abuse ;
"I'll e'en leave my tail in the mess it's now in,
I'm better without it," cried Bryan O'Lynn.

Having seen that his racing pet pig was all right,
He had to insure getting back before night ;
But as he no longer was dress'd *a la mode*,
It was right to avoid the gaze of the road.

So a steeplechase journey, over hedge, ditch, and swamp,
Made his pig-expedition a regular tramp ;
This brought him unseen to the school garden wall,
Which he readily scaled without ladder or fall.

His arrival was greeted with laughter and jokes,
The fight had so alter'd his dress and his looks—

Boys.

“What have you been at? What a regular Guy!
Where's the tail of your coat?”

Bryan.

“Oh, that's in the sty!

But now let's to business. Old Nodding agrees
That the race should come off at one, if you please.
As the pig dines at mid-day, don't start him till one,
By delaying the hour the faster he'll run.”

The orders for feeding were funny enough,
For the pig had to run the said mile to his trough;
The plans *diplomatique* were so well contrived,
That all was *sub rosa*, till all had arrived.

To muster the boys, Nodding's rattle was sprung,
And all to start fair when the house-bell was rung:
Away went the pig, and the whole tribe of boys
Adding speed to his running by their unearthly noise.

Well train'd to the course, he, of course, took the lead,
Which he kept, and throughout was always ahead;
Not one man or boy but was left far behind:
No wonder—the poor hungry pig had not dined.

The pig proved triumphant, getting first to the goal,
And by keeping his course astonish'd the whole;
Some, touch'd in the wind, were glad to take breath;
Had the race lasted longer, it might have caused death.

Whilst the pig was regaling himself at his feast,
The boys were preparing to dress up the beast,
To usher him back in procession with shouts,
And astonish the natives—the bumpkins and louts.

With flowers and with ribbons of every hue,
Bows and streamers of white, red, yellow, and blue,
The pig was bedizen'd, led by Nodding, the watch,
Who, though the best runner, the pig proved no match.

Then the boys, with white wands, came into display,
With bells, drums, and trumpets, to make the scene gay ;
The church-ringers offer'd to ring them a peal,
Which was voted by all to be mighty genteel.

They were no sooner ready to act on their plan
(To return, and display, Bryan's pig to the van),
Than a horseman, full tilt, hove in sight, with sad news,
Which with horror struck all, and alter'd their views.

Dr. Bolus had sent an express, to prevent
Their return in the boisterous way that they went—
Soon after they started, poor Bircham was found
To have dropp'd in a fit quite dead on the ground.

A. R. S.

CHAPTER VI.

Johnnie. Grandmamma, mamma told me yesterday that the picture of Sir Walter Scott in the Charter-room at Thirlestane was given to her by you, and I should like to know if there is any story you could tell me about the little dark terrier dog which he holds in his arms.

Gran. That picture was given by Sir Walter Scott to my sister, the late Marchioness of Abercorn, after she became a widow ; and if you wish to know anything connected with the dog, suppose we look for the letter Sir Walter Scott wrote concerning it to my sister, and which your mamma has very tidily arranged in that handsome large book in a velvet case in the library.

Johnnie. Oh, let us seek it out instantly, and you shall read about the dog to me, for Sir

Walter's handwriting, I know, is too difficult for me to make out by myself.

Gran. Let us see ; oh, here is the letter :—

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,—The portrait is advancing by the pencil of a clever artist, and will, I think, be a likeness and a tolerably good picture. I hope to get it sent up before I leave town ; at any rate, I will have it finished as far as sittings are concerned. If I look a little sleepy, your kindness must excuse it, as I had to make my attendance on the man of colours between six and seven in the morning.”

There stops the history of the picture in this letter of the 1st of July 1820. We must look on to another for the rest. Yes ! “ August 2nd, 1820 ; ” it continues :—

“ The picture is embarked for Stratford Place. Please to give orders to have it unpacked, because the painter is afraid that, the colours, being so recently laid on, may sustain injury if excluded from the air.

"The dog which I am represented as holding in my arms is a Highland terrier from Kintail, of a breed very sensible, very faithful, and very ill-natured. It sometimes tires, or pretends to do so, when I am on horseback, and whines to be taken up, when it sits before me, like a child, without any assistance. I have a very large wolf-greyhound, I think the finest dog I ever saw; but he has *sat* to so many artists, that whenever he sees brushes and a palette, he gets up and leaves the room, being sufficiently tired of the constraint."

Johnnie. What clever dogs! I like to know any anecdote about Sir Walter Scott, or his dogs. I am very fond of reading his "Grandfather's Tales," and he must have been a very nice, kind old gentleman, and very fond of your sister, to give her his picture, when he had to get up so early in the morning to sit for it.

Gran. He was indeed, and many a good story he has told me when I was yet but a child.

I will give you Washington Irving's account of a morning passed at Abbotsford, which place, I must tell you, was equally attractive to old and

young, the charming host never weary of doing acts of kindness to all who came in his way, whether human beings or the brute creation. Washington Irving says, "As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old staghound, 'Maida,' a noble animal ; and 'Hamlet,' the black and fleet greyhound, a wild, thoughtless youngster, not yet arrived, evidently, at years of discretion ; and 'Finette,' a beautiful setter, with soft, silken hair, long drooping ears, and a mild, gentle eye—the *parlour* favourite. When in front of the house we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail, and cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. In our walks he would frequently pause in conversation to notice his dogs and speak to them, as if rational creatures as well as companions ; and indeed there appeared to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived, no doubt, from their close intimacy with him. Maida behaved himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself as called on to preserve a great

degree of dignity and demeanour in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gamble about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavour to tease him into sportiveness. The old fellow would keep on for a long time with the greatest solemnity, now and then *seeming* to rebuke his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them and tumble him in the dust ; then looking up at us, as much as to say, 'You see, gentlemen, I cannot help indulging those young folks in a bit of play ;' then resume his gravity and jog on as before. Scott amused himself and delighted in these peculiarities. 'I make no doubt,' he said, 'when Maida is *alone* with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside and plays *the boy* as much as any of them, but he is ashamed to do it in our company, and seems to say, "Ha' done wi' your nonsense, youngsters ; what will the laird and that other gentleman think o' me if I give way to such fooleries ?"'

"Sir Walter Scott amused himself with the peculiarities of another of his dogs, a little

shame-faced terrier, with large glossy eyes, one of the most sensitive little bodies to insult and indignity in the world. If ever he whipped him, he said, the little fellow would sneak off, and hide himself from the light of day in a garret, from whence there was no drawing him forth but by the sound of chopping up his victuals with a chopping-knife, when he would steal forth with humiliated and downcast looks, but would skulk away again if any one looked at him. While we were discussing the humours and peculiarities of our canine companions, some object provoked their wrath, and produced a sharp and petulant barking from the younger fry ; but it was some time before Maida was sufficiently roused to dash forward two or three bounds, and join the chorus with a deep-mouthed *bow-wow*. It was a transient outburst, and the old fellow returned to his master instantly, wagging his tail, uncertain if he would receive praise or blame. ‘ Ay, ay ! old boy,’ cried Scott, ‘ you’ve done wonders ; nae doubt ye’ve shaken the Eildon Hills with *your* roaring, and now you may lay aside *your* artillery for the rest of the day ! ’ ” These simple anecdotes may serve to show the

delightful cast of Scott's mind, his humours and feelings in private life. His domestic animals were his friends. Everything about him seemed to rejoice in the beams of his expressive countenance. Lockhart relates the following, regarding those traits in his character :—" I should have scarce mentioned the death of Camp, the first of not a few dogs whose names will be remembered as long as his master's writings remain popular. This favourite began to droop, and became incapable of accompanying Scott in his rides; but he preserved his sagacity and faithfulness to the last. When living at Ashestiel, while Abbotsford was being built, as the servant was laying the cloth for dinner, he would address the dog lying on the rug at the fire, and say, ' Camp, my good fellow, the sheriff's coming home by the ford, or by the hills; ' the sick animal would immediately bestir himself to welcome his master, going out by the back door, or the front, according to the direction given, and advance as far he was able either towards the ford of the Tweed, or the bridge over the Glenkinnon burn: he died at length, and was buried, on a fine moonlight night, in the

garden of the house in Castle Street, opposite the window Scott usually sat writing at ; all the family stood round his grave shedding tears, and Scott himself smoothed the turf above poor Camp, with the saddest expression of face. He had been engaged to dine out that day, but apologised on account of the death of a dear old friend ; and Mrs. Macdonald Buchanan was not at all surprised that he should have done so, when it came out next day that Camp was no more." When poor Sir Walter Scott's great reverse of fortune came, he wrote as follows, and I think his sentiments are so affecting that you, dear Johnnie, will allow, *he* was to be envied who possessed such a heart :—"Sad hearts are now at Darnick and the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest ? How live a poor indebted man, where once I was the wealthy and honoured ? I *was* to have gone on Saturday there in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish, but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more

than any of the painful reflections I have put down :—poor things ! I must get them kind masters. There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, *because* it has been mine. I must end those gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I can feel my dogs' feet upon my knees ; I can hear them whining, and seeking me everywhere . . . but this is nonsense, though it is what they *would* do, could they know what things have come to pass !"—Poor Sir Walter ! what a warm and tender heart he had ; suffering humanity never appealed to him in vain ; nor did the brute creation want a friend where his mild voice and gentle kindness could give them amusement and pleasure ; few men were ever like him, or more loved, or more regretted.

Another no less remarkable instance of instinct, more nearly approaching to reason, was that shown by a French poodle, called "Chulo," belonging to Mr. Charles Murray. Mr. Murray was then Secretary of Legation at Naples, and Chulo was so attached to him, and he so attached to Chulo, that they were quite inseparable. He accom-



Sir Walter Scott in his Study.

panied his master in all his visits and in all his walks; he was so sagacious that he not only learnt the names of his friends, and to distinguish the house of each, but also fulfilled the duties of a messenger as perfectly as if he had been endowed with reasoning faculties. Mr. Murray used to tie a basket round his neck, in the inside of which he placed a note addressed to one of his friends, whose name he called out as he opened the door to let Chulo out : with unerring accuracy. Chulo threaded his way through the streets with his charge, rushed through the open *porte cochère*, and up the staircase leading to the apartment of the friend of whom he was in quest, and scratched at the door till he had gained admittance. He would never leave the house till the basket had been emptied of its contents, and thus seemed to understand the necessity of "waiting for an answer." Mr. Murray carried on his correspondence with his friends in Naples in this manner during the whole of his stay there. When he was appointed to Egypt, Chulo followed him and was one day accidentally shot by an Arab when he was out with his master, who felt his

death as much as he might have done that of a relative or a friend.

Here, again, is a story Miss Janet Chetwode sent me on purpose to tell you.

“ An old dog of ours, a large white creature of the old Irish wolf-dog breed and of the blood-hound kind, and which we called ‘ Blanche,’ was, some sixteen years ago, walking with us children, and, as we were passing a cabin-door, an insolent black cur, called by the Irish a ‘ coolie,’ came running after and teasing our big dog very much.

“ Blanche would not vouchsafe any notice, not even the curl of her lip, or show her teeth to the troublesome but insignificant little tormentor, until a turn of the road brought us near to a running stream.

“ Now Blanche’s time had come to punish the offender, without losing any of her own dignity. As quick as thought she seized the little cur (quite gently though) by the neck, and dropped it quietly into the water ! A lesson which, I make no doubt, the coolie remembered for many a long day, if not to the end of its life.”

I also remember, some fourteen years ago,

being greatly charmed with the sagacity of a little white terrier, by name Rex, and which was especially devoted to me, and seemed desirous to carry out my wishes in all possible ways, even when unexpressed to him, as on this occasion, for I should have dreaded his roughness far too much to think of employing him on so delicate a mission.

The object I wished to reach was a poor dying woodquest, which had fallen upon some very thin ice at the end of our lake, but, alas ! beyond my reach. I tried to get it nearer to me with the help of a long branch, but it was hopeless. The ice was too thin to bear me, and the water rather deep, and so full of leaves as to prevent one's wishing, even for the sake of the poor bird, to go through such a slough.

I was on the point of giving up the attempt, when dear little Rex, quite unexpectedly to me, was struck with the bright idea that *he* might be my messenger : so off he started on the ice, breaking even under his small weight, and losing no time, seized the poor invalid in his mouth, and laid it at my feet. This was the more in-

teresting from his never having been employed about game in any way.

Sir George Beaumont had a French poodle that used to accompany him in his walks, and if he had forgotten the key of the garden, and would exclaim, as if to himself, "Oh dear, how tiresome! now I have forgotten the garden key, what shall I do?" Before Sir George had finished speaking, the sensible dog had set off back to the house, and soon brought it in his mouth and presented it to his master, wagging his tail and looking up in his face, as much as to say, "Well, never mind, here it is!"

Another friend of mine had a little dog called "Tom," and when his master said, "Tom, I have only my right glove, go and seek the left one," Tom would set off and fetch it immediately; and in like manner if he wanted his over-shoes, or his pocket-handkerchief, Tom set off, and never returned without the article required.

A friend of mine, who has just returned from Italy, related that, passing through Pistoia, he dined at a trattoria, and presently a cat came forward, and he gave it a piece of meat. In a

moment afterwards came another cat, to which he also gave something ; then a third came forward, a fourth, and fifth, all of the same colour, and to each of them he gave something. My friend then asked the figliola how many cats they had, and she answered, five. A fortnight after, this same person was again passing through Pistoia, and went to the same trattoria, and asked the daughter of the host how her cats were. "Cats?" she replied. "Yes," he said, "your five cats." "How do you know we have five cats?" "Don't you suppose," he said, "we have heard of them in England? Your five cats are very celebrated there, I assure you, and every one is talking of them." Presently he heard her voice in the back-room, telling her friends about "Gatti" and "Inghilterra."

Gran. I knew a little white Scotch terrier called "Rose," who was a great pet and lived in the house, sleeping on a sofa in the young ladies' room. Rose was very fond of running off to the stables, where there was a raven. One day the raven had some bones for dinner, and Rosy thought they looked so nice, that she should like

to have some too. She endeavoured to seize one, but in vain, as each time that she got her nose close to the coveted bone, the raven pecked at her and drove her away. At last Rose devised a means of obtaining the bone without being pecked. She went behind the raven and barked; he turned suddenly round, fancying she intended to bite him. Rose instantly carried off the disputed bone, before Ralph had time to defend his "tit-bit." A few days after, this Rose went into the stable-yard, and, being very thirsty, stood up on her hind legs to drink out of a pail of water, when the raven, watching his opportunity, came gently behind and caught her by the tail and tipped her head-foremost in. Thus he avenged himself for the loss of his favourite morsel, snatched away some days previously.

At your great grandmother's death, a red and green parrot, which had been very much attached to her, was left under my charge; but as I was going to travel, my friends Sir George and Lady Beaumont offered it an asylum at Cole Orton, and sent their carriage to convey it in safety. No

sooner, however, was the parrot on its road, than it began to scream out "Stop! stop!" so loudly and vehemently, that some passers-by believed the coachman was carrying off some distressed female, and tried to arrest his course. The parrot became a great favourite in Sir George's family, and whenever Sir George said anything droll, the parrot would instantly call out "Capital, Sir George! capital! Ha! ha! ha!" and roll from side to side, as if laughing heartily. Poll's greatest delight, however, was to mock and laugh at Sir George's little boy whenever he cried, and she would do this so provokingly, that it was sometimes almost more than the poor little fellow could stand, for he was scarcely three years old, and therefore rather too young to enter into the joke.

One morning the parrot struck no little terror into the housemaid by calling out loudly, when she entered the drawing-room to open the shutters, "Past eight o'clock! fie! fie! how late." The poor girl rushed screaming from the room, and as Poll's rebuke was just, I hope that the

only result of her fright was to make her rise earlier ever after.

I remember a curious anecdote of a retriever belonging to some friends of mine, who were at that time residing near the sea-coast. In their walks to the shore they were usually accompanied by this retriever, whose name was "Friday," and by a little terrier, whom I will call "Sandy." Friday, who delighted in the water, was only too happy when his master would throw his stick into the sea and send him in quest of it, whilst Sandy, who had no taste for such exploits, and was somewhat daunted by the roaring of the waves, would creep up to his mistress, and, ensconcing himself in the folds of her cloak, as she sat upon the beach, endeavour to forget his fears ; no sooner, however, had Friday landed with his well-earned prize, than Sandy, who was uncommonly pugnacious, would dart from his hiding-place and endeavour to wrest the stick from his gallant comrade. This aggression Friday resented with sundry growls and tokens of displeasure, and Sandy, perhaps conscious that

discretion was the better part of valour, would retire from the unequal contest. One day, however, the quarrel assumed a more serious aspect, for Friday having asserted his rights more vigorously than usual, Sandy, forgetful of all prudence, flew at his adversary's throat, and held on so pertinaciously, that my friends began to fear the result ; when, to their surprise, Friday suddenly dashed into the sea, Sandy still clinging to him, and remained there till he had completely ducked and more than half-drowned his antagonist, who, too glad to escape further punishment, released his hold and made his way back to the shore, so thoroughly subdued and humbled, that he never again renewed the contest, but ever after left Friday in undisturbed enjoyment of his aquatic feats.

The little white terrier Rose, of whom I have related so many anecdotes, belonged to Friday's master, or, rather, to his master's children, and I have just remembered a very pretty instance of poor little Rose's affectionate sagacity. The two little girls were playing one day in the garden,

when remembering a toy that was put away in a closet upstairs, they ran off to fetch it, followed by Rose ; but in their fear lest she should come in and do any mischief, they closed the door so hastily that they not only shut *her* out, but shut themselves in so effectually that they could not get out again ; they tried, shook the door, but all in vain. "What *shall* we do ?" they exclaimed, when a bright thought struck them : "Rose was *so* clever," they would impart their distress to her. "Oh, Rose ! we are shut up here—we cannot get out ! Pray run and call nurse." In a moment, patter, patter went the little feet down the oak staircase and across the hall to the garden, and it was not long before a heavier step approached, and in a few moments they were released from their captivity, and heard from their nurse that Rose had rushed up to her as she sat at work on the lawn, pulled her by her dress, whined, and seemed so disturbed and anxious, that, fearing something was amiss, she had returned in all haste to the house, preceded by the faithful little guide, who soon led her to the spot where her presence was

required, and when, as before related, she liberated the young prisoners.

There, Johnnie, I am quite exhausted, and must allow you and myself some repose, promising to renew my recitals to-morrow.

CHAPTER VII.

Gran. I will tell you a little tiny story, which my dear old friend, Mr. Douglas Gordon, wrote to me a few days ago, of the sagacity of a pointer which he knew about. He was told to carry *two* hats ; he looked, and attentively considered them ; then putting one inside the other, he carried them without difficulty.

Johnnie. Well, grandmamma, I think that is the cleverest story I ever heard ; but though I like it very much, you must please now to give me some account of those curious dogs we used to see in the streets of Constantinople, and that papa was always so afraid of our treading upon, or touching himself, even by accident. They were very ferocious, were they not ?

Gran. I thought you would be interested in hearing something about them, so I wrote to my

friend Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and he very kindly lent me a paper which I will now read to you, and that will satisfy all your curiosity. Listen attentively, as it will take some little time in reading, and I wish you to be able to tell him that you have attended, and been amused and instructed, and remember all about it, when you next see him.

Johnnie. I will, indeed, grandmamma; for papa says Sir Gardner is very clever, and has lived in the East for many years, and once inhabited a tomb in Egypt all hung with scarlet cloth.

Gran. Yes; and had tame asps, and other domestic pets. Now for his story.

“THE EASTERN DOG.

“Some are of opinion that the particular, or national, dog of each country always bears a strong resemblance to the inhabitants; that the bull-dog calls to mind the bluff Englishman; as the poodle, the vivacious Frenchman; and that wire-haired and other peculiar members of the

canine tribe find their counterpart in their respective compatriots. But the analogy is not certainly borne out in the East, where both the appearance and habits of the dog are in direct opposition to those of the people; and the greatest admirer of royalty, who holds in abhorrence a 'radical cure,' and expresses his preference of a 'sovereign remedy,' could not be more distinct in his habits from a republican than are the Turks from the dogs of their country. There, at the very doors of the most absolute rulers of the land, you may observe a thoroughly original republic of dogs; who, finding themselves no longer ranked or treated as domestic animals, have set up a distinct community of their own, and have declared themselves independent of their human masters. It is no confused or indiscriminate concourse of individuals, who may go and come at their pleasure, without acknowledging fealty to the state; or who may belong, like men, to two or more clubs, but rather like hostile sects, in which each member is expected to belong to one, and only to one, congregation. The whole town is portioned off by canine law, or by a '*mos pro*

lege, into separate jurisdictions; and no dog is permitted to abandon his own, or transfer allegiance to another state. The rules of each are laid down by a canine committee, with all the precision of human institutions; each member is expected to act for the general welfare of his particular community, as in the most learned and scientific of our society; and is bound to defend the frontier from all aggression, intrusion, or insult. Woe to him who dares to intrude upon, or violate the frontier of, any of these republics; no mercy is shown him, no quarter given, or expected. He must do it at his peril, and as no invasion takes place of one state by another, so no individual who violates a neighbouring frontier can expect any assistance from his companions while engaged in so nefarious a practice, directly opposed as it is to the spirit of international canine law. But without infringing the rules of his own community, or contravening the oath of canine allegiance and subordination, which binds each dog to his fellows, some one dog, more fond of adventure than the rest, may occasionally stray beyond the frontier, on the plea that it is not

desertion, or disregard to the public interests, but rather an excusable frolic (or, as some dogs would say, 'a lark') ; and, one more restless (or more naughty) than his sleepy fellows, may sometimes trespass upon a neighbouring state (in search of food, or) from idle curiosity, at a time when he knows the vigilance of the hostile community is deadened by sleep. Stealthily and cautiously he is seen creeping along the least frequented alleys of that part of the town, and fortunate it is for him if he passes and returns unobserved. But if by chance one restless sleeper catches sight of the intruder, his only hope is in immediate and rapid flight ; he knows full well that the whole community will be upon him, to cut off his retreat and punish his intrusion ; and to stop to fight against such fearful odds would only entail upon him the certainty of being torn to pieces, without any hope of assistance from his friends on the other side of their well-defined frontier. If, however, he is fortunate enough to escape to this place of safety, the moment he has crossed it he turns round upon his pursuers, who, however hotly they have chased him, instantly check their course at

this prescribed limit; the culprit is backed by the rest of his comrades, who have rushed to the rescue; he snarls defiance at his pursuers, who dare make no further attempt to avenge his conduct; he receives the congratulations, or, if during his escape he has been severely bitten, the condolences of his friends; and after much barking and many mutual canine maledictions, both parties retire once more to rest.

“ It may be readily imagined into what danger the inexperience of a European dog might lead him if he happened to stray through any of these republican states in a Turkish city; and a remarkable instance of this is on record at Cairo, where a native boy, having been ordered by his Frank master to take a pointer through one of the streets, was horrified to see on a sudden a whole community of dogs set upon the strange-looking intruder, and commence, as usual, to tear him limb from limb. The boy, intelligent and quick, as the Egyptians generally are, at once perceived his own responsible position, and the impossibility of rescuing the pointer from dismemberment and death; it was already fast disappearing, like a fox

thrown to a pack of hounds ; but, by presence of mind and the presence of a stick, he was able to seize and carry off a hind leg as his share, by which he proved to his master that he had not sold the valuable animal, and that it had met its untimely death by uncontrollable circumstances, which might serve to convince Europeans of the danger of allowing an uninitiated dog to disregard the customs of the canine tribe in the East. But these prejudices are not confined to strangers of their own species ; they are equally exclusive, intolerant, and narrow-minded in their views towards the human race, and any novelty or strangeness of appearance in men excites the highest feelings of indignation and disgust. The hat and tight costume of the European is to them as odious as to their Moslem compatriots, and the very sight of a Frank rouses the barking propensities of every successive quarter, or republic, of dogs through which he passes. Unknown to attack, or even to growl at, a Moslem, they have a sort of feeling of duty to fly at a tightly-clad Christian, and display as much hatred and intolerance towards him as the most bigoted of the



Cairo Dogs

believers in the Prophet, whose prejudices they seem to have imbibed ; and some years ago the captain of an English merchant-ship, lying at Alexandria, was actually torn to pieces and eaten by the canine rabble of the place. He had been dining with some friends on shore during the festivities of Christmas, and having missed his way on his return towards his boat, he was assailed by a host of hungry dogs, as he wandered through the outskirts of the town, and was soon overpowered by his numerous and relentless assailants.

“ That they should feel a prejudice against man in general, for having cast them off and thwarted their natural inclination to be his companion, is excusable ; but that they should excite themselves to deeds of violence against the innocent European, merely because his hat is ugly and his dress inconveniently tight, is unpardonable, both in the estimation of man, and of all other members of the canine tribe, and no peculiar fashion in his dress could be put forward as a plea for converting him into a repast. But still, some lingering spark of the domestic feeling will occasionally

show itself even among these degraded communities, and the word 'Kish,' indicative of proffered food, will produce a very friendly and tail-wagging feeling towards him who pronounces it. Nor would some dogs refuse the protection of man, or the blandishments in which they naturally delight, if they could find a home under his roof. The experiment, however, of training one of the *pariah* dogs for domestic life is seldom satisfactory or successful; their degraded habits are rarely to be eradicated, and they can never be taught to exhibit the refined qualities expected in the European house-dog. It is to man that the abject condition of the Eastern dog is to be mainly attributed. The unsightly red dog of Egypt was not the outcast in olden times, that he now is in Cairo and every Egyptian village; nor in any part of the Turkish dominions was the dog the debased animal we now see at Constantinople, in Syria, and Asia Minor. But what is to be expected when Moslem prejudice considers the contact of a dog unclean; when to touch his nose renders the Moslem defiled, and requires him to undergo religious purification? for even

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the sect of the Málekis, who are allowed to touch this animal, are subject to the same penance whenever they come in contact with his nose, or his hide, if by chance it is wet from lying on the ground. No wonder, then, that there is an antipathy between the human and the canine race—a grievance of caste ; and the filthiest beggar, in comparison with whom dogs are neat and cleanly, would consider himself defiled by their touch. A certain allowance, it is true, is made by the Moslems for the more refined and more cleanly habits of European dogs, and the *Kelb Roomee*, or so-called ‘Greek dog,’ is permitted to live in the houses of the rich as a domestic pet. Nor have the Arabs of the desert the same prejudice as the townspeople of Egypt, and they allow their hunting-dogs to enter their tents, and live in close proximity to themselves and their families ; thus giving them that position for which, from their habits, they are particularly adapted.

“ The Turks in Asia Minor have also their hunting-dogs, which are treated with more respect than the *pariahs* of the towns ; and this custom

led to a curious illustration of Turkish feelings towards Europeans, during one of the visits of Sir Charles Fellows and his companions to Syria. They had been very well received by the people of the country; and as their acquaintance became more intimate, curiosity led them to ask the Turks, who every now and then passed by, accompanied by numerous dogs, for what object they took them so often in the same direction. The answer was, that they went to chase wild boars, on which they fed their dogs. The Europeans, hearing of wild boars in the neighbourhood, requested their Turkish friends to catch one also for them, which they consented to do; but when told, in answer to their question, what they could possibly want a wild boar for when they had no dogs, that they intended to eat its flesh, the Turks were horrified at the habits of a people who would eat the unclean animal, fit only, according to their notions, to be food for dogs.

“ This disclosure so alienated the good-will of the Turks, that from that time their friendly feelings gave place to unmitigated disgust at the odious habits of the European strangers.

“ The most despised of dogs has at least this advantage in a Turkish country, that while subject to every species of indignity and contempt, he is protected from absolute violence and ill-treatment by the natural humanity of the people towards animals ; for they are always mindful of their wants, and, besides the fragments of food they give them at their repasts, carefully furnish them with water, which is poured into small stone cisterns, placed at intervals in the streets, for their express use. Oriental fancy has also done them moral justice in a story of the supposed gratitude which dogs will display in a future state, where, on being asked how they had been treated by man while on earth, they will acknowledge, and even magnify, the benefits they have received from him ; while the ungrateful cats, indulged as they are by the Moslems, and frequently with inconvenient partiality, will, in answer to a similar question, make light of the obligations they owe to man, and deny, rather than bear witness to, his kindness. Cats, indeed, are allowed to take great liberties with their masters ; and with their usual propensity to en-

croach on kindness, sometimes mount on his shoulders as he sits at table, and even help themselves from some inviting dish, as if they had inherited the privileges accorded to their race by the superstitious rites of ancient Egypt.

“It must be admitted that the Moslems, and, above all, the Turks, are remarkable for their indulgence towards animals. They consider that when birds—and particularly doves and cranes—build their nests on a house, they are the harbingers of good fortune to its inmates. Doves are permitted to build in the very rooms where they sleep ; and you may see them sitting on their eggs unmolested upon a shelf in a police court, or other public or private room. Nor does the crane enjoy fewer privileges than in the fishmarket of a Dutch town, or in ancient Thessaly, where it was a capital crime to injure or destroy it : showing that the nursery-rhymes of Hungarian children sacrifice truth when they say—

“ ‘ Stork, stork, stork !
Stork with the bloody foot !
Turkish boy hath torn it,
Hungarian boy shall heal it,
With trumpet and with drum ! ’

“The utility of this bird in destroying snakes and other noxious reptiles might account for the origin of this predilection, as in the case of the Ibis in ancient Egypt; but the kindness of the Turks to animals does not limit itself to such as confer a benefit on man; and so accustomed are the gulls and porpoises to be undisturbed at the Golden Horn at Constantinople, that they will scarcely move out of the way of the oars of the passing *caïque*, expecting the boatman to spare them that trouble, and sacrifice his own to their convenience. A little of this kindly feeling towards animals might be imitated with advantage by the less considerate European, whom a sort of instinct from boyhood teaches to pursue and kill, for the mere sake of destroying animals, without even the excuse of indulging in the excitement of the chase. It does not, however, follow, from his treatment of animals, that the Turk is really of a more humane disposition than the European, and the contrary is notoriously evident from the history of his race; and in him we may observe one of the many anomalies of the human character. The Turk is a savage to his fellow-man: vindictive,

unfeeling, of studied as well as of impetuous and impulsive cruelty ; overbearing and remorseless, especially when spoilt by the possession of that dangerous tempter, power ; while the European is for the most part generous in success, humane, and moderate, and rarely relentless or guilty of torturing his captives ; except during religious persecutions, when bigoted priests, who have preached charity and Christian forbearance, are the first to act in direct opposition to their professions and the tenets of their religion ; and it may appear inconsistent that the Turk, who impales, quarters, or flays men alive, should be so indulgent to the brute creation, and so devoted to his children, did we not know that even the most tender-hearted are often guilty of great cruelty, and that tenderness and real humanity are distinct qualities.

“In no country has the treatment of the dog been so much altered as in Egypt. In old times, though less esteemed than the highly-venerated cat, he was looked upon with great regard by the Egyptians ; he was mummified after death, and buried with superstitious honours. A city received

its name (Cynopolis) from the dog; and Anubis was the patron and friend of the dog, as well as of the wolf and jackal, whose head he bore in the sculptures of the ancient temples. It was an object with the Egyptians to possess dogs of great value and of particular breeds; and hounds for the chase were highly prized, and imported from Ethiopia and other countries; pets for the house were also sought with the eagerness of dog-fanciers; and, as in our own country, those of some remarkable kind were fashionable in certain periods. As a particular spaniel came into fashion under Charles II., so a peculiar breed of dog was the companion of an Egyptian grandee in the time of Cheops, and other pyramid-building Pharaohs. He was a sort of *spitz*, with a pointed nose and well-curled tail, but with shorter hair than our modern *spitz*, or that of the Greek Anacreon, and he wore a collar according to the fashion of the day. At a later age, about 100 years after Cheops, caprice had introduced a strange taste in dogs; and though the same *spitz* continued to be kept, the admiration of fashionable people was bestowed on one of turnspit make and colour, which ac-

accompanied the court favourites of the Orsitasen kings, and was often tied beneath the chair of a lady of that day. As in modern times, ugliness appears to have been a high recommendation in dogs : the more frightful, the more they were admired ; but when we consider that in those days dwarfs and deformed persons were among the attendants of men of rank in Egypt, we cease to wonder at the depravity of their taste in the selection of their canine associates.

“The varieties continued to be numerous in succeeding reigns ; but it must be admitted that the attention of the sensible part of the community was more particularly directed towards hounds for the chase, than to pets of fashionable ugliness ; and the Assyrian, as we learn from the sculptures of Nineveh, and from the small images of favourite hounds found in Assyria, set an equal, and perhaps a greater, value on large sporting dogs, fit to cope with lions and other wild beasts, and their names inscribed upon their collars in uniform characters showed the estimation in which they were held by their owners, and the importance of their services in the field.

“How fallen from that high position is the dog of the present day among the Moslems of the East ! How inferior, even in canine qualities, are the degenerate descendants of the ancient stock ! Compared to those of modern Europe, the *pariah* dog of the Turkish town is powerless for good, cowardly, and only capable of sustaining a fight by overwhelming numbers ; and the havoc which a body of European dogs would commit upon these abject creatures, however numerous, was once exemplified by the presence of a bull-dog at Cairo, which, while following an Englishman through the streets, was assailed by a host of large barking curs ; when, seizing one by the leg, it threw it into a neighbouring well, bit off the ear of another assailant, and mangled others in so rapid and extraordinary a manner, that the people refused all belief in its canine nature, and came to the conclusion that it was a species of small lion, stunted in growth by the cold climate of the latitude in which it happened to be born.

“ These dogs, however, with all their inferior qualities, are a great boon to the people of Cairo

and other Eastern towns. The quantity of offal and carcases, which the neglect of the inhabitants allow to remain in the streets and upon the mounds without the walls, would breed a pestilence were it not for the presence of these hungry creatures ; and though the people do not look upon them with any degree of veneration, as the old Egyptians did on those animals which cleansed the land of any impurities, they allow that they are useful in their generation ; and, despite their prejudices against the unclean dog, the Moslems admit his utility, and wantonly to kill one is always thought to bring down some heavenly retribution on the inexcusable offender."

Johnnie. Dear grandmamma, I am delighted with that story of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's. Has he sent you any more ? If so, pray tell me, as I could listen all day to them, without being tired.

Gran. I am so glad you appreciate my friend's stories, for they are really instructive as well as entertaining ; and in the hope you would like them, he has fortunately sent me another story

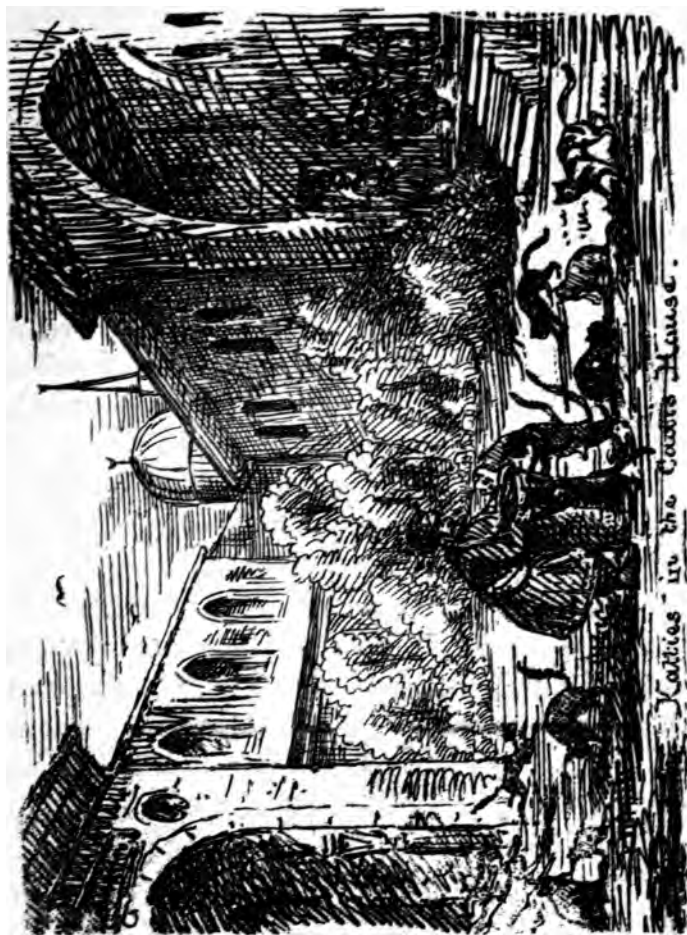
about Cats, which were once worshipped in Egypt. He heads it—

“ THE EGYPTIAN CAT,”

and thus begins :—

“ The Cádi is a personage of the greatest importance in the East. He is the head of the law ; possessing at once the authority of our Lord Chancellor, and ruling every other court. We must allow that a Lord Chancellor is not very likely to be connected with cats ; and it may also be reasonably asked, what can a Cádi have to do with them ? For though the two names are not very dissimilar, and Cádi and caddi (a ‘cat’) bear a still stronger resemblance in Turkish, it cannot be supposed that they have any closer connection. But if the Cádi and the Cádi’s court have not, yet the Cádi’s courtyard, in Cairo at least, has much that bears on the condition of cats ; and this spacious area appears, at a particular hour of the day, as if it actually belonged to the feline race. Every afternoon, at the *asser*, or halfway between mid-day and sunset, the crowds of law-

yers who frequent it give place to hundreds of cats, which descend from the adjoining houses and the whole neighbourhood of the *méhkemeh*, or Cádi's court, and seem to possess vested rights in that particular spot. For half an hour before the *asser* they may be seen congregating on the adjoining house-tops, terraces, and walls, which command a view of the court-yard ; and there they sit in anxious silence till the cry of the *moëddun* has announced the time of afternoon prayer ; when, on the appearance of a mysterious-looking individual, cats of every size and colour rush down, as if to welcome his arrival. They fight, scratch, and hustle each other with the jealousy of rivals ; and woe to the small or infirm grimalkin who shall be imprudent enough to jump down into this arena between two more powerful competitors. The cause of all this excitement, however surprising to a passing stranger, is readily explained as soon as the mysterious individual commences his daily duty ; and the distribution of a quantity of cats'-meat, cut up to a suitable size and thrown upon the ground, is the signal for a general scramble. You at once per-



Kaffies in the Castle House.

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ceive the difference between the old stagers and the new comers, or the weaker and the less artful of the competitors : one pounces on two or three portions at once ; the next, though half-choked by a hurried attempt to swallow too large a piece, darts at another lying within its reach ; a third drives away a smaller intruder, and seizes the prize it had hoped to secure ; while a fourth, more active than its stronger adversary, escapes with a piece in its mouth, and rushes from the scene to eat it at leisure on a distant wall. This last stroke of good fortune, or of dexterity, is in fact all that the young and powerless can expect ; and one fragment suddenly carried off from the midst of the fray, may be considered an ample recompense for the efforts of a juvenile cat at the commencement of its career. It may hope for greater success as time advances, and its strength and experience increase, and cats, like dogs, will have their day.

It is not from any affection for his near namesake on the part of the Càdi, that this charitable provision is secured to the feline community ; some tender-hearted individuals have long ago

left funds for the purpose, and the cats, in the capacity of wards in Chancery, enjoy the proceeds of the property held in trust for them by the great legal functionary. Nor is the privilege limited to cats descended from those which belonged to the charitable originators of the bequests ; there is no necessity to prove a family claim to it, as in the case of Oxford and Cambridge fellowships granted in right of 'founder's kin;' all is here open competition, on the enlightened principles lately introduced at our universities ; and even the cat of a Christian, or any rival sectarian, is admitted to equal privileges with the *protégés* of a Moslem. Any Cairene householder may send one, or two, or a whole basketful of cats, to enjoy the advantages of this liberal institution ; and these orphans have only to depend on their own strength, or talents, for their success in the participation of the benefits bequeathed to the whole feline community, and few who have once partaken of them are disposed to abandon the chance of their improving prospects.

" In the midst of all this animal enjoyment, the

only individuals who excite commiseration are the unfortunate owners of houses in the immediate neighbourhood of the great dignitary of the law. They are, as may be readily imagined, completely overrun by cats ; and the only remedy left them is to send an occasional basketful (if they can succeed in catching them) to the *Bazar* of the *Khan Khalil*, where a similar fund, left by some benign old lady, is expended in the same charitable way for their support ; and the *Khan* of the coppersmiths in that quarter is in like manner beset by hosts of hungry cats, fed (most fortunately) at the same hour, and with the same results.

“ The cat is a favoured animal in the East ; and *biss* (or puss) is even allowed to eat off the same dish with the most punctilious and sanctimonious Moslem, unless she has been found in the very act of eating a scorpion, or other ‘infidel reptile,’ when she is subjected to a temporary state of purification. Such a feat does not, indeed, blemish her character, nor render her individually odious to her master ; on the contrary, she is looked upon with respect for having performed so

useful a duty, which was at all times deemed a virtue, and one of the accomplishments of an Egyptian cat; and a short period of quarantine restores to her the enjoyment of her previous privileges.

“It is curious to see how adroitly *biss* performs this difficult feat. For, though an inexperienced cat is generally stung on her first attempt, prudence and feline cunning render her more wary on the next occasion; and cleverly striking the scorpion under its side with her claw, she throws it over on its back, when she suddenly tears off its tail, the scorpion in that position being unable to use it for inflicting a wound.

“It sometimes happens that, from curiosity or caprice, a tame ichneumon is kept in a Cairene house, and from that time all the comfort and peace of mind of its feline companions are observed to vanish. Like Othello, their ‘occupation’s gone,’ for the ichneumon is a better mouser, and being far too strong for puss, soon drives her out of the house, even if it does not take her place in the affections of her master and his whole family. But it is generally so confirmed

a thief that no food is safe from its depredations, and every egg is quickly discovered and pounced upon with ichneumonous voracity. It is not, therefore, a general favourite ; the interests of the feline race are seldom seriously compromised by this rival slayer of mice, and cats still continue to increase in favour and in numbers throughout the land of Egypt.

“ In appearance the Egyptian cat is very similar to our own, both in size and colour, and one, called the *tábáu*, has probably transferred its name to our *tabby* ; the Arabic appellation *tábáu*, ‘snake,’ being applied to it (as to any striped object) from its supposed resemblance to the striped skin of some of those reptiles. In its general habits, too, puss is much the same all over the world ; but the Egyptian is certainly more attached to persons than our English cat, and some have even been taken on a journey in the desert without deserting their masters, though scantily provided with food ; and a remarkable instance of forethought for its own preservation, was given by one which had been obliged to live there for months on lizards or other very un-

satisfactory food, and which on accidentally obtaining a greater quantity of meat than it could eat at once, buried the remainder in the earth for the next day : an effort of instinct which, though common in dogs, is unusual, and perhaps unknown, in the feline species."

My white Persian cat which Mrs. Burr gave to me, used to kill rabbits and hide them behind the books in the library, to eat at her leisure, till we found her out, took the rabbit away, and gave poor "Mish" a scolding.

Johnnie. I recollect her well, with her pretty, bushy white tail, and am very sorry she is dead. Thank you, grandmamma ; I should like to hear a story of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's every day, so write and ask him to send you some more, when he has spare time to write them.

CHAPTER VIII.

Gran. Dear Johnnie, as I know your brother Willie and you are much attached to Mr. and Mrs. Cowley Powles, you will like to know a little anecdote Mrs. Powles wrote to me about a pet cat which they had, and were very fond of. She says :—

“ I wish I could have shown you my little grey Maltese cat, Mimma ; she was quite wise enough to be put in a book, but alas ! she died some time ago. We were absurdly fond of her, and she loved and trusted us as a dog would have done. She came when she was called, she walked with us in the garden and fields just like a dog, and the first time we went away and left her at home, she refused food, and nearly killed herself. Happily, we did a very unusual thing, and returned after a few days’ absence, instead of being

away all the holidays, and thus were in time to save her life. After that she seemed to discover that our absences were periodical ; never starved herself again, but was only very angry about it, and generally absented herself altogether on the last day at home. As soon as she saw the house being got ready for our return, she took every opportunity of slipping out at the front door (where she never went at any other time), and used to trot up and down in front of the houses, sometimes following people to find out if they were us ; and when we really did arrive, her joy was unbounded. After purring over us and coaxing us for some time, she used to go and search for an unlucky mouse, which she generally tormented in our honour till I was able to get her poor plaything away from her, and consign it to a more merciful death. She must have had a little preserve of mice somewhere, for she never failed to produce one in honour of the occasion."

Johnnie. I think this Maltese cat must have been dead before we went to Mr. Powles', or we should have known about her, and liked her for her cleverness and sagacity.

Gran. I am now going to tell you some stories which were told me by my friend Mr. R. R. Tighe. "A horse belonging to Mr. R. Tighe, of Mechan, in the county of Wexford, was left by the servant standing at the door of a public-house. Impatient at being left there, it returned home; and on finding the stable-yard closed, he proceeded round to the front of the house, mounted several steps to the hall door, and knocked at it. He was a remarkably fine horse, and was named 'Noble.' The same gentleman had a spaniel, which for some years formed one of the party in an open carriage when drawn by this horse. Age, however, at length made him troublesome on a journey. One day he was told to go back when attempting to take his usual place at the feet of Mrs. Tighe. He looked distressed, returned to the drawing-room, and died upon the hearthrug. Being fond of dogs, she always had one. The last favourite was constantly with her during her own last illness, and on losing her mistress, retired from the bedroom to the kitchen and died there in a short time, having declined to remain upstairs with any of the family. This same Mr.

R. Tighe took a spaniel inside a close carriage from Rossana, in the county of Wicklow, through that of Wexford, to Woodstock, in the county of Kilkenny, the dog not having been out of the carriage during the long day's journey, except when changing horses, and the road being an indirect one, or cross-road with rivers intervening. The dog was put into a stable and kept there for some days. On being released from his confinement he disappeared, and in a very short time returned to Rossana by himself. Mr. Robert Tighe, son of the above, having made arrangements to go abroad, his house was placed in the care of a stranger, with whom he left his little spaniel, which generally walked out with him, but when not taken, habitually sat on the staircase in the hall, watching for his master's return. Having waited for some days in patience, without seeing any one except the man in charge of the house, he heard the door-bell ring one morning, and rushing down to it fell dead, apparently broken-hearted and disappointed at not finding his master. He was young and healthy, so this sudden death could only be attributed to grief.

Mr. R. R. Tighe also told me the following story, which is quite true. The steward of the Hon. David Plunkett, of Aasleagh Lodge, county of Galway, took some sheep to Dublin, chiefly by railway ; he had a Scotch dog, which was lost in the Smithfield market, and his master remained in the city for several days in the hope of recovering him, but without success ; he returned home and reported his loss, which grieved the family greatly, the dog being such a favourite, from his remarkable sagacity. After many days had passed he entered the kitchen, much emaciated, and suffering sadly from sore feet. It was supposed he had spent his time travelling round the north coast of Ireland in search of his home, which was situated on Killery Bay, off the west coast.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson told me a story for you last night, which he knew to be a fact. It occurred whilst he was in Italy, to a Russian gentleman who was travelling with his servant in that country. I dare say, dear Johnnie, you have often heard of the bad repute Italy has long had regarding the danger from the banditti ; some of the roads through the mountain-passes were most unsafe ; and one con-

stantly heard of adventures occurring to various friends. This Russian gentleman, arriving one cold rainy evening at a small road-side inn, in the Apennines, and not being able to get horses, was obliged to content himself with the miserable accommodation it afforded. The landlady came out to welcome him, decked in rings and jewels—a contrast, as he thought, to the dirty, uncared-for house. He was a good deal surprised to hear his hostess order one of the servants to go to the house of the curé, to request the loan of some sheets for the stranger's beds. Many little incidents occurred to render the traveller suspicious. The gentleman had with him a fine Russian hound, which he never separated from, and never permitted to sleep out of his room. After a supper quite in keeping with the appearance of the inn, he was shown up to his bedroom ; he ordered the servant to accompany him, and his dog followed. This enraged the hostess, who made great demonstrations of wrath, and declared she would not permit her rooms to be dirtied by a dog's presence. Her rage confirmed the traveller in his determination not to allow the dog to leave

him. Madame stormed in vain, and at length was obliged to yield. After she was gone, the gentleman by signs, for he would not speak out, made his servant to understand he wished him to take out the pistols. Over the chimney-piece there was a very large mirror. The hound soon became very uneasy, whined, walked up and down, keeping his eyes fixed on the mirror; the gentleman looked at the mirror but could detect nothing; he coaxed and by every method endeavoured to quiet his dog and direct his attention from the spot, but all was in vain. He then stooped down and brought his eyes on a level with those of the dog, when he immediately discovered a space under the frame of the glass and saw figures standing behind. For the moment he knew not how to act. He did not think that the persons concealed had seen him looking under the frame. So he began a conversation with his servant, telling him he had all his life been a great wanderer, and had had a great many strange adventures ; and kept walking up and down the room, stopping from time to time before the mirror. He continued telling stories of dif-

ferent encounters with robbers, his pistols in his hands loaded and cocked, those of the servant being also prepared, so the two were pretty strongly armed. During one of these recitals he, laughing at his own stories and seemingly very merry, again stopped before the mirror, and said to his servant, "When I was at such and such a place, my fellow-traveller and I were standing before a door as I may be now before this looking-glass, when I fired off my pistols thus, and he did the same;" and suiting the action to the word, he actually fired at the large glass, which came rattling down, shivered to atoms, at his feet, the great chasm revealing five men, two of whom his balls had killed; the servant instantly fired, and two more fell, leaving one unhurt. They were so taken by surprise at this unexpected attack and discovery that they had no time to retreat. The remaining man, seeing pistols in the hands of master and servant, stood terrified; the traveller ordered him to come out of his hiding-place; he did so, and at the command given laid down his weapons on the table. The Russian gentleman took up one and his servant



An adventure in Italy.

the other, and, pointing them at the man's breast, told him, that *now* he was at their mercy, so he confessed that the house was a resort of banditti, and that the curé of the parish was in league with them, and the signal given to him that assistance was wanted was sending for sheets, when he invariably sent ruffians who feared nothing. He told him that they murdered all who fell into their hands, all carriages were burnt, and the bodies of the victims were buried in a great pit. Search was made for these bodies, and the truth discovered. The surviving robber, with the other inhabitants of the inn, were taken to Florence, and there tried and condemned, at which place Sir Gardner heard all the particulars, soon after it took place ; and this story is another illustration of the sagacity of the dog, as most certainly it was by his means this Russian gentleman and his servant were saved from the violent death intended for them.

Johnnie. That *is* indeed a most interesting story, grandmamma ; I hope you have another one to tell me.

Gran. I do not just at this moment remember any more anecdotes of dogs, but I think I can amuse you with a little story of a goose.

Johnnie. Oh, I should like to hear that, for I thought geese were such stupid creatures.

Gran. I will read you the anecdote as I received it.

“About six or seven years ago, when residing at Glenbervie in Stirlingshire, I observed almost daily a flock of geese diverting themselves in the little pond beside our house, amongst which was a large and beautiful gander, which was at all times very hostile to me, and would not, in fact, allow any one to come near him. On one occasion when sitting at the window sewing, I noticed the young geese along with the gander and goose in the stack-yard, and after a little my attention was called to the gander, which set up suddenly a loud clamour, flying backwards and forwards in the direction of the house. This was repeated twice, and the last time I thought he would have broken the windows, and, although somewhat afraid of him, I resolved to ascertain what might be the cause of this disturbance. On reaching

the place where the other geese were (the gander all this time going with me, and showing no symptoms of dislike), I discovered one of the young geese struggling below a ladder, in which both its feet had got entangled; on relieving the poor bird, the gander ceased his din, and ever after when having occasion to be in the poultry-yard, the gander, instead of running after me, as was his former practice, acknowledged me as a friend, and strutted by my side quite familiarly."

Johnnie. I will never again call geese "stupid," for this gander was a very clever creature, and he was also very grateful; but I hope, dear grannie, you are not going to leave off story telling?

Gran. I will tell you how the Desmond Fitzgeralds derived their crest of a "monkey," from the following tradition, and then you must ask me for no more to-day :—

"Thomas Fitzmaurice was only nine months old when his father and grandfather fell at the battle of Cullum. He was then residing with his nurse at Tralee, and his attendants, rushing out at the first astonishment excited by the intelligence, left the child alone in its cradle, when a baboon kept

in the family took him up and carried him to the top of the steeple of the neighbouring abbey, whence, after conveying him around the battlements and exhibiting him to the appalled spectators, he brought the infant safely back to its cradle.*

One more little story of a dog, told me by my friend Mrs. Money, *née* De Bourbell, and I have done for to-day, dear. This dog was a pet spaniel (belonging to her sister), of which she was very fond. It was remarkably intelligent, and really looked at times as if it understood what was being said. This little dog used to sleep at the foot of his mistress' bed, and in the morning the lady (being a very methodical person) used to ring her bell always at a certain hour, and when the housemaid came in, the dog followed her out of the room. One day, however, the lady was reading, and so much interested in her book that she neglected ringing her bell at the usual hour. The dog waited some time patiently, in hopes his lady would recollect to ring; he jumped about, ran to

* *Vide* Sir B. Burke's "Vicissitudes of Families and other Essays," page 352. Published by Longman & Co. 1860. Fourth Edition.

the door, scratched and whined, but still his mistress was so interested in her book she paid no attention to any of his demonstrations : at length he could bear it no longer, so he sprung up on her bed, took the bell-rope in his mouth, and put it into the lady's hand. Was not that, dear Johnnie, a wonderful proof of instinct, *or* reason ? At the time I heard this I was told another canine anecdote of a spaniel, who, when he heard his master's knock at the front door, ran upstairs for his slippers ; finding he had to go *twice*, he was SEEN one day trying to put one in the other, so as to bring them both at one time ; in this he succeeded, and always afterwards carried them in the same fashion.

And now, Johnnie, would you not like to learn a paraphrase, written by our dear friend Mr. Stirling ? It is very beautiful, and has not been printed for the public ; but your uncle Henry knows the whole volume by heart, and delights in repeating them ; so that you, I am sure, will find great pleasure in committing them to memory, and repeating them to yourself when pacing the quar-

ter-deck on your night-watches, especially if you inherit any of your grandfather's talent and love for poetic effusions.

THE ASSYRIAN.

EZEK. xxxi.

LIKE a cedar on the mountain
Stood the Assyrian proud ;
Full long and fair his branches were,
Far-shadowing was his shroud.
And towering o'er the forest
And its giants every one,
From forth thick boughs his stately head
Shot upwards to the sun.
For of the deep he drank his fill,
And many a bounteous river
Refreshed his roots, with rivulets
Of pleasant murmur, ever.
Came birds at eve in clouds from heaven,
To lodge his boughs among ;
Secure the wild beast whelped beneath,
And reared her savage young.
So great and fair he flourished there :
No comely cedar tree,
In all the gardens of the Lord,
Was beautiful as he.
Not the rich chestnut in the dale,
Nor pine upon the height,
Could match the arms he waved abroad
In majesty and might ;

He stood the envy and the pride
Of Eden's greenwood glade,
And mighty nations dwelt within
The covert of his shade.

II.

But God looked down from heaven and spake ;
Hear ye the words He said :
Because he hath exalted so
The glory of his head,
And for his heart uplifted,
And the wrongs that he hath done,
I give him to the heathen,
Unto their mighty one ;
To the terrible of nations,
And the alien, is he given ;
Felled shall his waving honours be,
His beauty rent and riven ;
His arms of pride, that spread so wide,
And battled with the gale,
All scattered on the mountain's side,
And strewed along the vale.
The rivers erst that slaked his thirst,
Shall sweep his spoils away ;
And all that boasted in his strength,
Shall flee at his dismay.
The beasts that loved his shadow
On his haughty crest shall browse,
And birds around his ruin wheel,
That nestled in his boughs ;

On the mountain shall be mourning,
And drooping sorrow seize
The choice and best of Lebanon,
Fair Eden's goodly trees,
And the nations shall be shaken,
And shall tremble at the fall
Of him that was the greatest
And the proudest of them all.

W. S.

CHAPTER IX.

Gran. Come, Johnnie, sit down by me, and let us have some conversation. Your lessons occupy so much time now, that I see but little of you.

Johnnie. I thank you, grandmamma. I long to hear one of your very amusing stories about animals; only it must not be too funny a one, for I have not yet got over the fits of laughing Mark just now put me into.

Gran. What was the cause, Johnnie?

Johnnie. Oh, he was taking off one or two people, and you know he is such an excellent mimic, that he can even make himself *look* like the person he imitates.

Gran. I quite agree with you, Johnnie, in thinking a good mimic very amusing, but still I cannot approve of its being done.

Johnnie. Why not, grandmamma?

Gran. It is not doing as one would be done by.

Johnnie. I don't think *I* should mind it in the least, grandmamma.

Gran. It seems to me that you would dislike being mimicked as much if not more than many people, for I have remarked you cannot take a joke, and have a great fear of being thought ridiculous ; so, if by chance you caught somebody mimicking anything you do or say, that person would not henceforth be in your good graces.

Johnnie. Well, I believe what you say is true, grandmamma, and I shall try not to mind being laughed at another time ; so now will you tell me something ?

Gran. Talking of imitation reminds me of a story that was told me of a parrot, and the absurd manner it learned to talk, which, after all, can only be mimicry, as birds have not reason as we have.

Johnnie. It is difficult, though, to believe that they do not understand what they say sometimes, grandmamma, is it not ?

Gran. Indeed it is, for they apply so well the

things they have learned to repeat, that it seems as if they thoroughly understood the meaning of words. The story I am going to tell you would almost prove that this really is the case. The Bishop of Durham had a favourite parrot, who had learned to mimic his master's friends. One day a curate came to see the bishop, and was shown into the library. On going into the room, which was empty, the curate, whose head was probably full of some important business, sat down in the first chair that presented itself, not remarking this was the largest and most comfortable one in the room.

Johnnie. The bishop's chair that he always sat in, I suppose, grandmamma ?

Gran. Exactly, Johnnie. Our friend the curate was not likely to remain there very long, however, for all at once a voice, just like the bishop's, was heard to say in a loud tone, "Get out of that, you dirty rascal,"—immediately after, the same voice changed its harsh note to a more gentle one, and greeted the visitor with these words, "Good-morrow, doctor, what's the news?" You may imagine the curate's surprise, for the parrot hap-

pened to be in a dark corner of the room, and he could not, therefore, discover who the speaker was.

Johnnie. I fancy I see him, grandmamma, jumping out of the chair and looking so startled.

Gran. At this moment the bishop entered the room, and the mystery was cleared up, but not without much laughter on both sides ; for the bishop was as much amused at the astonished and half-frightened expression of his friend's face, as the curate was on discovering the clever little creature that had reproved him so unceremoniously.

Johnnie. What a capital parrot ! Do you know anything more about him, grandmamma ?

Gran. Only this, Johnnie. The bishop, who, it seems, was very fond of this description of bird, bought a very handsome cockatoo, and had it sent home. Our friend, the parrot, who was of a sober grey colour, and had no feathered companions, probably did not know there existed such bright, gay-looking creatures as this brilliant cockatoo. Most amusing was it, therefore, to see Polly's behaviour towards his new ac-

quaintance. He strutted up and down, gazing at him with evident admiration, and addressing him each time he passed by. After this had gone on for several minutes, and he had exhausted all he could say, without eliciting any reply, he walked off to his perch in great disgust, soliloquising thus:—"You are a stupid bird; you have no conversation!"

Johnnie. That really is entertaining. I should like to have such a parrot, very much. Are you certain you cannot squeeze out of your memory something more about him, grandmamma?

Gran. I am afraid I know nothing more, Johnnie, about this parrot; but I heard of another which lived in the same room as a piping bullfinch, and whenever Bully had finished his difficult song, the parrot invariably came out with "Well done, Bully—at it again!"

Johnnie. I thought I heard you say one day something about a story you had read in a magazine, of a parrot. Can you remember and tell it me, grandmamma?

Gran. I think I can, but should not have thought of it at the moment, unless you had

reminded me. A certain family, whose name I do not know, nor where they lived, had a parrot, which was usually kept in the dining-room, where the family prayers used to be read. The talkative bird was always removed, however, at such times, for fear of any interruptions from him. One day, Polly was forgotten altogether, and remained unnoticed in his customary place: so being determined to lose no opportunity of making his presence known, he uttered a very loud "amen" at the same moment as all those assembled. Upon this unexpected occurrence the butler was ordered to take him out of the room; and the parrot, not at all approving of this proceeding, which he had by his imprudence brought upon himself, ejaculated, "Sorry I spoke."

I have one more anecdote to give you of the very amusing parrot which I said so much about a few days ago. He is a small grey parrot, from Mauritius, and has for many years past been the constant companion of his widowed mistress. She had once a nephew living with her, who had a dog, named Brutus, an ugly cur, who, after his young master's departure to Australia, became so

fierce and disagreeable, that he was doomed to be shot, as no one cared to keep him. More than a year afterwards, as the lady was seated quietly at her writing-table one morning, and Polly in his cage was placed near the window, and amusing himself by watching any passers-by, he suddenly exclaimed, as a man walked through the courtyard of the old castle, "Who's that—who's that?" which question he repeated until his mistress satisfied his curiosity, by replying, "Tom Jones." "Oh!" says the parrot, "Tom Jones! Come to shoot the dog Brutus!" It proved not to be the same man, but another, bearing the same name; and the circumstance was entirely forgotten by the lady, till thus recalled to her by this bird of retentive memory and acute observation; for no one remembered having mentioned the dog's death or the man's name in his presence.

But what are you reflecting so deeply about, Johnnie? You seem lost in thought.

Johnnie. I am thinking that parrots are certainly not only the cleverest of birds, but of all animals: don't you agree with me, grand-mamma?

Gran. No, dear Johnnie, I cannot say that I do; indeed, it is difficult to decide which are the "cleverest" animals; they all in their different ways show such surprising instinct,—I might almost say *reason*.

Johnnie. So they do, grandmamma: they make use of their "reasoning powers," as you sometimes tell me to do.

Gran. It is wonderful how much *thoughtfulness* they also often display; and I think when you have heard some stories I am about to tell you, you will understand why I said I do not agree with you in thinking the parrot the "cleverest of all animals," quick and sharp as Mr. Polly undoubtedly is.

Johnnie. How glad I am you have some other stories to relate to me; for I almost feared you might have no more.

Gran. I can draw several from my "inexhaustible fund," as Mark calls it.

A certain Master of Chancery, in Ireland, was in the daily habit of driving a wise old horse from his country place into Dublin; while on Sundays the same animal conveyed the family to the

church in the village of Rahenny, about half the distance on the same road. One Sunday, however, the master wished to hear a popular preacher at a church in Dublin, and set out early with that intention; but "Captain," the horse, knew better than to be led away from *his* path of duty by mere eloquence; so, having arrived at the church gate at Rahenny, he unmistakably announced his intention of stopping there, planting his legs so firmly, and shaking his head with such a determined air, that his master was fain to submit to the orthodox horse, and take his usual place in his parish church, rather than engage in an unseemly contest in view of all the villagers.

Johnnie. Well done, Captain! Bravo, old fellow! Now for story second, dear grannie.

Gran. Miss P—— had a spaniel she was very much attached to, and which always travelled with her. She and her sister joined in taking a house in Tunbridge; and as all the bells had much the same sound, their respective maids were often puzzled as to which was to obey the summons. But Carlo was *never* mistaken, and

when he jumped up at the sound of the bell, Miss P.'s maid knew that her turn was come. One night, when both sisters had retired to their rooms, Miss P. put her hand upon the bell, but before she had pulled it, Miss G.'s bell rang, and she waited for a little, thinking that the second bell would make a confusion; however, her maid appeared immediately, unaccompanied by the dog, and no remark was made for some minutes: at last, Miss P. said, "Did you think I rang?"

"Yes, ma'am; Miss G.'s maid and I were both sure it was your bell."

"Why did not Carlo come?"

"Oh, he was asleep in his basket."

So then Miss P. *did* ring her bell, and in a few moments a great scuffling upstairs, and an impatient scratching at the door, showed that Carlo recognised his mistress's own signal.

Johnnie. Thank you, dear grandmamma, very much, for these two most amusing stories. I now think you are quite right in saying that the parrot does not exceed all other animals in cleverness.

Gran. Another anecdote of a little spaniel has just occurred to me, which was for several years a great favourite in a clergyman's family in North Devon, with whom I am well acquainted. This little dog, whose name was "Fido," was the constant companion of the children in their walks in the lanes and through the charming grounds of Castle Hill, and very troublesome was his unconquerable propensity for running after the multitudes of hares and rabbits which are ever sporting about in all directions, and so bold as sometimes to remain quietly within a few yards of passers-by. This bad habit of Fido's often brought him into disgrace, and occasionally into a trap, which would lame him a little and teach him wisdom for a short time ; but his worst trick was a habit of visiting the hens' nests and eating the new-laid eggs, before the children, who were busy for many hours in the day with their studies, could go out to search for and bring them in. Sometimes also a young chicken was found killed, and the murderer proved beyond all doubt to be this same mischievous "Fido." Several expedients were used to cure him of

these evil propensities, but in vain, and at last he was sentenced to die himself. The clergyman called to his servant one evening and desired him to shoot the dog, as he was tired of hearing of his misdemeanours. The man took his gun accordingly and began to load it, though with great regret, as he was fond of the poor little creature, who was then lying on a mat in the passage near him, shaking all over with terror, as if quite aware that something dreadful was about to befall him. Meanwhile, such and so great were the lamentations in the drawing-room and nursery on hearing the intended fate of their favourite, that a reprieve was granted, which arrived just in time to save the trembling victim, who from that very day was never again known to commit any depredations in the poultry-yard. And it would have been well for him had he been also cured of his fondness for hunting, for his death was caused by poison, which it was feared was administered by an angry game-keeper, or possibly he had eaten some poisoned bait; however it was, he suffered much for several days without the cause being discovered,

to the great concern of his merry little companions and of the house cat, who was a warm friend and ally, and sharer of his gambols and food, and who now walked round and round him, mewing and licking him, and expressing her sympathy in as many ways as a cat could do.

Johnnie. That is a charming story, grand-mamma; what a pity that so sagacious a creature should have met with so sad an end. How sorry the children must have been.

Gran. Yes, it is always sad to lose our pets, even though they perish by their own faults, or fall a prey to their natural enemies; but I think, perhaps, you will agree with me that our sympathy is more strongly excited for those who die of grief for the calamities or death of their master or mistress.

Johnnie. Oh yes, grannie! you have told us of some dogs who starved themselves to death when they had lost their masters, but did you ever hear of any other animal showing so much attachment?

Gran. Yes, I have a touching story told me by one of the same family who owned little "Fido,"

about a pet bullfinch which was reared from a nest in the village by one of her brothers, who was very fond of birds. He was a lovely bird—such beautiful plumage, so fat, and so tame. When he was still quite young, my friend's brother went abroad, and Bully was left to her care. She was as fond of him as if he had been a child, and was never so happy as when she was talking to and caressing her dear Bully, who was equally fond of her, and would kiss her in the prettiest possible way if she put her face near the wires of her cage, besides eating any food she offered him in her mouth. He had been kept in the same room with a canary, and imitated its notes, which he warbled in a most melodious manner, with some small variations of his own. He would always sing at her request, bowing his handsome head and moving his tail from side to side all the time in the most fascinating manner. So well did he know the sound of her voice, distinguishing it from that of her numerous sisters and the rest of the household, that, when hung in the hall, if the door of the room in which she was sitting was opened, and she happened to be

talking, he would immediately call her with a loud chirp, which he would continue till she took some notice of him. He also recognised her step on the stairs the moment she left her room in the morning, and would jump up with his loud, clear call to say "Good morning" to her. I daresay you may have heard the very harsh sound a bullfinch makes when displeased, and how ugly he looks when making it, with his beak wide open and his wings spread out. Well, this Bully had either a natural or acquired dislike to gentlemen, which his mistress fostered as much as possible, for the amusement of her friends and to the particular mortification of a gentleman who often visited at the house, and hoped to find favour in her eyes by his admiration of her bird—in vain. Bully was true to his mistress, and never relaxed in his scoldings at this or any other gentleman, even her father, who was really also very fond of the pretty pet. When Bully was about seven years old, his mistress had a very bad accident, which nearly cost her her life, and produced the greatest horror and concern throughout the household and the village for many weeks.

Strange to say, Bully, who had fared very well under the kind care of one of her sisters during several short absences from her house, seemed at once to have realised the calamity which threatened so cruelly to deprive him of his loving and loved mistress. He drooped immediately—never sang another note—and fearing he would die, he was brought into the sick-room and held near her. She was too weak to move, but begged a bit of groundsel might be put between her lips and the cage held close to her face. He immediately hopped slowly across the perch, took the groundsel gently from her mouth, dropped it to the bottom of the cage, and then kissed her and seemed to try to sing. The sick-room not being considered a good place for him, and the sight of her little pet's distress too trying for her, he was carried downstairs again, but never revived at all, and died the next morning. When his poor mistress recovered from her long illness, she missed her Bully sadly, and could often hardly refrain from shedding tears when she thought of the affection he had shown her.


The love and gratitude of these little beings is

a lesson to us, which we should do well to copy in our intercourse with our fellow-creatures, and especially in the feelings which ought to animate our hearts towards the Great Master and Benefactor of our race.

Johnnie. Thank you very much, dear grand-mamma, both for the story, which made me feel ready to cry, and for pointing out to me the lesson to be learnt from it, which I should not have thought of for myself ; but you have made me so sad, do please tell me something else to brighten me before I go to play.

Gran. Well, here are some more stories of birds, which may amuse you. A gentleman, who lived in Colchester some years ago, had a tame hawk, which he probably found useful in keeping the mischievous little chaffinches and other birds from his garden, of which he was very fond, and where he had much choice fruit. The hawk was a male bird, and had no mate ; but on one occasion he showed a decided wish for a family of his own—for he made a nest. His owner, either out of kindness to his lonely bird, or desirous of seeing what he would do, placed two hen's eggs

in the nest. The hawk was much pleased, and testified his satisfaction by sitting for three weeks on the eggs, and hatching two nice little chickens. All went on well for a short time—I do not know exactly how long—when the hawk discovered that his nestlings were not what he expected. The hawk's *eye* is proverbial, not only for sharpness, but also for greediness, as I daresay you know. Well, this cruel bird having cast his hawk's eye on the poor little chickens, killed one of them, intending to eat it, and would doubtless have despatched the other also, if it had not been taken away from him. Then he was left alone again; but he made no more nests, and amused himself afterwards just as he had done before. This story shows you how very strong is the natural instinct God has given all animals, which is so seldom laid aside for long in the case of beasts of prey, some circumstances generally occurring to recall their innate propensities, and thus enable them to work the work for which they were created, which, doubtless, is a good and useful one, though it be one of many links



in the great chain of destruction, which pervades the lower portion of creation.


Johnnie. That is a nice story, grannie ; but I should like to hear one now of some foreign animals, you have told me so many that have happened in England ; and as I am to be a sailor, I like to hear plenty about other countries as well.

Gran. Well, here is one, told to a friend of mine by one of the early Port Philip settlers. Port Philip, you know, was the name first given to the settlement in Australia which is now known as Victoria. Its capital is Melbourne. You will not find it of a very exciting nature ; but my rough friend assures me it was scrupulously true.

He was once the sole inhabitant—with the exception of rats, birds, lizards, and snakes—of French Island, in the bay of Westernport, Victoria. Solitude, if it is not absolutely painful, is a wonderful sharpener to the powers of observation, and our friend, who had been accustomed to a bush life, knew that, even in a wilderness, it was only necessary for him to keep his eyes open

to find something upon which the mind could dwell profitably, and his life become not absolutely bereft of enjoyment.

His mud hut, with no furniture but of the most primitive description, consisting of a literal four-post bedstead, to wit, a sheet of bark resting on four logs driven into the earth, another log serving as a chair, did not offer many attractions for visitors. The roof, too, formed of bark, had been shrunk by the hot southern sun, until long strips of blue sky were visible through it by day, and the bright stars shone in at night. One end of the hut was entirely open, and through this a pair of birds of the swallow tribe used to fly in occasionally and catch flies. In the course of time, what was the poor bushman's pleasure at finding they had evidently decided on sharing his humble quarters with him. They were to be no mere ceremonious visitors ; for without a single "By your leave," or "With your leave," they commenced building a nest under the roof-tree, and if the hut had been in their possession for generations, they could not have made themselves more at home. They deigned to give a friendly



twitter now and then, as a mark of regard, I suppose, to the real owner; and when the time came for the mother-bird to sit upon her eggs, she would watch her host by the hour as he reclined after a hard day's swan-shooting, whistling a lively tune or smoking a soothing pipe.

But, alas! as with many a more noble house, when least expected, evil days fell upon it. The sheet of bark to which the nest was attached became warped and twisted, and the interior of the nest became exposed to the winds and weather, and the young birds (for they had now arrived) to imminent danger. The foundations, if one may so call them, having been already disturbed, became so insecure, that much additional weight would have brought the whole fabric to the ground; but mark how a kind Providence taught the birds to act in their extremity. Having filled up the crevices underneath with mud, some arrangement was necessary to shelter the young birds from the weather. It must not add materially to the weight, nor present an obstacle to the ready ingress and egress of the parent birds, so they very cleverly built up a row of feathers

at the exposed side. These most effectually turned off the rain, were a capital sunshade, and answered their purpose so admirably, that, before long, the swallow family concluded their residence, and left the bushman again to his solitude. And now I must ask you to leave me to solitude also for a time, and go and play with Markie, who is all impatience for you to join in his favourite game of curling.

Johnnie. Yes, grandmamma, I will go to him ; but I hope part of your solitude will be spent in thinking of a few more stories for me, for I find them more entertaining every day.

CHAPTER X.

Johnnie. Grandmamma, do tell me whether you think my two white rabbits will live happily in the stable? I want to put them in the empty stall.

Gran. I think, Johnnie, they would be happy enough there, but I doubt whether it would be a very safe place for them.

Johnnie. Not safe, grandmamma? Oh, I am sure nobody would come to take away my beautiful white rabbits; and even if any one were so unkind as to wish to do such a thing, it would be impossible, for the stable is always locked up at night.

Gran. My dear Johnnie, be patient, and do not let your wits jump to such wrong conclusions, for you have imagined quite a different danger from the one I was thinking of. So set to work, and

guess what risks your pets might run by taking up their abode in the stable.

Johnnie. Well, grandmamma, I will try, but I shall find it rather difficult to guess what you mean. Oh! perhaps you think I should forget to feed and look after them; but you know, grandmamma, I so often go into the stables to see the horses, that if I were inclined to forget the dear little fellows, I could not help remembering them.

Gran. No, my dear boy, I do not at all suspect you of any such carelessness, for you love them too well. Suppose now I tell you a story, which is quite true, to enable you to discover what I mean by saying the rabbits might not be out of danger in the stable.

Some time ago I was paying a visit at a friend's house in the country, and one day a very young and pretty little rabbit was brought in, which had been taken out of a nest in a distant part of the grounds; the poor little thing looked very disconsolate and was evidently hungry, so some kind person proposed that it should be put under the care of a good-natured cat, who lived with her

family of small kittens in a corner of the stables. This we all thought would do well, if Mrs. Puss was really good-natured ; but it was possible she might not like so great an addition to her cares, and would not give herself the trouble to feed and watch over a strange and unknown little creature ; in short, she might think it a bore.

Johnnie. O grandmamma ! you do make me laugh ; cats cannot *think*.

Gran. I only intended to make you laugh, for, as you say, animals do *not think* ; but we all know what a strong instinctive love for their young is implanted in them, most mercifully for their preservation.

Johnnie. Yes, indeed, grandmamma, it is a good thing, for if they were left to take care of themselves they would soon die, poor little things.

Gran. But, although they love their own offspring, and watch tenderly over them, we did not feel certain this cat would do the same by a strange rabbit. However, we agreed the plan should be tried, and in a few days were surprised to find how well it had answered. The kind


mother took as much care of her adopted child as of her own kittens ; she fed it, kept it clean, smoothed its glossy coat and long ears, and in every way made up for the loss of its own home.

Johnnie. How I should like to have seen them together in the stables. I daresay the whole party played all sorts of pranks.

Gran. That they certainly did, and most especially our pet rabbit, who was at times so wild and unmanageable, that Puss was obliged to take him by the ears, and give them a good pull.

Johnnie. Capital, grandmamma ! How clever of the cat to make such good use of those long flapping ears rabbits have, was it not ?

Gran. It was, indeed, Johnnie ; but now for the end of my story, which, perhaps, by this time you may have guessed. Our unruly rabbit used to run all about the stables, in and out of the different stalls, as if it were playing at hide and seek, quite regardless of the horses' feet, and one day, in an unlucky moment of wildest frolic, a powerful hoof was struck out, perhaps to get rid of a troublesome fly only, but, alas ! the rabbit was close by,



and the blow fell upon it, killing it on the spot ; you may imagine the disappointment we felt at thus losing our little favourite, after bringing it up with so much care.

Johnnie. O grandmamma ! indeed now I have changed my mind, about giving my pets a home in the stable, and I wonder I never thought how dangerous a place it would be for them. I must run away now, and give them some food ; and when I come back, I shall be ready for another of your amusing stories.


Gran. Indeed, Johnnie, if you are so exacting, they will very soon be exhausted, I fear. However, I have two more instances, equally true, and of much the same kind, and I will relate them when you come back.

Johnnie. Here I am again, grandmamma, and I hope you remember you promised me two more stories about cats and rabbits.

Gran. Suppose we vary it a little this time, and instead of a rabbit for the hero, I will tell you what happened to two young leverets ; and after that, I shall remember a curious fact about a

rabbit and a favourite little dog, which belonged to a friend of mine, in Hertfordshire ; or rather, I should say, the lady who told me both these anecdotes, had them from a friend of hers who lives in Hertfordshire, and who was an eye-witness of both of them.

Now for the leverets :—One day the game-keeper at B. found a nest (as it is called) of young leverets, and remembering that a favourite cat had just then a nest of young kittens, it occurred to him to try an experiment ; so he removed one of the kittens from the comfortable basket wherein Pussy had deposited her babies, and substituted two of the leverets. There is a large square court-yard at the house at B., which is built round it, and near the back-door was Pussy's basket. For some days all went well ; Puss took very kindly to the leverets, adopting them as her own, and nursing them with the utmost devotedness, and various members of the household amused themselves with watching the cat and her motley family. But, one morning the basket was empty, save and except one poor little forlorn kitten. Pussy and the leverets had disappeared,



and where, Johnnie, do you think they were at length found ?

Johnnie. I cannot imagine, grandmamma, what had become of them. What had the cat done with them ? I hope they were not dead.

Gran. Oh, no : they were alive and well, and very snug in a hayloft over the stables, which were at some little distance from the house.

Johnnie. But how could they get there ?

Gran. Pussy must have carried them in her mouth, one at a time, which must have caused her no slight trouble ; however, there they were, looking very happy and comfortable, and Pussy very proud of them.

Johnnie. I wonder, grandmamma, why she took them away up to the hayloft.

Gran. I fancy, Johnnie, she thought it would be quieter for her adopted children. When they were in the court-yard, everybody went to look at the strange sight of the two little tiny leverets side by side with the kittens ; and I suppose Puss got fidgety, and instinct taught her, for we must not call it reason, that there might be some danger in such a frequented spot. An enemy, such as a dog,

might get hold of them, or she perhaps did not like such a number of visitors, always peeping curiously into her basket, so she thought the safest way was to carry them off ; though I must say I think it was very bad of her, and very extraordinary too, to desert the poor kittens, her own natural offspring.

Johnnie. I think so, too, grandmamma, but I like so very much to hear all these different stories.

Gran. I suppose that is a hint to me, by way of reminding me that I promised you another. It will be a very short one this time ; but quite as curious a proof of the odd attachments animals sometimes form. This anecdote was told me by the same friend, and the fact also occurred at B——. This friend had a very favourite pet dog, a beautiful little black-and-tan terrier, which always lived in the house, and was her constant companion, except when “Fancy” chose to go and hunt rabbits in the park, a practice to which “Fancy” became very much addicted, and often when she came in, the state of her mouth also plainly showed that she had made a

good dinner on the poor little rabbits. Occasionally, however, "Fancy" would bring a little rabbit into the library to play with, and, far from hurting the little thing, she more than once adopted it as her special pet and playfellow, protecting it from all harm, and amusing herself romping behind the sofas and tables, where "Bunny" used to try and hide itself. My friend used to feed the little prisoner, and "Fancy" took the greatest care of it, lavishing affection on the very creature which, in its wild state in the park, she would have devoured without the slightest compunction or hesitation.

Johnnie. Well, grandmamma, that was a strange freak of nature! and one I should have liked to witness.

Gran. You will still be more astonished when I repeat to you a story in verse, by my old friend the poet, the Honourable William Spencer, about a Cat and a Chicken, as follows :—

TABBY'S PURRABY TO HIS CHICKENS.

OH, hush thee, my Biddy, and hush thee, my dear,
While Tabby's beside thee no hawk shall come near ;

Oh, hush thee, my deary, and hush thee, my Bid,
Little Bantam shall never by Tabby be chid.

Purraby, purraby, hush thee, my chick,
Believe me these talons shall play thee no trick ;
These bird-tearing paws shall be velvet for thee—
Purraby, purraby, chickabiddee !

And I have had kittens—three, four, five, and six,
And none were so dear as this dearest of chicks ;
And I will steal barley, and I will steal wheat,
To make, should she wake, Biddy Bantam a treat.

Purraby, purraby, hush thee, my chick,
Believe me these talons shall play thee no trick ;
These bird-tearing paws shall be velvet for thee—
Purraby, purraby, chickabiddee !

Dame Partlet, thy gran'mam, Dame Partlet so fat,
She will cackle to see thee the ward of a cat ;
And the cock he will crow, the old cock thy papa,
When he sees thee with Tabby, thy foster mamma.

Purraby, purraby, hush thee, my chick,
Believe me these talons shall play thee no trick ;
These bird-tearing paws shall be velvet for thee—
Purraby, purraby, chickabiddee !

And when Biddy wakes she shall chirp me a song,
And Biddy shall bill with my whiskers so long ;
And she shall away to the dunghill so gay,
Like a chicken to peck, like a kitten to play.

Purraby, purraby, hush thee, my chick,
Believe me these talons shall play thee no trick ;
These bird-tearing paws shall be velvet for thee—
Purraby, purraby chickabiddee !

And soon little Biddy will grow a great fowl,
And Tabby will teach her to mouse like an owl ;
And Tabby forgives cruel *kid*-napping Dick,
Who left her no *child*, but he left her a *chick*.

Purraby, purraby, hush thee, my chick,
Believe me these talons shall play thee no trick ;
These bird-tearing paws shall be velvet for thee—
Purraby, purraby, chickabiddee !

Johnnie. Well done, Pussy ! What a clever cat ! and what very amusing verses. Thanks, dear grandmamma, for all the kind trouble you have taken to amuse me.

Gran. I have found great pleasure, dear Johnnie, in telling you these stories, and before we part I will relate to you a curious circumstance that has lately been told me by a friend, and which I am sure will surprise you. At the place of a gentleman in Norfolk, there sprang up between a cow and a goose an extraordinary attachment. These two became inseparable, and their affection was quite mutual. If the goose was on the lake, the cow would take up a position close by, and remain there quietly and contentedly, watching her friend's enjoyment. When the cow lay down to repose, as cows are wont to do,

the goose would lie down too, close by her side ; and this most singular friendship and attachment continued uninterruptedly for many months.

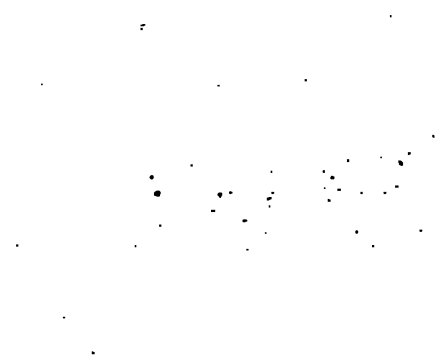
And now, dear Johnnie, as you will so soon be going to sea, I shall have no more opportunity of telling you stories of sensible creatures, but you will have a good field for inquiry and observation, to which you will have been awakened by all I have related to you of the “ Instinct and Reason ” of various animals ; and I shall expect you will reward me by collecting incidents on your voyages, to amuse me with, when I am confined to my house by age and infirmity, and unable to glean for myself.

THE END.



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